THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Foun... ...i. Franklin

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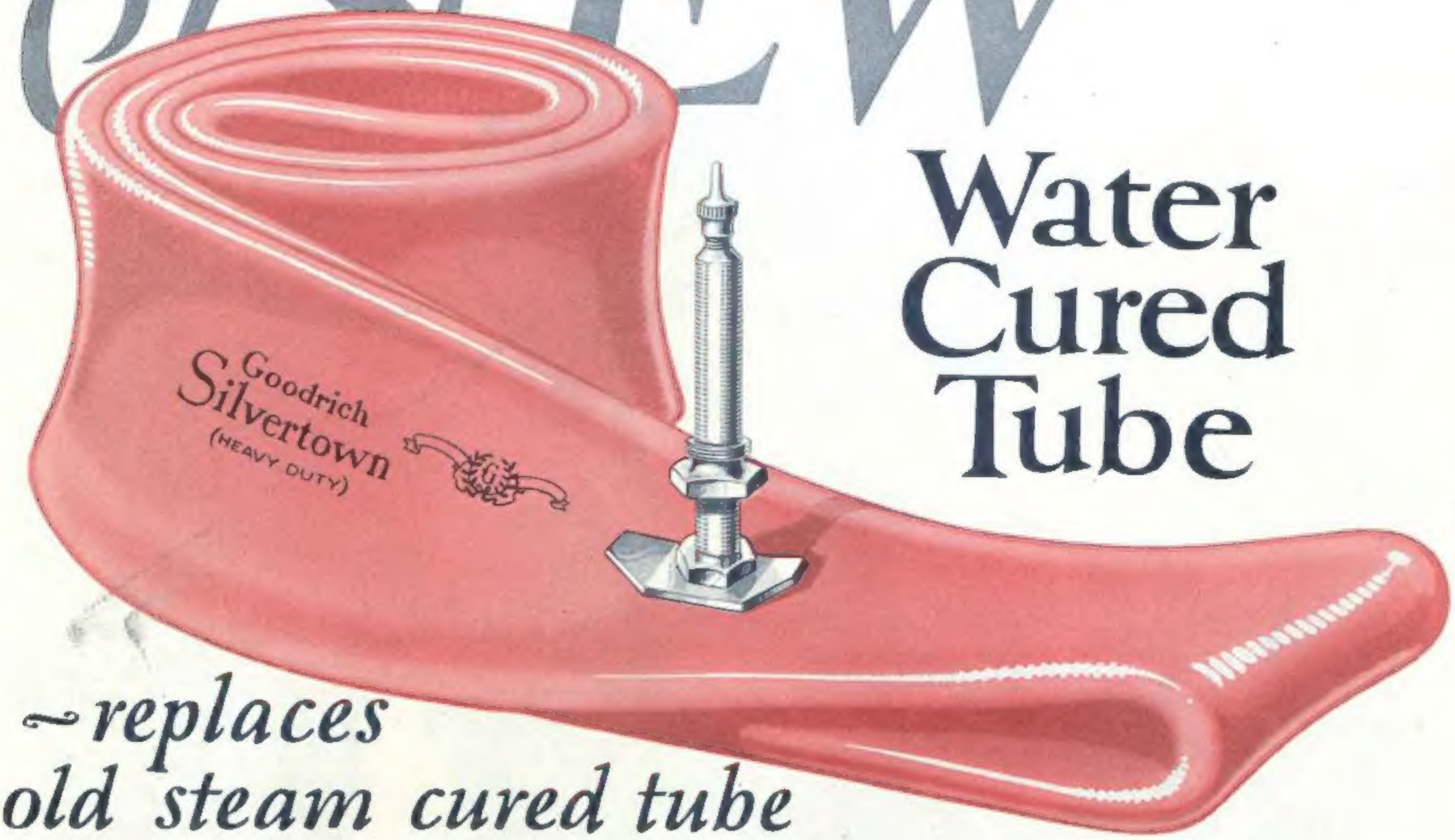
NEW

Water Cured Tube



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ACTUAL VISITS
TO P & G HOMES
No. 2

A clean frock and her *best* slippers *every* afternoon when Janet visits grandmother

WE first saw Janet by a garden gate. In her pink gingham she looked as fresh as the rambler roses which seemed to be everywhere in that little Pennsylvania town on that particular morning.

"Hullo," said she. "*I'm* visiting my *grandmother's* house. Do you like my new dress?"

A little later smiling grandmother herself appeared—and we heard then about the clean frocks that Janet wore every morning and every afternoon.

"You see, we're so proud of Janet, we just have to dress her up. Her grandfather is as bad as I am. She is dressed specially every afternoon so he can take her walking."

"But," we asked, our mind on laundry problems, "who washes all those little frocks?"

"I do," she replied. "They're so pretty, I really enjoy it. I just use P and G Naphtha Soap on them and before I know it, they are clean."

Janet's grandmother was enthusiastic about P and G. "It is so quick," she said. "I hardly rub those romper suits at all and they get pretty dirty from trips down the cellar door. And they *never* fade. The little underclothes too come out beautifully white with P and G and I don't boil them either. As for dishes and cleaning, P and G is wonderful. Nothing takes little finger marks off paint more quickly or safely. I have used a great many soaps in my time, but now I use P and G for everything."

Everywhere, we hear things like this about P and G. Women say that P and G makes their clothes cleaner and whiter with less rubbing and less boiling. Water may be hard or soft, cold, hot or lukewarm—yet always the same fresh, gloriously clean clothes with P and G. There is no mystery about P and G—it is simply a better soap. No wonder it is the largest-selling laundry soap in America! Don't you think it should be doing your washing and cleaning, too?

PROCTER & GAMBLE

A laundry hint from Janet's grandmother

"WHEN I am ready to rinse, I always remove the clothes before emptying the water from my tub. Otherwise, the water, as it seeps through the clothes, deposits again much of the dirt that P and G has removed."

The largest-selling laundry soap in America

There is no mystery about P and G—it is simply a better soap.

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Old Sex and New Footlights

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

LISTENING to the President of the United States making a speech in New York, I understood him to say he thought it a fortunate thing that New York is not our capital. In ancient days—I think he said—when the metropolis was the capital of any country, the metropolis was that country; and we were wise to have established our legislature and executives at some distance from our greatest center of business control. This was undoubtedly the President's meaning, though I cannot be sure of the words in which he expressed it, because I was not seated near the platform; I was about four hundred miles distant from it, in fact, and static was bad that evening.

However, when he spoke of the dominance of the ancient metropolis capital, I do not think he meant to imply that New York as our capital could ever have been the United States politically in the sense that Rome was the Roman Empire. Nobody except one of those fanatic metropolitans, the adopted New Yorkers, could believe such a thing; and the President has continually shown himself to be not only a Vermonter but a citizen of the whole country.

New York Runs

NEW YORK, nevertheless, must be admitted to wear, in relation to the country, certain aspects of Punic Carthage and of antique Rome; and it may be useful to inquire, for instance, whether or not in regard to the theater New York is the United States. The answer appears to be that it is, at least so far as the commercial theater is concerned. The Little Theater Movement is independent of the metropolis; so are several excellent stock companies. Moreover, a few special enterprises in classic drama, revivals of Sheridan's or Goldsmith's comedies, or of Shaksperean plays, and a few theatrical stars, personally admired for their talents and for themselves, may successfully ignore New York; but these are exceptions. Chicago or Philadelphia or Los Angeles may exhibit symptoms of theatrical independence, as regional dramatic capitals; but for the purpose of general practical consideration New York, theatrically, seems to be but too truly the United States, and the rest of the country the provinces. This may not be a pleasant view for the rest of us, who are the provincials; but I am afraid we must accept the fact.

"If there's anybody who doubts it," said a New York manager who would have liked to doubt it himself, "he has only to produce a play in New York and take it out on tour. After he's read the New York opinion of his play, rehashed in the newspapers of one-night stands in the Midlands, New England, the South and the Far West for a couple of years, he'll begin to see what he's up against."

However, to say that New York is the United States theatrically is not to say that New York opinion can make audiences out of Minneapolis or Kansas City people who have stopped going to the theater. The provincial theater is nowadays so often discouraging to managers that they find themselves more and more stressingly forced to depend, for any success at all, upon a New York run. Since the provincial audiences won't go to see a play unless it has had a New York run, and since they won't go often enough even when the New York run has been secured, the New York run may, indeed, become the manager's whole means of support. Therefore he must please the New York audience; he must either give New York what it wants or perish—and even theatrical managers cling to life, though I have known them to wonder why they do.

PHOTO, BY BYRON STUDIO, N. Y. C.

Kyrle Bellew and Mary Mannering in a Scene From the Second Act of The Lady of Lyons

First-Nighters

OF COURSE the New York audience doesn't consist entirely of native sons; but a first-night audience is composed principally of intensive New Yorkers—that is to say, adopted New Yorkers—and the real feeling of the first-night audience, much more often than not, settles the vital question of the New York run. One of the very few stars whom the country at large knows and admires may take a play successfully upon the road when a New York first night has damned it; and a play thus condemned lives sometimes to find in New York itself an unsuspected and overwhelmingly persistent audience. But we may take it as easily demonstrable that the audience necessarily sought by producers and playwrights is the one that attends because a play has become a success through the original impetus given by an exceptionally favorable or sensational first night. No matter how interesting or entertaining a play may be of itself, the manager cannot count upon its "getting them in" through its own merit. If it does not start with a bang, the process of establishing it in favor is so costly and so uncertain that the play is usually withdrawn.

Therefore, admitting the rather numerous exceptions to the rule, we seem to be thrown upon the following conclusions: The American theater is the New York theater; the New York theater is the expression of its first-night audiences.

To the rest of us, then, who are interested in the American theater, New York first-nighters are of no little importance, since they determine what we provincials may see and

shall not see upon the stage in our own cities. They are, as it were, a self-appointed committee, who permit us to see only what they themselves like; but they do not bother to settle what is good for us and what is bad for us; they send us what is bad for us as readily as what is good for us. We must conclude that they do not think of us.

All the more, in our own defense, we should begin to think something earnestly of them. New York book reviewers are influential; so are the metropolitan critics of music and painting and sculpture; yet we still retain a sufficient measure of independence of these, and may ourselves decide what books we shall read or what music we shall hear; but we have virtually no power to see a play that New York has not liked. Books, pictures, statues and composers' scores still exist after critical onslaughts upon them; but a damned play is usually dead. The New York first-nighter is the arbiter in an ancient and honorable art, whereas the rest of us are but sheep following sheep. There appears to be only one way to avoid being sheep—it is to commit theatrical suicide and never go to a theater, thus helping on the slaughter so effectively begun by radio, screen and flivver.

Undoubtedly we provincials are proceeding to this extreme in numbers; and there are prophetic indications that a day may come when, except for a few stock companies here and there, the commercial theater for the presentation of plays will have no existence outside of New York and perhaps three or four other cities of overwhelming population. Before that day quite arrives, we might do ourselves a service by asking if our arbiters, the first-nighters, are hastening the decline, and if they are, how and why. Since the American theater is an expression of their liking, what is it they like?

Old Melodramas and Present-Day Plays

OBVIOUSLY they now like the plays on the stage in New York today, though there are, of course, always the one or two exceptions already mentioned—plays that have found audiences in spite of the first-nighters rather than because of them. There have always been these exceptions, and it might be added that many of them have been atrocious. We must get our knowledge of the likings of the first-nighter through seeing what he indorses; and if he indorses one particular type of play more heartily than any other type, we shall have some comprehension of his present taste. This is to say, if we can find a prevailing kind of play, we discover therein the prevalent first-nighter.

It may not well be doubted that a Rip Van Winkle of a playgoer who went to sleep theatrically in 1906 and now woke to visit the New York theaters this season would be amazed and delighted by many things. It is true that he would find a little of the old artificiality here and there, and some of the old and cheap stencils of pathos and of humor; but Rip Van Winkle would discover that most of the old offenses against theatrical plausibility have been swept away. He would find improvements in the technic of the drama and in stage direction that would astound him, while in naturalism of character building and in the writing of dramatic dialogue such an advance as he could hardly have dared to hope.

He might wish to strike medals in honor of the people responsible for so much improvement; and if he did, his distribution would have to include the first-nighters, and especially the dramatic critics, who are apparently the first-nighters made articulate. A pretty well founded opinion is that the critics and first-nighters who opened the way for the success of that fine Harlem flat play, Paid in Full, by Mr. Eugene Walter, would be entitled to special recognition for their encouragement of what was the beginning of a new epoch in naturalism. No one can doubt that the best dramatic criticism in the New York newspapers has been not only the expression of the first-nighter but his education; and we must not deny the critic his medal, for it is the better critic who gives the better playwright, better actor, better director and better manager the chance to exist.

A new generation of critics found that a gay mockery was a keener weapon than any other; and mocking the old-school balderdash and clumsiness, they pretty well cleared the stage of a great clutter of nonsense and pinchbeck monstrosity. At least the old-school clumsiness and balderdash have gone; and if there is a new balderdash come in with the moderns, a newer school of critics may, in turn, clear it away. Something must always be left for critics to do, and we may thank the present ones for depositing upon the trash heap stage villains, perfect heroes and heroines, stenciled maternal pathos, stenciled patriotism, stenciled virtue, valor and a great deal of stenciled humor.

They laughed, too, at the stencil coincidences that made the success of many of our old melodramas and comedies; they laughed at anomalies in stage settings, furnishings and lighting; they laughed effectively at so many false and cumbersome things that elaborate research would need to be undertaken in order to make a fair list of what they have laughed to death. One thing above all others the true audience of a play asks of those who put plays upon the stage: It asks to be allowed to believe what it sees and hears; and the New York best critics of these recent years have done more to allow an intelligent playgoer to believe what he sees on the stage than was accomplished by all the previous forces for naturalism since Sheridan. In a word, the theater was prepared, by intelligent criticism, to be more intelligent than it had ever been.

Then what is our provincial complaint? What is it that the first-nighter likes and that we don't? And what that we like does he deny us?

It appears that for the answer we must find the prevalent play, the type that holds the interest of the first-nighter, for this is what he characteristically sends us. We have seen the advance in naturalism, for which we have just been thanking the newer criticism; and it is certainly true that naturalism prevails. Can it be that in the provinces we really prefer the old far-fetched and tinseled romance? Do we really in our hearts want Monte Cristo and The Lady of Lyons and East Lynne? It may be that we do. It may be, too, that in the new naturalism we find something done halfway—a naturalism that is not yet natural—and also something that is distasteful to us, though tasteful to the first-nighter.

Going over the plays of this season and other recent seasons in New York, we seem to find among all sorts of plays a type that prevails over the other types; and the prevalent play appears to be what we provincials in our unsophisticated way call a sex play; or, when we are still more unsophisticated, a realistic play, thus bringing two inoffensive words into rather wide and wholly undeserved disrepute through misuse. For, although there may be some modernist opinion to the contrary, it is fairly safe to assume that a love theme in any expression of art depends for its interest upon the principals being of opposite sexes. Hence any play constructed about a love story is a sex play, and Hazel Kirke, The Lady of Lyons, Fanchon, The Banker's Wife and The Little Minister are sex plays, while Damaged Goods and Mrs. Warren's Profession are not—the former being instructive propaganda against disease and the latter a moral allegory.

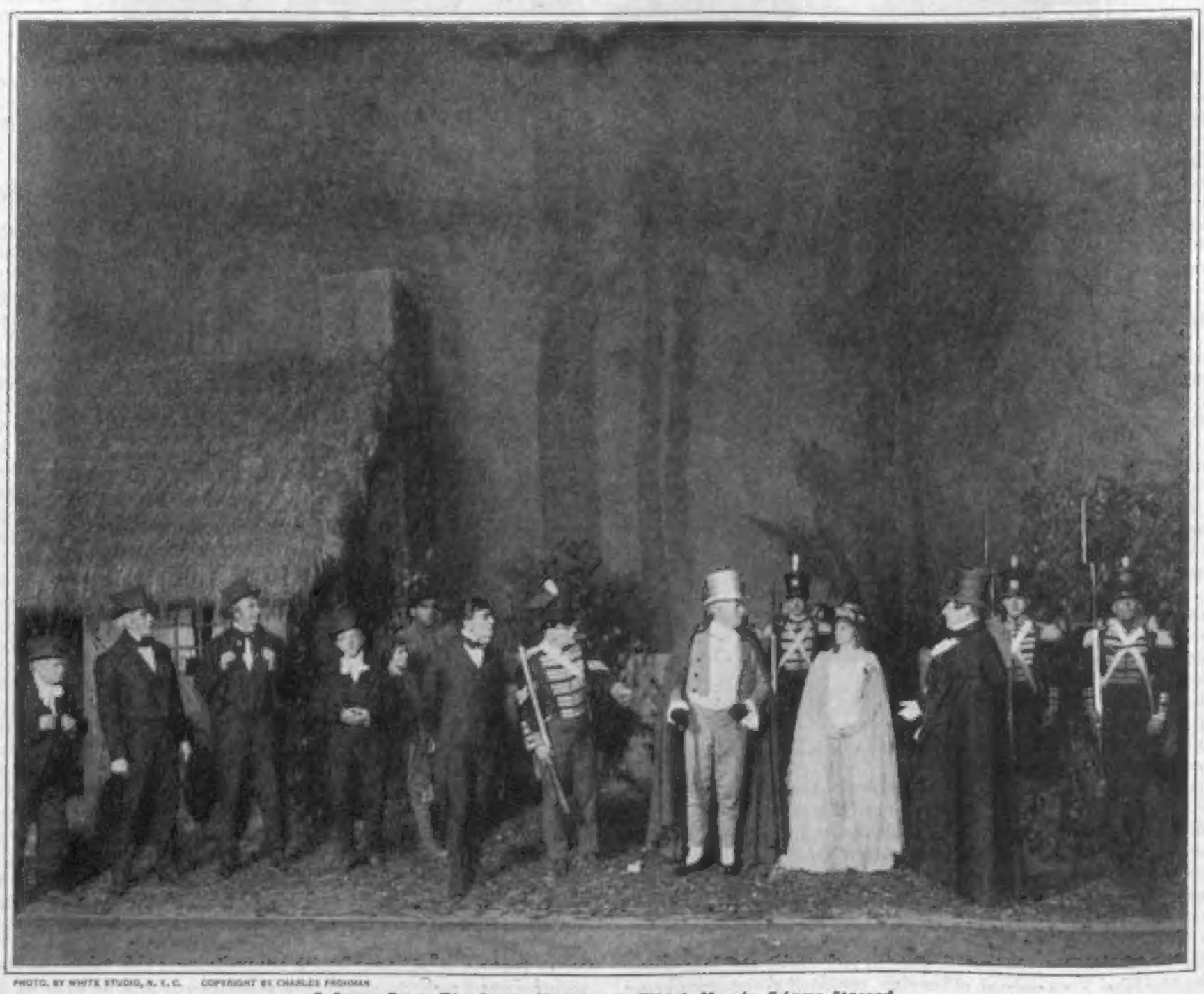
The Unreality of Realism

REALISM in any art means only lifelikeness, and since likeness to life cannot be complete in art—for even the best waxworks have no digestions—realism in a play or novel can mean no more than that an apparently natural effect is presented, which, of course, may be done in plays wholly lacking a love theme and not depending on a relation between the sexes. Both terms, "sex play" and "realistic play," are misnomers therefore, though they have attained a kind of acceptance as jargon. What we mean when we thus slangily speak of a sex play or a realistic play is rather definitely a play in which there are represented or discussed more details of animal sexualism than police authorities used to permit as part of public exhibitions in this country. A sex play, more accurately speaking, would concern love, while what is generally called a sex play dwells upon and emphasizes man as merely an animal, though not broadly or realistically, since it represents him as primarily concerned with—and generally consisting entirely of—only one animal function, and that one not the most important; whereas, even when considered entirely as an animal mechanism, he has several.

Now, retaining the jargon form "sex play" to avoid confusion, and in spite of its inaccuracy and the fact that other definitions much more to the point suggest themselves, we may pertinently inquire how and why the sex play has become prevalent and for what reasons the first-nighter has applauded it into its prevalence. Also we might plausibly ask how even the first-nighter could give it prevalence, since it is so obviously a fragmentary statement, less than a half truth, naïvely unrealistic and quaintly old-fashioned in theme. Of course the theme is more than old fashioned, being ancient, older than the oldest obelisk; but the English public and police sanctioned its theatrical use as heartily as now no longer ago than the Stuart restoration. People are likely to speak of it as modern, because its treatment and present excellent manner of presentation are modern.

A clew to why the first-nighter himself likes it might be delved out of the fact that the sex play was so

(Continued on Page 174)



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A Scene From The Little Minister in Which Maude Adams Starred

THE TREASURE HUNT

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

HAD we not been so anxious about our dear Tish last summer, I dare say it would never have happened. But even Charlie Sands noticed when he came to our cottage at Lake Penzance for the week-end that she was distinctly not her old self.

"I don't like it," he said. "She's lost her pep, or something. I've been here two days and she hasn't even had a row with Hannah, and I must say that that fuss with old Carpenter yesterday really wasn't up to her standard at all."

Old Carpenter is a fisherman, and Tish having discovered that our motorboat went better in reverse than forward, he had miscalculated our direction and we had upset him.

As it happened, that very evening Tish herself confirmed Charlie's fears by asking about Aggie's Cousin Sarah Brown's Chelsea teapot.

"I think," she said, "that a woman of my age should have a hobby; one that will arouse interest at the minimum of physical exertion. And the collection of old china ——"

"Oh, Tish!" Aggie wailed, and burst into tears.

"I mean it," said Tish. "I have reached that period of my life which comes to every woman, when adventure no longer lurks around the next corner. By this I do not refer necessarily to amorous affairs, but to dramatic incidents. I think more than I did of what I eat. I take a nap every day. I am getting old."

"Never!" said Aggie valiantly.

"No? When I need my glasses nowadays to see the telephone directory!"

"But they're printing the names smaller, Tish."

"Yes, and I dare say my arm is getting shorter also," she returned with a sad smile. She pursued the subject no further, however, but went on knitting the bedroom slippers which are her yearly contribution to the Old Ladies' Home, leaving Charlie Sands to gaze at her thoughtfully as he sipped his blackberry cordial.

We Watched for a Short Time, Hoping the Policeman Would Go Inside

But the fact is that Tish had outgrown the cottage life at Penzance, and we all knew it. Save for an occasional golf ball from the links breaking a window now and then, and the golfers themselves who brought extra shoes done up in paper for us to keep for them, paying Hannah something to put them on the ice, there was nothing to rouse or interest her.

Her mind was as active as ever; it was her suggestion that a clothespin on Aggie's nose might relieve the paroxysms of her hay fever, and she was still filled with sentiment. It was her own idea on the anniversary of Mr. Wiggins' demise to paint the cottage roof a fresh and verdant green as a memorial to him, since he had been a master roofer by profession.

But these had been the small and simple annals of her days. To all outward seeming, until the night of the treasure hunt, our Tish was no longer the Tish who with our feeble assistance had captured the enemy town of V—— during the war, or held up the band of cutthroats on Thundercloud, or led us through the wilderness of the Far West. An aeroplane in the sky or the sound of the Smith boys racing along in their stripped flivver may have reminded her of brighter days, but she said nothing.

Once, indeed, she had hired a horse from the local livery stable and taken a brief ride, but while making a short cut across the Cummings estate the animal overturned a beehive. Although Tish, with her customary presence of mind, at once headed the terrified creature for the swimming pool, where a number of persons were bathing and sunning themselves in scanty apparel about the edge, the insects forsook the beast the moment horse and rider plunged beneath the surface and a great many people were severely stung. Indeed, the consequences threatened to be serious, for Tish was unable to get the horse out again and it was later necessary to bring a derrick from Penzance to rescue him. But her protests over the enormous bill rendered by the livery man were feeble, indeed, compared to the old days.

"Twenty dollars!" she said. "Are you claiming that that animal, which should have been able to jump over a beehive without upsetting it, was out ten hours?"

"That's my charge," he said. "Walk, trot and canter is regular rates, but swimming is double, and cheap at that. The next time you want to go out riding, go to the fish pier and I reckon they'll oblige you. You don't need a horse, lady. What you want is a blooming porpoise."

Which, of course, is preposterous. There are no porpoises in Lake Penzance.

She even made the blackberry cordial that year, a domestic task usually left to Aggie and myself, but I will say with excellent results. For just as it was ready for that slight fermentation which gives it its medicinal quality, a very pleasant young man came to see us, having for sale a fluid to be added to homemade cordials and so on, which greatly increased their bulk without weakening them.

"But how can one dilute without weakening?" Tish demanded suspiciously.

"I would not call it dilution, madam. It is really expansion."

It was a clear colorless liquid with a faintly aromatic odor, which he said was due to juniper in it, and he left us a small bottle for experimental purposes.

With her customary caution, our dear Tish would not allow us to try it until it had been proved, and some days later Hannah reporting a tramp at the back door, she diluted—or rather expanded—a half glass of cordial, gave him some cookies with it, and we all waited breathlessly.

It had no ill effect, however. The last we saw of the person he was quite cheery; and, indeed, we heard later that he went into Penzance, and getting one of the town policemen into an alley, forced him to change trousers with him. As a matter of record, whether it was Tish's efforts with the cordial itself, or the addition of the expansion matter which we later purchased in bulk and added, I cannot say. But I do know that on one occasion, having run out of gasoline, we poured a bottle of our blackberry cordial into the tank of the motorboat and got home very nicely indeed. I believe that this use of fruit juices has not heretofore been generally known.

Tish, I know, told it to Mr. Stubbs, the farmer who brought us our poultry, advising him to try cider in his car instead of feeding his apples to his hogs. But he only stared at her.

"Feed apples to hogs these days!" he said. "Why, lady, my hogs ain't seen an apple for four years! They don't know there is such a thing."

Occupied with these small and homely duties then, we went on along the even tenor of our way through July and August, and even into September. In August, Charlie Sands sent us a radio, and thereafter it was our custom at 7:20 A.M. to carry our comforters into Tish's bedroom and do divers exercises in loose undergarments.

It is to this training that I lay Tish's ability to go through the terrible evening which followed with nothing more serious than a crack in a floating rib.

And in September Charlie Sands himself week-ended with us, as I have said; with the result of a definite break in our monotony and a revival of Tish's interest in life which has not yet begun to fade.

Yet his visit itself was uneventful enough. It was not until Mrs. Ostermaier's call on Saturday evening that anything began to develop. I remember the evening most

distinctly. Our dear Tish was still in her dressing gown, after a very unpleasant incident of the morning, when she had inflated a pair of water wings and gone swimming. Unluckily, when some distance out she had endeavored to fasten the water wings with a safety pin to her bathing garments and the air at once began to escape. When Charlie Sands reached the spot only a few bubbles showed where our unfortunate Tish had been engulfed. She had swallowed a great deal of water, and he at once suggested bailing her out.

"By and large," he said, "I've been bailing you out for the last ten years. Why not now?"

But she made no response save to say that she had swallowed a fish. "Get me a doctor," she said thickly. "I can feel the thing wriggling."

"Doctor nothing!" he told her. "What you need is a fisherman, if that's the case."

But she refused to listen to him, saying that if she was meant to be an aquarium she would be one; and seeing she was firm, he agreed.

"Very well," he said cheerfully. "But why not do the thing right while you're about it? How about some pebbles and a tadpole or two?"

The result of all this was that Tish, although later convinced there was no fish, was in an uncertain mood that evening as we sat about the radio. She had, I remember, got Chicago, where a lady at some hotel was singing By the Waters of Minnetonka. Turning away from Chicago, she then got Detroit, Michigan, and a woman there was singing the same thing.

Somewhat impatiently, she next picked up Atlanta, Georgia, where a soprano was also singing it, and the same thing happened with Montreal, Canada. With a strained look, our dear Tish then turned to the national capital, and I shall never forget her expression when once more the strains of Minnetonka rang out on the evening air.

With an impatient gesture, she shoved the box away from her, and the various batteries and so on fell to the floor. And at that moment Mrs. Ostermaier came in breathless, and said that she and Mr. Ostermaier had just got Denver, and heard it quite distinctly.

"A woman was singing," she said. "Really, Miss Carberry, we could hear every word. She was singing ——"

"The Waters of Minnetonka?" asked Tish.

"Why, how ever did you guess it?"

It was probably an accident, but as Tish got up suddenly, her elbow struck the box itself, and the box fell with a horrible crash. Tish never even looked at it, but picked up her knitting and fell to work on a bedroom slipper, leaving Mrs. Ostermaier free to broach her plan.

For, as it turned out, she had come on an errand. She and Mr. Ostermaier wished to know if we could think of any way to raise money and put a radio in the state penitentiary, which was some miles away along the lake front.

"Think," she said, "of the terrible monotony of their lives there! Think of the effect of the sweetness disseminated by Silver Threads Among the Gold or By the Waters of ——"

"Mr. Wiggins always said that music had power to soothe the savage breast," Aggie put in hastily. "Have you thought of any plan?"

"Mr. Ostermaier suggested that Miss Tish might think of something. She is so fertile."

But Tish's reaction at first was unfavorable.

"Why?" she said. "We've made our jails so pleasant now that there's a crime wave so people can get into them." But she added, "I'm in favor of putting one in every prison if they'd hire a woman to sing The Waters of Minnetonka all day and all night. If that wouldn't stop this rush to the penitentiaries, nothing will."

On the other hand, Charlie Sands regarded the idea favorably. He sat sipping a glass of cordial and thinking, and at last said:

"Why not? Think of an entire penitentiary doing the morning daily dozen! Or laying out bridge hands, according to radio instructions! Broaden 'em. Make 'em better citizens. Send 'em out fit to meet the world again. Darned good idea—Silver Threads Among the Gold for the burglars and Little Brown Jug for the bootleggers. Think of Still as the Night for the moonshiners, too, and the bedtime stories for the cradle snatchers. Why, it's got all sorts of possibilities!"

He then said to leave it to him and he would think up something; and falling to work on the radio, soon had it in operation again. His speech had evidently had a quieting effect on Tish, and when the beautiful strains of The Waters of Minnetonka rang out once more she merely placed her hands over her ears and said nothing.

It was after his departure on Monday that he wrote us the following note, and succeeded in rousing our dear Tish:

"*Beloved Maiden Ladies:* I have been considering the problem of the radio for our unfortunate convicts. How about a treasure hunt—à la Prince of Wales—to raise the necessary lucre? I'll write the clews and bury a bag of pennies—each entrant to pay five dollars, and the profits to go to the cause.

"Oil up the old car and get out the knickerbockers, for it's going to be a tough job. And don't forget, I'm betting on you. Read the Murders in the Rue Morgue for clews and deductive reasoning. And pass me the word when you're ready. Devotedly, C. S."

"P. S. My usual terms are 20 per cent, but will take two bottles of cordial instead. Please mark 'Preserves' on box. C."

II

WE SAW an immediate change in Tish from that moment. The very next morning we put on our bathing suits and, armed with soap and sponges, drove the car into the lake for a washing. Unluckily a wasp stung Tish on the bare knee as we advanced and she stepped on the gas with great violence, sending us out a considerable distance, and, indeed, rendering it necessary to crawl out and hold to the top to avoid drowning.

Here we were marooned for some time, until Hannah spied us and rowed out to us. It was finally necessary to secure three horses and a long rope to retrieve the car, and it was some days in drying out.

But aside from these minor matters, things went very well. Mr. Ostermaier, who was not to search, took charge of the hunt from our end and reported numerous entrants from among the summer colony, and to each entrant the following was issued:

1. The cars of the treasure hunters will meet at the Rectory on Saturday evening at eight o'clock.

2. Each hunter will receive a password or sentence, and a sealed envelope containing the first clew.

3. This clew found, another password and a fresh sealed envelope will be discovered. And so on.

4. There are six clews.

5. Participants are requested to use care in driving about the country, as the local police force has given notice that it will be stationed at various points to prevent reckless driving.

6. After the treasure is discovered, the hunt will please meet at the Rectory, where light refreshments will be served. It is requested that if possible the search be over before midnight in order not to infringe on the Sabbath day.

In view of the fact that certain persons, especially Mrs. Cummings—who should be the last to complain—have accused Tish of certain unethical acts during that terrible night, I wish to call attention to certain facts:

(a) We obeyed the above rules to the letter, save possibly Number Five.

(b) There was no actual identification of the scissors.

(c) If there was a box of carpet tacks in our car, neither Aggie nor I saw them.

(d) The fish pier had been notoriously rotten for years.

(e) We have paid for the repairs to the motorcycle, and so on.

(f) Doctor Parkinson is not permanently lamed, and we have replaced his lamps.

(g) Personally, knowing Tish's detestation of crossword puzzles, I believe the false clews were a joke on the part of others concerned.

"Hello, Sweetheart. And What Can I Do for You?"

(h) We did that night what the local police and the sheriff from Edgewater had entirely failed to do, and risked our lives in so doing. Most of the attack is pure jealousy of Letitia Carberry's astute brain and dauntless physical courage.

I need say no more. As Tish observed to Charlie Sands the next day, when he came to see her, lifting herself painfully in her bed:

"I take no credit for following the clews; they were simplicity itself. And I shall pay all damages incurred. But who is to pay me for this cracked rib and divers minor injuries, or replace poor Aggie's teeth? Tell me that, and then get out and let me sleep. I'm an old woman."

"Old!" said Charlie Sands. "Old! If you want to see an aged and a broken man, look at me! I shall have to put on a false mustache to get out of the town."

But to return to the treasure hunt.

On the eventful day we worked hard. By arrangement with Mr. Stubbs, our poultry man, he exchanged the license plates from his truck for ours in the morning, and these we put on, it being Tish's idea that in case our number was taken by the local motor policeman, Mr. Stubbs could prove that he was in bed and asleep at the time. We also took out our tail light, as Tish said that very probably the people who could not unravel their clews would follow us if possible, and late in the afternoon, our arrangements being completed, Tish herself retired to her chamber with a number of envelopes in her hand.

Lest it be construed that she then arranged the crossword puzzles which were later substituted for the real clews, I hasten to add that I believe, if I do not actually know, that she wrote letters concerning the missionary society at that time. She is an active member.

At 5:30 we had an early supper and one glass of cordial each.

"I think better on an empty stomach," Tish said. "And I shall need my brains tonight."

"If that's what you think of Aggie and myself, we'd better stay at home," I said sharply.

"I have not stated what I think of your brain, Lizzie, nor of Aggie's either. Until I do, you have no reason for resentment."

Peace thus restored, we ate lightly of tea, toast and lettuce sandwiches; and having donned our knickerbockers and soft hats, were ready for the fray. Aggie carrying a small flask of cordial for emergencies and I a flashlight and an angel-food cake to be left at the Rectory, we started out on what was to prove one of the most eventful evenings in our experience.

Tish was thoughtful on the way over, speaking occasionally of Poe and his system of deductive reasoning in solving clews, and also of Conan Doyle, but mostly remaining silent.

Aggie, however, was sneezing badly, due to the dust, and this annoying Tish, she stopped where some washing was hanging out and sent her in for a clothespin. She procured the pin, but was discovered and chased, and undoubtedly this is what led later to the story that the bandits—of whom more later—had, before proceeding to the real business of the night, attempted to steal the Whitings' washing.

But the incident had made Aggie very nervous and she took a second small dose of the cordial. Of this also more later on.

There was a large group of cars in front of the Rectory. The Smith boys had brought their flivver, stripped of everything but the engine and one seat for lightness, and the Cumminges, who are very wealthy, had brought their racer. Tish eyed them both with a certain grimness.

"Not speed, but brains will count, Lizzie," she said to me. "What does it matter how fast they can go if they don't know where they're going?"

After some thought, however, she took off the engine hood and the spare tire and laid them aside, and stood gazing at Aggie, now fast asleep in the rear seat.

"I could leave her too," she said. "She will be of no help whatever. But on the other hand, she helps to hold the rear springs down when passing over bumps."

Mrs. Ostermaier then passed around glasses of lemonade, saying that every hunt drank a stirrup cup before it started, and Mr. Ostermaier gave us our envelopes and the first password, which was "Ichthyosaurus."

It was some time before everyone had memorized it, and Tish utilized the moments to open her envelope and study the clew. The password, as she said, was easy; merely a prehistoric animal. The clew was longer:

"Water, water, everywhere, nor any drop to drink.
Two twos are four, though some say more, and i-n-k spells ink."

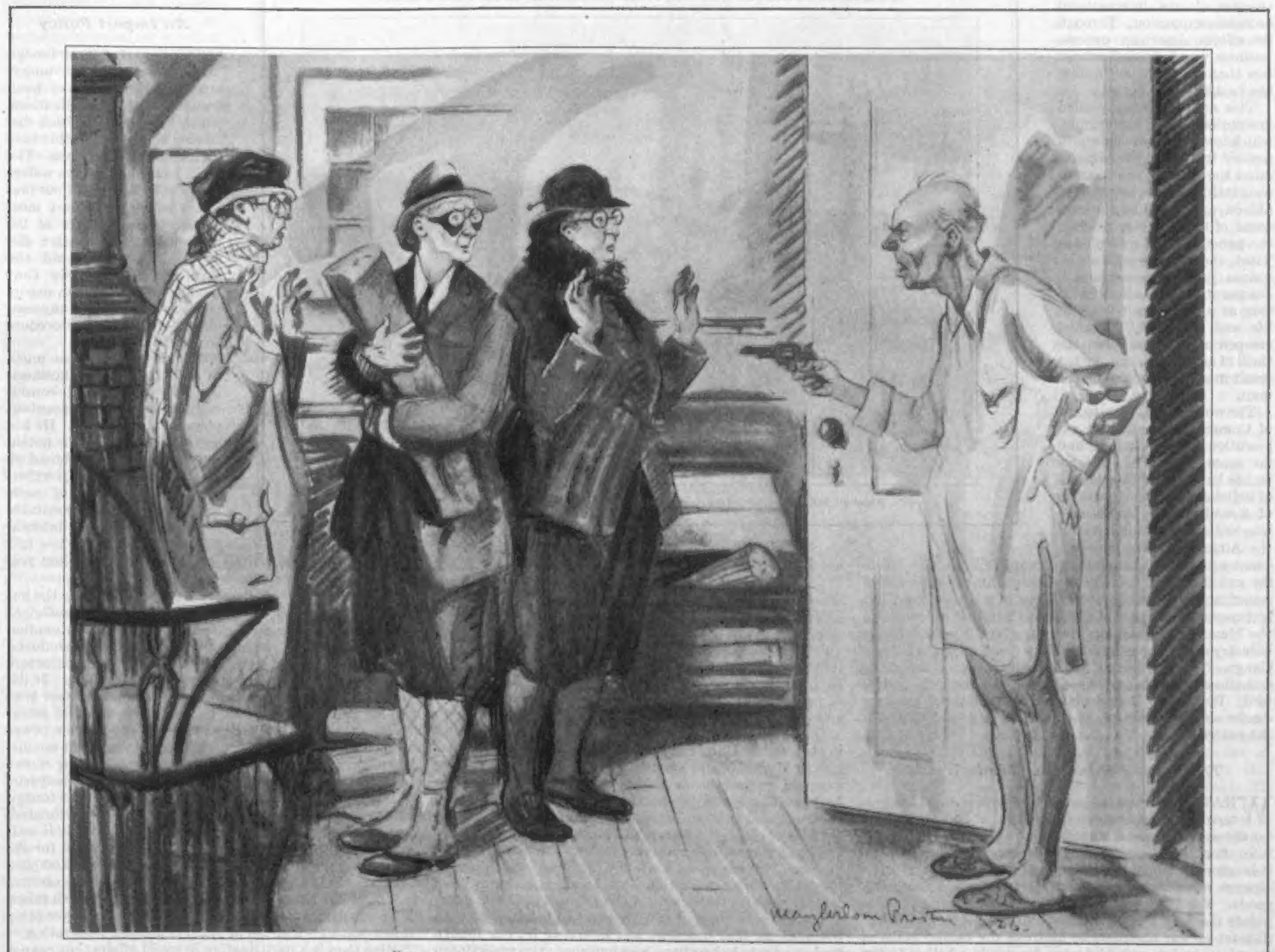
"Water?" I said. "That must be somewhere by the lake, Tish."

"Nonsense! What's to prevent your drinking the lake dry if you want to? I-n-k! It may be the stationer's shop; but if it ever saw water, I don't believe it. 'Two twos are four, though some say more!' Well, if they do, they're fools, and so is Charlie Sands for writing such gibberish."

What made matters worse was that the Smith boys were already starting off laughing, and two or three other people were getting ready to move. Suddenly Tish set her mouth and got into the car, and it was as much as I could do to crawl in before she had cut straight through the canna bed and out onto the road.

The Smith boys were well ahead, but we could still see their tail light, and we turned after them. Tish held the wheel tightly, and as we flew along she repeated the clew, which with her wonderful memory she had already learned by heart. But no light came to either of us, and at the crossroads we lost the Smith boys and were obliged to come to a stop. This we did rather suddenly, and Mr. Gilbert, who is a vestryman in our church, bumped into us and swore in a most unbefitting manner.

(Continued on Page 85)



"Hands Up!" He Cried in a Furious Tone. "And be Quick About It!"

COMMERCIAL EXPLORATION

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

THE average American who reads statistics about our exports naturally reaches the conclusion that their immense volume—it amounted to nearly $5,000,000,000 in 1925—was rolled up by the Yankee go-getter working single-handed out on the foreign battlefields of business. To a certain extent this is true, for the American commercial envoy now covers the universe. The increase of 124 per cent in our world selling between 1910 and 1914, and the advance of practically 13 per cent in 1925 over the preceding year, show that we have dug ourselves in wherever the trade winds blow.

But behind the individual emissary and the far-flung fabric of commerce that he has created is an agency that may well be designated as the mainspring of this constantly widening offensive. It is the foreign service of the Department of Commerce, which acts as scout, counselor and guide generally for the manufacturer and producer, big or little, who wants to make the globe his field. In other words, it is the silent sponsor of our international economic expansion. Through its efforts American oversea business was increased by not less than $500,000,000 during the past twelve months.

This service is a many-sided institution. Take exploration, which few people associate with prosaic trade. In the popular mind the word means hazardous attainment of geographical objective. It may be the conquest of the icy polar reaches, the penetration of a forbidden Tibet, the struggle with a poisonous jungle. Sometimes a comparatively small area is won at a large expenditure of life and treasure. The chief compensation is too often the thrill of adventure, and the net result merely a new spot on the map.

The work of the Department of Commerce involves an exploration no less exciting and far more profitable. Its attachés have risked the glaciers of Bolivia and braved the fevers of Ecuador; they have been wrecked on the headwaters of the Amazon; they have encountered bandits beyond the Great Wall of China, all to the end that fresh fields be opened up for the products of American farm and factory. Here is a little-known but picturesque activity that binds the Corn Belt of Iowa with the Manchurian plain, and links the New England textile industry with the needs of the black denizens of the Belgian Congo. This commercial adventuring annexes new trade domains and yields ample returns on the overhead cost as well. Probe into it and you will find that real romance dwells amid the confines of commerce and that hazard is not entirely confined to the credit side.

Mr. Axel H. Oxholm, an American Trade Commissioner in the Sahara Desert

Mr. Paul P. Whitham, an American Trade Commissioner in Kalgan, North China

The Force Behind Our Trade Winds

WHAT I have just indicated, however, is only the spectacular part of a ramified activity that does everything for the exporter except actually sell his goods and collect his bills. For the little merchant who has no legal department it becomes an unpaid expert on international law. For the obscure manufacturer without a traffic staff it routes his goods. For the humble trader with no selling agents it points the way to opportunity and development. When disaster or war obstructs or destroys the beaten paths of travel, it devises new highways for goods, whether to the interior of China, the remote regions of Persia or the heart of Siberia. Its listening posts dot the firing line of business and its long arm embraces every phase of economic endeavor.

The task of purveying chewing gum for the 400,000,000 jaws of China is met with the same ease as the problem involved in the transport of a brass bed for a chief far in the interior of Liberia or the establishment of a motorbus line in the Syrian Desert. Through the finance division it helps to make our foreign loans safe for democracy while an increasing vigilance checks speculative ardor.

Old agencies are bent to new uses in this vast undertaking to increase Uncle Sam's trade balance. When an enterprising New England manufacturer of baby carriages, for example, wanted to extend his market to Japan, where infants are carried on the backs of young and old, an alert commercial attaché in Tokio showed him how he could sell the idea of employing perambulators as a means for bringing home the family groceries. An order for 1000 was the outcome. This is one of the many reasons why an Englishman said, "Our competition is not so much with American industry as with the American Department of Commerce."

Though this series of articles is concerned mainly with the agencies that promote, and intervene in, our foreign trade and what they have accomplished, the preliminary picture must briefly envisage the entire Department of Commerce and likewise comprehend the point of view of the man who has supplied much of the inspiration and the suggestion for it. It means that we must deal at the outset with Herbert Hoover, not only because he is Secretary of Commerce and therefore commander in chief, as it were, of the forces of trade promotion but also because our foreign and domestic commerce are so closely interwoven that to deal with one involves an explanation of the other.

First, the psychology of our foreign trade. It has always been easy to impress the American public with the notion of selling abroad, although few stop to appreciate the value of exports in the larger structure of our business. What was once regarded as mere velvet is now necessary to our national economic well-being. I can best illustrate with the matter of machinery. Though our exports are only 20 per cent of the total production, this one-fifth represents the difference between profit and loss. So, too, with many other lines.

An Import Policy

THE import side of foreign trade is the least understood, because it has been fraught with complications which have made a frank discussion almost impossible save for members of Congress. The tariff has muddied the waters ever since the birth of our first infant industry. Hence most administrative officers of the Government avoid such a discussion as they would the smallpox. It follows that though we have had an export policy, we have lacked any semblance of a business procedure on imports.

Mr. Hoover has done much to encourage a sane, businesslike and nonpolitical consideration of this all-important phase of the question. He has sold to the country the notion that if we are to sell abroad we must buy abroad, and, furthermore, that exchange of goods is the eventual and inevitable method of settling international balances. He has laid down certain fundamentals which make up the first real import policy that we have had.

The Department of Commerce does not promote the import business in commodities that we produce in sufficient quantities to meet the home demand. Its import-promotion activities are restricted to noncompetitive products, largely raw materials, which enter into the manufacture and figure in the exports of our finished products. It devotes itself primarily to two phases of imports. One is to explore and encourage new competitive sources of essential raw materials and to break down the economic power of alien monopolies in them. The other lies in the acquiring of raw materials in areas where a purchasing power can be developed which will react favorably on our exports.

The significance of the undertaking to overcome foreign monopolies in raw materials cannot be overestimated. The British rubber squeeze is a case in point. It is estimated that to meet the demand in 1926, our bill for the crude article will aggregate $990,000,000, or $660,000,000 in excess of the cost fixed as fair by the growers' committee in 1922. The Brazilian valorization of coffee, which raised the price to such an extent that the American buyer practically went on a strike in 1924, is another illustration.

Here then is a participation in world affairs that cannot irritate the most hardened apostle of aloofness. It means

that though we have, in a sense, joined a league of nations we have only become part of the larger community of international economic interests. It is dictated by self-preservation on the one hand and profit on the other. The whole country is a partner in the alignment, because every citizen contributes to the overhead in the form of taxes. Whether he is in trade or not, he likewise shares in its benefits because the national prosperity is now inseparably allied with our exports.

Though, as I have indicated, these articles deal with the development of the foreign end of the Department of Commerce, the entire historical departmental background must be briefly fixed. So vast and varied are its functions today that it seems almost incredible that it was once merely part of a division of the National Administration.

What was formerly called the Department of Commerce and Labor was created by President Roosevelt through an Act of Congress signed February 14, 1903. The initial step was the appointment of George B. Cortelyou as the first Secretary. The law creating the department transferred to it certain small departments and bureaus which had formerly been independent offices or were allied with older executive sections. On the last day of the Administration of President Taft in 1913 the Department of Commerce and Labor was divided into two independent wings, one to be devoted entirely to commerce and the other to labor.

What I have referred to as the foreign service of the Department of Commerce operates under the so-called Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, of which Dr. Julius Klein is the director. It is a consolidation of the previously existing Bureau of Manufactures and the Bureau of Statistics. This merger, brought about in 1912, marked the beginning, in a big way, of our official stewardship of the alien-trade field, although a rudimentary statistical service in the Treasury Department dealing almost entirely with import and export values and vessel tonnage was set up as far back as 1789.

The foreign service of the Department of Commerce gets its legal status from legislation language included for a period of successive years in appropriation measures. There is no specific authority save a general mandate to promote the foreign commerce of the United States, which appears in the original act creating the department.

There has been in recent years a growing antipathy to the inclusion of legislative terminology in appropriation measures. In fact, an appropriation bill with such language in it is subject to a point of order, so called, in the House which operates seriously to endanger its passage. Congress has repeatedly manifested a favorable disposition toward the work of the Department of Commerce and has refused on at least two occasions to permit other departments to take over a portion of the foreign-trade-promotion work. This attitude is obviously well-founded, since any broad and intelligent program of trade promotion must necessarily have unified direction and supervision.

Consuls and Agents

THE friendly disposition manifested toward the department by Congress in recent years has originated to a considerable degree in the recognized business ability and administrative capacity of such men as Secretary Hoover and Doctor Klein. The department is strong on a personal basis. It is, nevertheless, conceivable that if there should be a political change which would bring individuals of lesser caliber into the direction of our foreign-trade-promotion work, the present attitude of Congress might well change. Since the foreign service of the Department of Commerce has proved its indispensable utility to American business, it seems highly desirable that the permanency of this institution be guaranteed through specific authorization of its foreign-service functions in the organic statutory law of the country. Continuity could then be assured and the work of the department would be free from the danger of curtailments.

Accordingly, in 1924, a bill to give permanent status to the foreign service of the department was introduced by Congressman Samuel Winslow, of Massachusetts, and was reported unanimously from the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce of the House. This measure, however, could not be advanced in the normal way by reason of the congestion of business then under consideration. It was therefore brought before the House for action under a suspension of rules, which requires a two-thirds vote for passage. Under these circumstances the bill failed, notwithstanding that the vote showed a majority of the House favorable to its passage.

A revised bill to meet certain suggestions presented by the State Department and the Department of Agriculture has been introduced by Congressman Homer Hoch, of Kansas, and appears likely of passage during the present session. Though it does not give additional authority to the Department of Commerce, it puts the foreign agents on the same financial basis as consular officials, who, by the present schedule, receive twice as much as the trade scouts. An increased allowance would make it possible for the Department of Commerce representatives in the field to widen their operations, which, in turn, would expand commercial intelligence.

This reference to the consular service brings up a point which must be explained. Any man who travels around the world to collect business information—and I speak out of my own experience—is struck by what seems to be a duplication of effort by consuls and agents of the Department of Commerce. In many places, and more especially larger communities, they overlap in that both make reports on economic conditions.

The chief trouble has been that prospective exporters have sometimes made the mistake of applying for data to consular offices instead of to the Department of Commerce Let us assume, for example, that an American manufacturer of shoes wishes to ascertain the market possibilities for his product in China. At present he is encouraged by the State Department to address letters to nineteen different consulates in China. This means that nineteen offices are obliged to work on this inquiry. Some of these offices are already overburdened with the protection-of-interests work, which is the primary function of the State Department. Hence they can give the inquiry only passing consideration. Others are so located that their districts are not of sufficient importance to warrant encouragement to this manufacturer for the sale of his commodity in that section. Very few of these nineteen consulates are staffed with men specially qualified to handle this work, as they have been chosen rather for the multifarious duties of a consular officer, which, the State Department claims, cover several hundred subjects other than trade promotion.

On the other hand, if this shoe manufacturer had addressed his inquiry to the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, Washington, instead of to nineteen different consulates in China, the shoe and leather manufactures division of the bureau would immediately compile from the information already available in the bureau a report for the manufacturer and simultaneously send his inquiry to the commercial attaché in China, who, with his staff of experts, would get together the latest available material, and, if necessary, call on certain of the consuls in the outlying districts for supplementary material. In other words, the commercial attaché would view China as a whole as a market for American shoes, instead of trying to furnish a number of disconnected reports from various districts

The "Fleet" of a Commerce Department Party on a South American River

An American Trade Commissioner, Mr. Charles Livengood, in Havana, Cuba

Protectors and Promoters

THIS instance, however, is more or less exceptional. As a matter of fact the foreign service of the Department of Commerce is ably supplemented by the consular service of the Department of State The Department of Commerce through its intimate contacts with industry is able to give direction to the commercial reporting of both its own field officers and those of the consular service. The consuls, through administrative contacts abroad, are very helpful in obtaining a great deal of valuable information. In addition, consuls are located at a great many posts where commercial interests are of a subordinate character. Though there is no justification at present for the location of representatives of the Department of Commerce in these minor posts, from time to time there are business developments of importance, and the consular service is useful in reporting such matters.

Generally speaking, the functions of the Department of Commerce officers abroad are promotive in character. It is their job to acquaint American business with new markets and to aid in the development of stagnant markets. On the other hand, the function of foreign-service officers of the Department of State is to protect American interests from any discrimination contrary to treaty stipulations or the established principles of comity between nations.

The Department of Commerce, having practical business contacts, is further able

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GEORGE H. JAY AND THE LAVENDER BLONDE

By Bertram Atkey

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

The Charming Miss "June Lavender" Weatherall Appeared at the Taxi Door—No Longer a Blonde, for June Was in Disguise

UNLIKE those extremely decorative shields which the knights and battle-ax professors so expertly and intelligently hid behind in the Sharp Edge Epoch, the brazen shield of the squire of Finch Court, Southampton Row, London, was, for all its shining air of challenge, quite a simple affair. It offered no deception nor intended any such, and its brassy glitter was not in the least like the mellow glitter of gold.

It was totally devoid of heraldry—it lacked even a bend sinister, it was completely shy of a solitary lion rampant and you could not have found an escutcheon on it with a four-wheel-drive searchlight filtered through a straight-eight microscope. It was, in short, just a darned old brass plate that stated:

GEO. H. JAY
Agent

It was a plain plate and it told the plain truth. It was brief and strictly businesslike. You could read that plate and pass on without wondering what was going to happen in the next installment. You could dismiss it from your mind and yet recall it a month later, if by chance you found yourself in need of a strong, enduring agent—as so many of us do.

It was, in a way, an ideal banner for a modern business man. It would have withstood cross-examination in any court of law with absolute ease. For example:

"Geo. H. Jay? And what is Geo. H. Jay?" one might say. The answer was right there.

"Agent."

"And of what or for whom is he agent?"

The answer was still there.

"Geo. H. Jay."

As plain as a cod hook.

George was his own agent and he had long ago come to the strictly private opinion that he was well qualified for the job.

There were those infesting Finch Court who claimed that the squire, as he was sometimes affectionately referred to in that entirely finchless backwater off busy Southampton Row, was a full-blown solicitor who kept it quiet; but that was guesswork. Others there were who sometimes maintained that he was just a prosperous money lender's tout—but that was envy.

And yet others stated that he was, variously, a divorce specialist, a money lender with no money, a matrimonial agent, an estate agent engaged in the sale of quicksands, a detective liable any day to be detected and many other things of that description. One embittered visionary, indeed, who occupied mysteriously a back basement office at the end of the court, described Mr. Jay as an old anteater—but, when pressed for reasons, invariably, even monotonously, failed to supply them.

But Mr. Jay was, on the whole, popular. His neighbors liked his ample bulk, his prosperous raiment, his great, big, breezy laugh and his generosity in small matters.

And even if his eyes were maybe a little hard and flinty, he always could—and usually did—neutralize the flintiness with a smile.

On the whole, a tolerable and tolerant man o' the world who, having learned at a very early age that the said world owed him a heavy bill, was spending practically all his time and most of his thought in collecting it—never an easy matter, for the world has notoriously been Lord Chief Tightwad from the day Adam stood and listened to Eve shrilly explaining how he'd have got some real celery if only he'd had the nerve and nous to slip off his leopard skin and put his bare back into the task of digging a deep enough trench for the planting out.

Yes, in his way Geo. H. Jay was a good scout—busy getting his own as best he could, decently grateful for what he got, and decently ready for a little more. One of us.

There were times when he traveled like a racing pigeon with a gale of wind and a hungry peregrine falcon behind it; there were occasions when a tired turtle pegged to a stake on the beach would have kept pace with him; and there were periods when he felt, body and soul, that he was climbing upward as steadily as a man falling down a deep well.

It was during one of the latter parched periods that the lady attractively named June Lavender wished herself on the gentle George H.

Ten minutes over his morning's mail that day had persuaded him that the good fairies who work all night apportioning next day's lucky strokes for mortals had carelessly overlooked his name yet again.

His silk hat tilted far back, he had gone to the window and scowled out at London.

"This city ain't asleep—no; it's in an eternal trance, and I'm disgusted. Absolutely," he said. "Here's what. Seven or eight million people—every single soul of 'em in need of money or advice or an agent—or all three—and who is there got the brains to come to me ——"

"A lady, sir," announced one of the clerks, closing the door behind him.

Mr. Jay removed his hat, sat at the desk and studied the neatly engraved card.

"Miss June Lavender—um! That might mean anything—or nothing. Might be Miss May Flower and no harm done, at that. What do you make of her, my boy?" he asked the alert-looking clerk.

"Restless blonde, twenty-five to forty, very short of sleep, finely hand painted, well finished, looks guilty, might be a lady, but I'd class her with the lady's maids, sir," said the slick young cockney glibly. "Very difficult young lady to place, sir."

Mr. Jay nodded gravely.

"Ah, well, you had better show her in to me in about ten minutes and I will see what can be done about it, my boy," he commanded.

"Very good, sir."

Mr Jay smiled at the closed door.

"Restless blonde—short of sleep—well finished—looks guilty," he quoted, and chuckled to himself.

Mr. Gus Golding, the clerk, like many others of the more precocious young Londoners, had the gift for summing up strangers very quickly, crisply and correctly. But, also like many other young Londoners, he did not have the very faintest notion what to do about it when he had summed them up. He would not have been working for Mr. Jay if he had known that, you see.

The gentle George laughed because he was well aware that Gus was fighting against a fairly high standard when he was invited to give a crisp and concise description of a strange caller.

Some little time before, in his impudent, cock-sparrow style he had described a certain caller as "a rust-red blonde with a French-chalk, clown-white complexion and geranium lips," from which it may be observed that Gus was not wholly a sluggard when a snappy word picture was called for. But, in Mr. Jay's opinion, his clerk had never again reached quite that descriptive peak. Gus knew it—and lived in hopes, practicing on all and sundry, including, *sotto voce*, his employer.

A few minutes later Mr. Jay had classified the caller for himself. Gus may have hesitated to decide whether she was lady or lady's maid, but there was no shadow of suspicion of hesitation in the mind of the highly experienced agent.

"Lady's maid—got something low-down to sell—hope it's worth buying!" said George H. privately to Mr. Jay the instant he saw her. But he thought none the worse of Gus, for in appearance she was quite obviously a lady's maid of the very highest quality. The squire of Finch Court received her with just as much deference as his naturally breezy habit permitted—rather more, that is, than her employer would have expected for herself.

She was a young woman of distinction, dressed in the quietly expensive style, pale, petite, rather dark-ringed around her fine gray eyes, thinnish, and still beautiful—though clearly in reverse gear as far as any possibility of improvement was concerned.

George H. perceived, too, that Gus had meant "furtive" when he said she looked "guilty."

She introduced herself quietly but firmly.

"You are Mr. Jay, the agent?" she added.

Geo. H. confessed to that.

"I am in a difficulty, Mr. Jay. And I have been advised to consult you by a friend who is employed by one of your clients. Do you require their names? I prefer not to give them unless you insist."

Geo. H. nodded.

"I have never found it a good plan to require from my clients anything which in their view they consider it unnecessary to give," he declared. "And that includes

everything—except, of course, my commission—my fees, you understand."

The lady smiled faintly.

"I am very much relieved to hear you say that, Mr. Jay."

Geo. H. laughed.

"That's fine—fine, Miss Lavender," he declared heartily. "And it's a good omen. For—as I think you will find—relief is one of the things I claim to deal in most extensively. Why, 90 per cent of my clients come here seeking relief in some form or other and if I were unable to produce it I would long since have been out of business."

She nodded, and seemed to lose a little of her stiffness.

"That is what my friend told me," she murmured and opened her hand bag.

"Will you be kind enough to lock the door, Mr. Jay? It is important that every word of what I have to say should be kept strictly private."

"Certainly." George H. rose and turned the key, adding, as he did so, "Why, 'Privacy' is my telegraphic address! Address a telegram from any part of the world to 'Privacy, London,' and it will come to one man only in this great city, Miss June—to me, George H. Jay. It's my official name, so to speak, ha-ha. 'Privacy, London.' That key is one of the hardest-worked things in these offices, ha-ha!"

Miss Lavender smiled again, and produced a folded sheet of blue paper, upon which were pasted about thirty fragments of white paper, each nicely jig-sawed up to the other. Gentle Mr. Jay surveyed it benignly. He knew what it was. Somebody had been fishing in a waste-paper basket and this was the catch.

The lady passed it.

"Will you please look at that, Mr. Jay It will, I think, convey something to you."

Privacy, London, reached for it with some interest. He was a man who claimed to possess great breadth of mind. If June cared to go fishing in folks' wastebaskets that was June's affair. It was not for him to criticize her poor taste in sport or her obviously enfeebled notion of morality. He was an agent, not a reformer.

She gave him a few minutes, watching him closely. She said nothing until she observed the dawn of a sudden interest slightly irradiate his broad, good-humored face

"Come, come, what's this?" he murmured, bending closer to the pencil-scrawled patchwork

"What do you make of it, Mr. Jay?"

"Well—it's disconnected—but at a guess I should be inclined to say it's a lot of roughly penciled notes comprising the material for a draft agreement between four or five—four—people, to form a syndicate of some sort." He peered closer. "No names, I see—just four sets of initials each set put against the sum of one thousand pounds total four thousand pounds—with which something is going to be bought—Half-a-Day Hill, is it?"

He frowned as he concentrated on the paper.

"Yes, that's it. Some of it's just scrawl—scribble meaningless. Stuff a man scrawls with a pencil while he's talking. That's all—except for this Chinaman's name—Tung—Tung—S'Ten, is it?"

"Tungsten," explained Miss Lavender.

"Yes. What's he got to do with it?"

"He's a metal—tungsten, do you see?"

"Hey, yes—I see. Very valuable stuff, I understand. Used for hardening steel, I believe. Well, now, come, Miss June, what's it all about? Whose wastebasket did that come from?"

"It was taken from the basket of the husband of the lady for whom I work—by his valet," said Miss Lavender with complete composure

"A financial man, I take it?"

"Oh, very," agreed June.

"Yes, yes—and what do you want me to do about it?" asked George H., beaming.

June smiled. She was brightening up, and her remotely furtive air was rapidly vanishing.

"Let me explain," she said, took a cigarette from the box which the gentle one ventured to proffer, lit it, crossed her silk stockings and began to explain with extraordinary frankness

George H. liked her for that.

"I don't need you, Mr. Jay, nor anybody else to tell me that searching the waste-paper basket is not a form of sport greatly encouraged or highly thought of by the *élite*. But I consider myself justified. I will tell you—and leave you to judge. Master hates the mistress, and mistress is the sort of lady who gives counterfeit money for a forged note every time. Kiss mistress and she'll kiss you. Smack mistress and she will get you with the thick end of her brassy when you're sort of absent-minded and not thinking of golf. Is that clear?"

"Perfectly—ha-ha! I could tell you some fascinating stories about ladies of character like that," said Privacy, London.

"Yes, I know," agreed June. "I live among 'em—but on the northeasterly side of the green baize, brass-studded door. . . . Well, master—I call him that for civility, though I assure you he's no master of mine—intends to divorce himself from mistress within the next few months. Mistress will be glad to hear that. But there's just one small matter, Mr. Jay, that he wants to attend to first Mistress is a rich woman—a very rich woman—land, gilt-edge securities, coal royalties, brewery shares and things. Mr. Jay, that lady owns three of the best grouse moors and deer forests in Scotland, with lots of real, flying grouse on them, solid meat deer, and trout and salmon in the locks and streams. Rajahs pay silly sums of money to rent those places. But master is a town man and he is studying Divorce without Mercy. Only, he—with a few city friends—is just crazy to buy a certain hill on the edge of one of her Scotch estates called—for the purpose of this interview only, Mr. Jay—Half-a-Day Hill. It was called something else on the bits we retrieved from the W. P. B. but I rubbed the right name out. Life has made me suspicious but not rude, Mr. Jay. You'll never find Half-a-Day Hill on an Ordnance Survey map, for example. The master considers that he can buy this hill for four thousand pounds from his wife while they're friends. When he's done that he will stage the divorce and everyone, including mistress, will rejoice. After the divorce, he and his friends

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"This is the Option You Sold to Mr. Basil Greye, is it Not, Lady Lochachatagan?"

THE NEW OWNERSHIP

By Albert W. Atwood

Window Displays are Used to Sell Customer Stock

ENDOWED with scenic charm as are the deserts and mountains of the Far West, the railroad journey across the continent is a long, and to many folk a tedious affair. Almost halfway between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Ocean is a city, to reach which you travel for protracted periods of time through immense and lonely spaces. Whether you approach from East or West you cannot arrive at that city without traversing interminable vistas of sage-covered mesa, where a few scattered steers are pretty nearly all of life there is to see.

Yet, when the city is reached at sunset, and the weary traveler alights at the Union Station for a breath of sparkling air, the one conspicuous object that greets the eye is an enormous illuminated sign—a bold and startling sign—because of the way in which electricity and the three colors of red, white and black are used to bring out the Gargantuan letters:

YOUR CHIEF PUBLIC UTILITY COMPANY
WANTS YOU AS A PARTNER

BUY ——— ELECTRIC COMPANY 7% PREFERRED STOCK

If the diffusion of ownership in the corporate industries of the country has really gone as far as this flaming desert portent seems to symbolize, then perhaps it is true that we are passing through a swift, silent, peaceful and unheralded economic revolution.

The judicious-minded must always grieve at the careless use of big and portentous words like revolution. Just because the number of stockholders in large corporations has shown a marked increase in recent years, especially since the war, and because new devices for selling stock have been contrived, it does not necessarily follow that a revolution has been accomplished, or that a new form of state and public ownership has been installed, or that the goal of industrial democracy has been won without a blow, or that a new capitalism or a new socialism has been set up.

Owning Your Own Business

YET the simple facts of diffusion of ownership and equalization of wealth cannot but give pause. They make one hesitate before waving aside the statement of Professor Carver, one of the first economists to give the subject detailed study, that this is the only revolution in the world today that amounts to anything. The professional reformers, he says, don't know that it is going on.

"Revolutions sometimes come that way. The world quietly turns over while the professional reformers are barking at the moon. . . . The real things are accomplished by the people who do the day's work and don't know that they are accomplishing great things."

There were those who long ago saw the change coming. Viscount Goschen, Chancellor of the British Exchequer, at least twenty-five years ago said that "while people are crying out for an artificial reconstruction of society on a socialistic basis, a sort of silent socialism is actually in progress."

But the main impetus toward widespread, diffused ownership has been felt in this country rather than in England, and more especially in very recent years. So rapidly and quietly has the change come about that those who still prate about the rich growing richer and the poor growing poorer are talking about conditions which are fast passing, and exhibiting a state of mind which is largely a hang-over from earlier times.

The movement toward diffused ownership has expressed itself in more than one way. There is the expansion of public buying that proceeds apace, more particularly in bull markets, on the stock exchange and in other financial marts and centers. These booms are not always compounded of wisdom, but the net result is a steady growth in the number of shareholders.

In the next place there is the sudden growth in the bond business since the war, with the development of millions of small investors and their intensive cultivation as bond buyers. Then, finally, there is the new, or at least newly expanded phase of property diffusion, known as employe and customer ownership, mostly in stocks, of which the nation has really been conscious only since the war, and which continues to assume ever more astounding proportions.

Such has been the success attending this movement that its devotees can be forgiven for acting at times as if they were the first who made it possible for patrons or employes to acquire an interest in the stock companies whose services they use, or for which they work. Such, of course, is not the fact at all. For years the opportunity to buy stock in many large corporations, even to the buying of one share on installments, has been open to anyone who cared to make the purchase and had the money to do so.

The United States Steel Corporation had tens of thousands of employe stockholders long before the phrase "employe ownership" had been coined at all. Twenty-three years ago the great steel company first announced its famous stock-subscription plan, and George W. Perkins, the partner of J. Pierpont Morgan, who gave it his personal attention, died more than five years ago.

But employe ownership is almost a fetish now, and is talked about as if it were a new and miraculous discovery. Yet years before the practice was taken up on any broad, general scale, and before the words themselves had been strung together, such companies as Eastman Kodak, du Pont Powder and Procter & Gamble were making stockholders out of the men in the offices and works. The du Pont organization has been in business for more than 125 years, and its efforts to interest the staff and help as owners are not new.

As for customer ownership, which since wartime has become almost a religion with the public utilities, especially in the electrical industry, that is not new either. Banks had long known how to arouse the interest of their customers by inducing them to become shareholders. Long before 1915, when Mr. Hodge, advertising manager for a group of light and power companies, coined the phrase, or before 1914, when Mr. Hockenbeamer, financial vice president of another gas and electric company, had tried the then doubtful experiment of selling stock to customers, the railroads had numbered tens of thousands of patrons among their shareholders.

The Pennsylvania Railroad had been famed for a generation or more for the number of its small stockholders, including women, many of whom lived in its territory. At the present time it has more than 80,000 owners in its own state. Long before the war brought into being so many new institutions, the New Haven had thousands of customers among its owners. Years ago it had 11,915 stockholders with ten shares apiece or less, and 9375 with more than ten and less than fifty shares each.

Every Passenger an Owner

WHEN Stuyvesant Fish became actively identified with the Illinois Central Railroad in 1887 he learned that, like so many other railroads, it had been built by Eastern and European capital, and had practically no home or local owners. The president, treasurer and two directors were the only persons in Illinois or Iowa who owned any stock.

A few years later Mr. Fish called upon the president of the New Haven Railroad and listened to him dictate letters to the small stockholders urging them to protest against a hostile bill then pending in the state legislature. After finishing the letters, the president of the New Haven turned to Mr. Fish and asked him how many local stockholders the Illinois Central had. Mr. Fish felt mortified that there were none, and went back to his territory determined that the Illinois Central should likewise make friends for itself through the natural cement of a local proprietary interest. This he proceeded to do.

But, alas, for the New Haven and the Boston and Maine, the great number of local owners, most of them customers at one time or another, did not avert the tragedy when it came, but only made it the more poignant. On the other hand there is no corporation whose product and chief executive are more popular in America today, and in other countries as well, than the Ford Motor Company. Yet as far as anyone knows, the sole stockholders of this concern are Henry and Edsel Ford.

With no employe or customer ownership whatever, this company seems as little in need of sympathy or help as any in the world. Let us then avoid hasty generalities and ill-considered leaps to oratorical conclusions.

The diffusion of stock ownership is in a basic sense not so much a new development as it is a return to a characteristic

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SMARTER THAN WE ARE

By Richard Washburn Child

IT IS not without some amusement that an observer who has watched the World Court fight in Congress comes to the conclusion that all the detailed legal argument as to the effect of our adherence to the World Court is not of vast consequence

The real consequences of adherence to the World Court, which is primarily an organ of the League of Nations, are political.

These consequences involve the question as to whether the foreign statesmen who wish to draw us into Europe and who have an eye upon the breaking down of the Monroe Doctrine by using the Latin-American countries as cat's-paws for that purpose are smarter than we are

They may be. They may be because they mix with their benevolence a vast amount of intelligence. While we pray for the ridiculous hope that the World Court, because we join it, will immediately end war, they are making subtle plans to drag us into a minority position in the League and also to isolate us in our own hemisphere. We may have no vision, but the vision of European statecraft is clear. It is:

To get the United States into Europe.

To get Europe into the Americas

In or Out of the World Court?

THESE are straightforward words. They are no stronger than the concluding paragraphs of Hilaire Belloc's book, Contrast. Here speaks the honest foreigner:

"There is an instinctive sagacity in the American attitude, so far preserved, of keeping aloof from the affairs of Europe. All those who wish the United States well -and the number of those who wish them well at heart upon our side is small, though the number that flatter them openly is large—all those, I say, who wish the United States well at heart can do no more than repeat the phrase of their great founder, and assure them that the first duty of their rulers is to keep free from all entanglement with the subtleties, the angers, the ultimate conflicts of our own culture.

"We of Europe shall solve our own problems: probably by the restoration of the civilized south and west to its proper headship over the rest of the European unity. Things return to their origins, and our Roman unity should revive.

"But the process whereby that peace shall be accomplished is not one which could be understood from the standpoint of the United States; it is our own affair; we alone understand it. And let me add this: Every public man from Europe, especially every professional politician, who approaches the people of the United States, begging them to interfere in our affairs, is a liar, and knows that he is a liar; his motive for lying is either a desire for self-advertisement and for the limelight—a common motive with politicians—or the nobler motive of patriotism. But be the motive high or low, the inducement offered, the flattering phrases chosen, are lies.

"When the power of the United States is thus invoked, it is invoked in order to help one competing European unit against another—France against England, or England against France, bankers against farmers, or farmers against bankers, or what not and the fine phrases about peace and justice and humanity and civilization, and the rest of it, are hypocrisy and a poison."

These are the words of candor that I have heard from numerous truthful tongues abroad. We are not loved in Europe and would be loved less if we were put into the position of settling European quarrels. We would be loved less if by joining international machinery, which is essentially the contraption owned and run for the large European powers, we lost the potency of deciding our own foreign policy

What is loved by Europe in the Americas are the riches, the opportunities and even the military footholds which now lie behind the wall of the Monroe Doctrine—a doctrine which not only protects us, but saves little countries from being sold out or bullied out to large European powers.

If we are foolish enough, we may blind ourselves to the situation. No one will fail to join in prayers for the peace of the world, but there is a kind of intelligence required, even in prayer. The story of the lifeboat with two clergymen aboard is now retold in Washington by Senator Moses. He has a good, fighting, honest intellect. He applies the tale to the high tide in 1926 of the influence of benevolence, unattended by intelligence and fact seeing Said one of the ministers in the lifeboat, "Brother, the situation is desperate. Let us pray." The bos'n, however, spoke up. He was a practical man; he said, "Let the little one pray. The big one can take an oar!"

As an instance of the intelligence required by those who want to abolish war, let us put up the recognition that if the United States is entangled in Europe and if Europe uses that entanglement to put foot on little South American countries over and through the Monroe Doctrine, then anxious mothers who believe that European entanglements will save their boys or grandchildren from being soldiers will be kissing them farewell sooner than they expect.

What does one discover who has access to the plans and politics and strategies of those who have led that popular and easily swallowed cause—the World Court—the one-act skit which is to be followed by the League fight again?

Is it that there is the slightest comparative importance in the hairsplitting of legal analysis of the effect of our adherence? Certainly not. Most of these matters barely interest the average newspaper reader at his breakfast. Is it that the principle of arbitration is excellent by itself? Certainly not.

The truly significant feature of the World Court adherence is not what it will cost in money. That is a drop in the bucket. It is not even what legal entanglements are involved -what the Court will exact of its adherents. It is not financial consequences or legal consequences. But the real question is: "What will joining the Court cost us? What will it cost us politically?"

The first cost will be the very fact, already mentioned, that our adherence will bring probably within thirty days the whole brigade of Join-the-League into action. I have no desire for partisanship or enmity against the World Court. My desire is to present realities to the people of the country. Joining the World Court will reopen the fight for joining the League.

Every freckle-faced schoolboy in the United States understands as well as you and I do that the idea of joining the World Court causes the organized minority who want us to join the League also to wriggle with delight and hug each other behind the scenes, saying, "Calloo! Callay! We will be half in. Well begun is half done." And when making public speeches to stuff the geese, saying, "Oh, no! Joining the World Court certainly does not commit us to the League in any way at all."

I do not set this fact forth for any other reason than to show that the organized minority of pro-Leaguers who are for the World Court will have more candor if they come out on top of the table and say, "The World Court, thank heaven, is the back-door entrance to the League!" I do not say that it is. Do not take my word for it. It is the pro-League strategists who tell each other so. I leave the argument to them.

Opinion Behind the Court

IT IS said that public opinion in favor of joining the World Court has been overwhelming. Having conducted no plebiscite or referendum on the subject, I will not deny it. But one who sits in the political bleachers in Washington must see that the public opinion of those who have been in favor of jumping into the World Court may be an opinion of a noisy, petition-signing, conference-holding, rodeo and round-up minority. I ask why it is, if public opinion in America is in favor of joining the World Court, that it has been so necessary for the pro-League interests to spend money in lecture tours, in midsummer conferences, in literature, in "teaching the class" and in bringing the bright-faced college boys together to approve the Court adherence. Wherever the education which precedes such contests has been largely monopolized by World Court glee clubs, wherever the old dodge of the post-card canvass in which the person who is for anything writes a large Yes and the person who is against anything throws the thing in the wastebasket, I will admit that the figures are impressive. I appreciate how impressive they are, because in politics I have to confess that I have in my wicked past not been above using that old dodge. And I

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The Judges of the Permanent Court of International Justice

THE JOKE HORSE

By W. A. FRASER

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

"He's an Honest Hawse, Eddie Jim, an' You're an Honest Boy. There Ain't Nothin' Goin' to Beat You"

DOC FISHER was peeling potatoes for breakfast for the stable hands, and on an upturned bucket sat the Man from the Desert, the firelight picking out blue shadows in the long gray beard that almost shrouded his lean face. He was saying:

"'Taint Yellow 'Clipse I'm worryin' so much 'bout, Doc, as a boy to ride him. He's kinder notional, and I've been tryin' out these boys here, seein' if I could discover one could raise a gallop out of him, but I ain't found one yet."

Doc Fisher plunked viciously a peeled potato into the pot of water.

"There don't seem to be no good boys no more, Mr. Andrews. There's 'bout twenty right here on this Fair Ground course, an' I ain't seen one of 'em that I'd give shucks for a contrac' on. All they know is to ride one of 'em cart-hawse-shouldered hawses of the Copper Bottom breed or Steel Dust tribe, an' flail him with the bud from end to end of a quarter-mile dash."

Jack Andrews sighed and drew a big bony hand down his beard.

"My hawse runs with his head, Doc. You've heerd 'em say that hawses don't run with their heads—that's when a hawse has got a kind of homely face on him—but Yellow 'Clipse can gallop when he likes, an' when he don't like a boy he jus' won't try."

"I knowed a boy oncet—Eddie Jim. I see him ride up to Waco. He lives near there. Wisht he was here."

"These rangers that calls themselves jockeys would ride a strange boy off the track; they'd put the fear o' God in him," Andrews declared.

"They wouldn't put the fear of nothin' into Eddie Jim. His father was Frank Jim, one of the Jim boys. You've heerd of them—everybody has. An' it runs in that fam'ly to take care of theirselves; there ain't nobody goin' to make one of the Jim tribe lay down. I wisht Eddie Jim was here now, Mr. An——"

First the potato, then the knife clattered from Doc Fisher's hands, and his eyes bulged like a lobster's as he stared at a pale pinched face that seemed hung on the night wall, nothing of a body demarcated in the gloom.

Doc Fisher struggled to his feet, gasping, "Who you be, there?"

The face floated forward and the firelight picked out from the general obscurity legs and arms and a small torso that had to do with the face.

"Eddie Jim—Eddie Jim, that you, boy? Or be you jus' a trick?" Doc Fisher gasped.

"I'm Eddie Jim, Uncle Doc," a thin voice declared. "I been lookin' all along the stalls in all the barns for you, 'cause the fellers said you was here."

The boy drew a sleeve across his eyes and reeled; then there was a smothering sob in his voice as he said, "Guess I'm plumb tuckered."

Doc Fisher pulled the lad into the light, gazed into his face, and said, "You're plumb starved—that's what you be, Eddie Jim. When'd you grub las', eh?"

"I ain't too hungry, Uncle Doc. I ——"

"Yes, you be; but you'll soon get over that. Sot yourself here till I fry you somethin'."

Doc Fisher shook up the fire, darted into the empty stall and back again with a slab of bacon.

"This is him," he said, nodding to the gray-whiskered Andrews. "Jus' 's soon's he gets to takin' this med'cine I got here we'll talk 'bout —— This be Mr. Andrews, Eddie Jim," he added, breaking off. "Mr. Andrews has got a hawse, an' as soon 's you've eat we'll see 'bout somethin'."

"Guess I'd bes' kinder pasear out to the farm," the Man from the Desert said, rising. "The boy ain't feelin' none like talkin' now; guess he's goin' to be kinder busy the nex' half hour from the looks of him. If you'll sort o' fix up things, Doc, 'bout his canterin' Yellow 'Clipse in the mornin', I reckon it'll be all right. There's a somethin' kinder runnin' through a crack in my skull. It might be as well Eddie Jim didn't say nothin' 'bout his ridin'—jus' let on he's an exercise boy; then these scalpin' jocks won't Injun him none."

"Eddie Jim never was a gabbin' sort, Mr. Andrews."

"An' if you can fix up to keepin' him here, an' feedin' him, Doc, I'll pay for it, 'cause there ain't no room out to the farm where I'm keepin' my hawse." The Man from the Desert held out a big bony hand to Eddie Jim. "Good night, boy. You take advice from a man was young as you oncet; you roll your hoop with the old heads if you want to get on; the boys here is only jus' waitin' for sundown an' hell raisin'."

The tall gaunt figure of Andrews—gray hat, gray beard, dust-gray clothes—melted into the night gloom, and Doc Fisher, sitting on the upturned bucket that Andrews had left, with happy delight in his face, watched Eddie Jim reveling in the bacon and fried potatoes.

Presently the boy stopped eating for a truce.

"You've got to excuse me, Uncle Doc, for kind of hoggin' it, but I ain't had nothin' but a molasses loaf for two days."

"How'd you get here?"

"I crawled into a freight car at Waco, and we've been sidetracked an' shunted an' banged about so's I thought we'd run off the track a dozen times. I just had sixty-five cents when I started, an' I got so danged hungry I crawled out at a little place at night an' got a molasses loaf—fifteen cents."

"What for'd you come down here, Eddie Jim?"

Now old Doc Fisher was just one of the loveliest, cleverest, no-goodest men that ever lived; he could plate a horse, train a horse, talk geology, but here he was cook for the One Star Stable. In asking Eddie Jim this question he was fishing: he was sure that the boy had come there because of him, but he wanted to hear Eddie Jim say so.

"'Cause I got to do somethin' to help out. Mother'd got to have help, an' if I could get to ridin'—that's the only way I know to get some money. I heard you was here, Uncle Doc, an' I figured I wouldn't be without someone to kind of speak up for me gettin' a job. Dad had to light out to Mexico mighty quick."

"Well, Eddie Jim, the ways of Providence is more intricate than what a hawse is goin' to do; but jus' some dif'rence to that, son. A hawse may turn out a mean cuss, an' kick over the bean pot; but Providence is always workin' for the bes'; an' you shovin' your face through the shadows at that minute was an answer to what I was sayin'—I was sayin' I wisht Eddie Jim was here, an' there you be!"

The boy put his knife down and held his hand out to Fisher.

"Uncle Doc, you're mighty good. Mother kind of let me go 'cause I said you was here."

"Wisht I was as good a man as your ma is a woman, Eddie Jim. But as I was sayin'—or was I?—ol' Jack Andrews is as square as they make 'em, an' used to be smarter'n a prairie dog; he's never been in a hole he couldn't crawl out of. He's got jus' one hawse here—Yellow 'Clipse, he calls him—an' opinions is kinder divided 'bout that animile. Old Jack says he's goin' to win here sure, an' the boys says that the hawse couldn't beat one of 'em lizards that turns over oncet a year. He's been here a week, an' that hawse ain't run a mile in a work-out in a two-minute clip; his time seems to be trottin'-hawse time."

"If Mr. Andrews is smart, he just ain't havin' the boy that's got the mount let the hawse out."

Doc Fisher chuckled. "Here's what he does, son: He comes to the track in the mornin', has a stable boy he's got give the hawse a canter oncet round, then he gives one of the jocks five dollars to work out Yellow 'Clipse."

"Five dollars! Sand snakes! That's a losin' mount in a race. Will he give me five dollars for workin' the hawse?"

Again Doc Andrews chuckled. "I guess you'd have to fight for it, Eddie Jim. It's got so that the boys line up waitin' for Jack Andrews an' his five dollars. He don't never put the same boy up twicet, though; says he's tryin' to find a jock that Yellow 'Clipse'll gallop for; that the hawse has got notions."

"Guess I can't eat no more, Uncle Doc; I never been so full in my life. When I was in that car, an' nothin' to eat, but just the smell of some darn thing that had been shipped

in it, I got to thinkin' about the jocks that had to starve to keep the weight down."

"You'd best have a piece of pie now, Eddie Jim; apple is jus' the thing to digest pork on."

"You know hawses, Uncle Doc," the boy said, recurring to business. "What you think about that one of Mr. Andrews'?"

"I dunno, I dunno, son. You see, they call Jack Andrews the Man from the Desert; sometimes he says himself that he's just a desert rat; an' they say that he found a mine or somethin' out there, and he's got a lot of pesos salted away. But bein' out in the wild deserted places for years makes a man dif'rent; he gets thinkin' 'bout himself an' his shoelaces too much."

"Gets kind o' locoed?"

"Maybe; an' it don't show up, like rheumatiz, till a feller gets kinder wore out."

"You think Mr. Andrews's got a pipe dream about his hawse, is it?"

"I dunno; them boys is jus' as keen to find out as I am, an' I guess some of 'em would 've found out some way of makin' Yellow 'Clipse beat two minutes if the hawse could."

"What about dope, Uncle Doc?"

"I don' think Jack Andrews'd give a hawse dope. He says that hawses is the only friends an' relatives he ever had he'd give a dang for. An' if he was to work that hawse here day after day, cold, showin' up bad, an' then bring him out in a race all het up from dope, sweatin' an' climbin' the clouds, an' win, the stewards'd jus' disqualify him, take the race away an' give Jack Andrews the outside prairie for the balance of his life."

"Must be something, Uncle Doc," the boy maintained; "you say Mr. Andrews knows what he's about ——"

"Eddie Jim, you was eatin' more'n you was list'nin' when I was talkin' 'bout Jack Andrews. I said used to, an' that's kinder dif'rent. I've knew hawses was stake animals at three, high-class, an' sellin' platers at seven. There don't seem no way Jack Andrews can win a race with a hawse that nobody can agitate enough to keep him warm. An' if he was a good hawse, Jack's killin' him workin' him a mile every day here; not jus' canterin' him, but workin' him out. Even dope couldn't make a hawse win if he'd been killed off thataway."

"And I've got to go to work for a man that's bowed a tendon in his nut piece, have I, Uncle Doc?"

"I ain't said Jack Andrews is nutty, an' I ain't heerd of 'prentice boys choosin' their bosses—hirin' their bosses kinder-like. Old Jack is the nicest man you ever worked for; he'd have to be purty nutty if he wasn't. An' I guess it's time me an' you was goin' to roost, Eddie Jim."

Doc Fisher built a snug little nest of straw in the dunnage stall for Eddie Jim, and in the morning he was routed out at the first flutter of gray streamers across the sky. Doc Fisher had been up, and a pot of coffee was simmering over the coals.

"You don't need to hurry none, Eddie Jim," the chef said, "'cause Jack Andrews won't get here early. He says the raw, damp air of the mornin's ain't good for man or beast."

But later Eddie Jim was taken down to the paddock by Doc Fisher, and about eight o'clock he saw the gray-draped Man from the Desert turn in through the big gates, behind him a sleepy chestnut horse being led by a darky boy.

"Here you be, son," Andrews said, as Eddie Jim touched his cap. "I was dependin' on you, 'cause I didn't bring no boy along to ride this hawse."

Eddie Jim looked curiously at the chestnut. The horse was really a dun—a dusty, cloudy sort of chestnut, and from his withers ran down either side a brown streak something like the cross on a jackass; it suggested a flaw in his breeding. The boy knew that in Texas it meant toughness; not perhaps a staying quality in a distance race, especially if it came from one of the quarter-horse breeds—the Copper Bottom or the Steel Dust breed—for that sort had just the wondrous flash of speed without ability to stay even one mile. He had grown up with horses; it was practically the curriculum of his education—horses.

Yellow Eclipse was not convincing. Eddie Jim had seen milers, even at the half-mile tracks—General Ross, Gray Eagle, Pin Shiner, Jim Hogg; horses that were Thoroughbred, or perhaps a Thoroughbred sire and a dam half Thoroughbred and half Steel Dust or Copper Bottom. All their lines were different from the lines of the quarter horse; slim, flat shoulders they had, and not straight, but running down at an angle from bony withers; between the arms of the two forelegs a deep chest—lung power; and tapering neck, of length too. But Yellow Eclipse had the burly shoulders of a quarter horse, the small feet.

But on the other hand, the gray hawklike eye in the lean-whiskered face of the Man from the Desert was not the eye of a flickering brain, of foolish mentality. Eddie Jim wasn't wording his thoughts like this, but he was thinking along these lines.

"Now you take this hawse out, boy," Andrews was saying, "canter him a full mile, an' if he wants to hug the outer rail, let him hug; he'll kinder get 'quainted with you like that; if he thinks you ain't tryin' to boss him, guess you'll get to be pals. Jus' a canter."

As Eddie Jim went through the gate onto the track he noticed against the rail a line-up of many jocks and riding boys, all grinning. He was treated to a barrage of captious pleasantries:

"You Yellow 'Clipse's new rider, kid? You goin' make him burn up the track, baby boy?"

But Eddie Jim, his ears burning, feeling that somehow he was part of the joke, knuckled the chestnut with his heels and broke into a loping canter. Yellow Eclipse didn't seem to have notions of any sort; he didn't hug the outer rail, he just loafed placidly along in the middle of the track. When two fast-working quarter horses came tearing by on the outside, neck and neck, whips flailing their ribs, in a trial, Yellow Eclipse just wagged his loose-hung ears, and when the racers had swirled past, he cocked them forward in disdainful curiosity.

When Eddie Jim returned to the paddock and slipped from the saddle, the Man from the Desert said, "I kinder think my hawse likes your hands, boy; I like 'em too. I've been noticin'. There ain't one boy in a hundred's got hands like a girl for hawses, an' the hawses knows it." He turned to the little group of riders who had pressed forward: "Which of you boys is goin' to earn five dollars this mornin'? No, not you, Frankie Fogg." And he pushed an eager one back. "You rode Yellow 'Clipse yest'day."

"Didn't I ride him all right, dad?"

"I ain't got no complaints 'bout your ridin', Fogg, but I'm tryin' to find out what boy does the bes' with Yellow 'Clipse; he's got notions, an' I want him to pick his own jock; I'll know when he gets a boy he likes. An' if I get a right boy he's goin' to win fust day."

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Behind Him Whips Slashing and Cutting, Horses Scrambling Without Avail, Horses That Were Tired, Drained by the Fierce Speed

DIAMOND CUFF LINKS

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

SOME men are born princes. They have houses, horses and fifty fine suits. Quinby was born a clerk. He had no house, no horse and but one suit. Its right sleeve always was shiny. That was because he slid it all day across the pages of a big book in a linoleum company's office, making figures. At twenty-six his chief asset was an apparently God-given ability to make neat sixes and nines. This he did for seven and a half hours every day. For doing it he received twenty-five dollars a week. He was about as intelligent, handsome and charming as the average prince. He lived in a furnished room in Chelsea, within earshot of the Ninth Avenue L, possessed prominent teeth, had taken a course in banjo playing by mail, went to church now and then, suffered from fits of dyspepsia, wanted to get married, and read with great interest pieces in the newspapers headed What the Well-Dressed Man Will Wear.

His most pressing secret wish was to wear fine raiment and cut a dashing figure. He hadn't the shoulders or the chin for it, nor the money; but he was a romantic. That he could attain his dream was the illusion that kept him alive.

When they let him out of his wire coop at noon, Quinby hastily dispatched his sandwich and coffee that he might have time to join in the jostle of noontime Fifth Avenue and feast covetous eyes on the windows of clothiers and haberdashers. Sartorial displays fascinated him. He lingered longingly over windows full of the newest wide-panted modes in serge, tweed and cheviot. He felt the lure of those symphonies in color where suit, shirt, socks, tie and handkerchief blend in a tone poem of blue or brown. Turning from them, he sighed. Not for him. His current suit must be worn until the elemental laws of decency compelled him to purchase a new one.

Quinby regarded the buying of a new suit as a rite almost religious in character. He looked forward to it. No prince, with the eyes of two score rotogravure sections on him, selected his clothes with more care than Quinby. He planned for months. Mechanically his hand inscribed sixes and nines, while his brain debated the case of the double-breasted against the single-breasted, serge against unfinished worsted, blue, with pin stripes, against the new shade of tan. When the day came—and it was always a big day for him—he entered, tingling, a clothing store, and after prayer and meditation, bought his suit, paying for it with money saved dollar by dollar. As he wore it away, pride and doubt struggled in his bosom. For one block he was enchanted with his purchase. About the middle of the second block qualms beset him. Should he not have bought the other one? Despair walked with him the third block. In the fourth he sought to reassure himself by examining his image in plate-glass windows. Hope returned. Not so bad. Still, not so good. It would do. It would have to. He was never wholly satisfied.

A desire unfulfilled is as wearing as the constant drip of water. So one morning Quinby, after a white night, found himself regarding life with bilious and thwarted eyes. All night he had lain there in his narrow bed, taking stock of himself.

"I don't amount to a good damn. It's a hard trip, and I'm traveling steerage, but where am I getting? Where can a fellow like me get? Clerking—that's my speed. I'll be making sixes and nines when I'm seventy. Same old job, same old food. Both tasteless. Must be something wrong. Been blue like this for weeks now. Pills don't seem to help. Every day is just another day of making figures. No kick in anything any more. The shows are all bum. So are the books. The girls can't see you unless you have coin. Coin—that's all anybody cares about in this town, and how am I to get it? No chance. I might as well quit kidding myself. I've been doing it too long. I'm a failure. That's all I'll ever be. A one-suit guy. Plodding uphill with nothing at the top. Why do I stick at it? If you've nothing to live for, why go on living? Might as well jump in the river and get it over with."

Morosely, he went out of his house; but he did not turn toward the river. Habit took him to the office, to his desk, to the big book. Gloomily he slid his arm across the smooth pages, making figures. At noon, still despondent, he went out to Fifth Avenue. The sight of the new spring suits in the windows cheered him not at all. He passed

The Disgruntled Duke, in the Tone of One Hating to Bring Himself to Speak of Anything Sordid, Told Him, "The Price is Two Hundred and Seventy-five Dollars"

them with a bare glance and headed up Fifth Avenue. "There's a lake in Central Park," he was thinking.

At one corner the stream of cross-town traffic postponed his progress. There is a jewelry store on that corner, so proud that it does not put its name on the door; but lest the passing public think it a bank or a tomb, it gives, in its window, a hint of the wealth of ornament within; sometimes one strand of perfect pearls; or a solitary watch, thin as a gingersnap; or a single lambent gem. Today there glittered on the window's purple plush something that caught the melancholic eye of Quinby. He turned his head away, hesitated, then turned again to the window. What he saw there held him. It was a pair of cuff links, chastely magnificent cuff links, of small diamonds surrounding glowing rubies. He stared at them raptly. He could not tear his glance from them. To Quinby, the diamond cuff links seemed the most beautiful, the most perfect, the most desirable things he had ever seen.

"If —— But why wish? Well, why not?"

Finally he pulled himself away from the window. He started along Fifth Avenue, but not uptown. He started down toward his office. He had forgotten about the lake in Central Park. He was thinking of the diamond cuff links. He saw them all that afternoon. They came between him and the nines and sixes. At five he left the office quickly and hurried back to the jewelry store. On the way fear pricked him. They might be gone—sold—to someone else. But no, they were there, and more wonderful than ever, he thought, in the late afternoon light. For long minutes he contemplated them. Yes, they were perfect.

Then he surprised himself by daring to enter the store. To a salesman, who had the air of a disgruntled duke, Quinby said, trying to seem offhand, "I'd like to see those diamond cuff links—the ones in the window."

They were brought. Quinby saw them—held them in his hand. He achieved nonchalance almost.

"Very nice," he said. "How much are they?"

The disgruntled duke, in the tone of one hating to bring himself to speak of anything sordid, told him, "The price is two hundred and seventy-five dollars."

"May take them," said Quinby. "You might put them aside. I'll decide later." He marched out of the store, glowing.

That night, in his room, he covered pages with figures, calculations. He went to bed and slept well. Next morning he minded getting up hardly at all.

Life was interesting to Quinby now; exciting, even. He was living for a day. He had a goal.

"The day I wear those diamond cuff links, I guess maybe people won't stare! Oh, no! They'll say there goes somebody. I must have them. For once in my life I must have one thing that is perfect."

He moved into a smaller room. He ate cheaper dinners. He got occasional jobs of bookkeeping to do after hours. He made his suit last longer than the natural term of its life, although its condition caused him acute distress. Steadfastly he saved. At last, after months, he was able, one memorable day, to walk into the impressive jewelry store and buy the diamond cuff links.

Quinby put them in an inside pocket, kept his hand on them till he reached his room, and then locked the door. He took out the links and gloated over them. He held them up to the light. He counted the diamonds. Perfect! Well, tomorrow

He could hardly sleep that night. For once he did not resent the alarm clock's strident summons. He dressed with careful haste, putting on his best white shirt. Then for the crowning touch! He took the diamond cuff links from their velvet box. He was about to insert them in the buttonholes when he caught a glimpse of himself in his mirror. Chagrin hit him. It was painfully clear to him that the perfect cuff links would look incongruous with a decidedly imperfect suit. It had grown shabby during his months of saving. Reluctantly he put the links back in their box. He inserted the ten-cent pair he had been wearing.

"Today's not the day, anyhow. Cloudy. They wouldn't show up well today," he said, and was almost consoled. Obviously, he thought, the perfect links must have a perfect setting. To this end he began another rigorous campaign of saving.

After some weeks of hoarding and skimping, he attained a new suit. He brought it home in its box. He laid it out carefully, with a new shirt and necktie. Tomorrow!

He woke early and expended time and care in putting on his new clothes. He was about to put the diamond cuff

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U. S. A.—A Sesquicentennial Inquiry Into the State of the States

The Blue-Grass Ponies Bred in Old Kentucky, I've Heard a Lady Say, are Simply Ducky!

By Arthur Guiterman

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

HOW sweet it is in drowsy Alabama
To lounge and view the peaceful panorama,
Presenting iron smelters, fields of cotton
And corn and other things that I've forgotten!

The atmosphere is pure in Arizona,
So pure that no one needs to take cinchona;
For who can find one symptom of malaria
In all that region's elevated area?

The Ozark Mountains rise in Arkansas,
And woodsmen in their forests dark can saw
Sufficient hardwood logs to make a showing,
And rest and watch the sweet potato growing.

What other land as bright as California
May dazzle with its glow the human cornea!
There flourish Brobdingnagian fruits and squashes,
And through the summer no one needs galoshes.

Though when her mines were opened, Colorado
Was known for deeds of desperate bravado,
The calm among her hills is now surprising;
I've been there when the rainbow trout were rising.

In early times in staid Connecticut
The settlers, shrewd and energetic, cut
From Holland's claim an ample slice of scenery
That nowadays resounds with loud machinery.

The little orchard state of Delaware
Is famed, as you no doubt are well aware,
For raising pretty near the finest peaches
That ever grew along a river's reaches.

The capitolian District of Columbia
Is loved from Walla Walla to Tuscumbia.
The Senate wrangles there; and there is resident,
Through wintertime at least, our worthy President.

The aromatic state of Florida,
Which isn't through the season near as torrid a
Resort as some, produces alligators,
With phosphate, citrus fruit and real estaters.

In times to come, the thriving state of Georgia
Will emulate the splendor of a Borgia.
Her wealth is great, and from her soil she wins it;
And, having raised her cotton wool, she spins it.

They say that any man in Idaho
May thrive if he will just provide a hoe
And work with it, or mine with pick and pulley,
Or handle stock, which there is mostly woolly.

Abundant waters traverse Illinois;
Her soil is rich; her industries employ
A host; her enterprise the world acknowledges
And glorifies her million-dowered colleges.

The residents of loamy Indiana
Are often heard to lift a glad hosanna
When some unbridled epithet inventor
Proclaims the state our literary center.

Throughout the fertile realm of Iowa,
Where one time roved the painted Kiowa,
The rooster proudly crows, his plumes displaying,
Because the hens have won the palm for laying.

The early immigrants to bleeding Kansas
Were Don Quixotes, also Sancho Panzas;
But now her leading argonautic Jasons
Are William Allen Whites and old Walt Masons.

The Blue-Grass ponies bred in old Kentucky,
I've heard a lady say, are simply ducky!
Kentucky's knights are suave and never surly,
And fill your pipe with best Kentucky burley.

Upon the Gulf is throned Louisiana
Where Aunty wears the many-hued bandanna;
Though sometimes hotter than the gates of Sheol,
The climate doesn't faze the happy Creole.

I'd love to publish all I think of Maine,
But that would make her people far too vain.
Those ponds! Those woods that oft I've heard the jay in!
There isn't any better state to play in.

According to tradition, Maryland
Was once a claret, port and sherry land;
But she is sober now and never roisters,
Though noted for her terrapin and oysters.

There still remain, I hear, in Massachusetts,
In Salem, Lynn and Scituate, a few sets
Of Pilgrim chairs and tables made, indeed, well,
Imported on the Mayflower and Speedwell.

Long ages since, invading Michigan,
The savage, grimy-faced and fishy, 'gan
To rear his lodge nor dreamed that this locality
Should one day be the Motor Principality!

Ten thousand lakes there are in Minnesota
And towns that list from Ada to Zumbrota;
And there the Nordic farmer parks his flivver,
And there begins the Mississippi River.

While plums and melons bloom in Mississippi,
Who cares if summer days are warm and drippy?
Who cares—again I ask for information—
While peanut vines bedeck the old plantation?

Who won the war? The mule of broad Missouri,
As teamsters well may swear before a jury—
That quadrupedal leather-lunged canary
Who kicks his valiant heels upon the prairie.

In mesozoic days, throughout Montana
There browsed a huge, now fossilized iguana,
A prodigy to make your hair all frizzly,
But now there's nothing larger than the grizzly!

With boundless leagues of billowed grain, Nebraska
Can make the East more envious than Casca.
Her zeal in beef and pork and mutton packing
Can make Chicago feel that something's lacking.

Brown herders tend the sheep in high Nevada;
Tortillas are their food and enchilada.

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What Other Land as Bright as California May Dazzle With its Glow the Human Cornea!

Her Hills Provide the Mills of Pennsylvania With Iron, Coke and Kindred Miscellanea

WHEN MANKIND WAS YOUNG

An Idyl of the Neolithic—By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

Wandering Along the Narrow Beaten Path Came the Divine Pair

THE village folk had terminated earlier than usual their work in the barley fields, carved from the flank of the great primeval oak forest. Barley, the first of cereals, was still alone cultivated; not yet had the seed grains of the precious wheat been carried from one to another of the semi-isolated settlements. The sun was still a hand's breadth above the horizon as the throng of men, women and children, all with their crude stone hoes over their shoulders, their coarse woolen tunics stained with earth, trooped down from the plateau whence, far away, the level blue of the Mediterranean was just visible.

It was, in fact, a special occasion. It was the eve of the vernal festival of the Divine Ones, that most important of annual celebrations, pivotal, indeed, in their primitively rustic existence, which should firmly establish the fact of the anxiety-relieving return of spring, which should compel the all-essential fertility of the earth in the hot glory of a summer whose advent, unassisted, was by no means an intrinsic certainty. They returned of necessity thus early to perform the various preliminary purifications which should prepare them for the sacred rites.

The lad, Wild Cherry, son of Red Bull, the pipe player, and Cistus Flower, his wife, thrilled with anticipative excitement as he went down the steep path, following his parents in the irregular procession that chattered eagerly and earnestly, with an unusual rarity of jokes and laughter. They spoke a language of which no trace survives. Not for many thousands of years yet was the Aryan speech, or the hypothetical Aryan race which imposed it, to begin from its enigmatical center that wide enduring conquest which, before the dawn of history, would extend from Scandinavia to Hindustan. These were those primitive agricultural settlers in the Mediterranean basin, come already long, long since from the eastward, who would persist stubbornly, learning new tongues as the occasion required, through the vicissitudes of successive civilizations that flourished and decayed, to remain still as its fundamental ethnological stock. The dwelling place of this fraction of them was that area of Southern France through which the Rhone flows to the sea. Their moment of time was approximately ten thousand years ago.

Wild Cherry—so-called by his uncertain-tempered but industrious mother because the wild-cherry trees had been in bloom when he was born seventeen years previously; his father, Red Bull, the pipe player, had made a magic song about it, wherein he had invoked those bringers of prosperity, the bees, which delight hummingly in the masses of white blossom—could contemplate the imminent festival with none of the secret apprehensions which checked the normal facile laughter of those returning villagers. His father and mother were obviously too old to be chosen as King and Queen of the Spring; he himself was almost certainly too young for the masculine rôle. Next year, perhaps. But next year was a long way distant, could be ignored. In a happy personal immunity, he could and did look forward with youthfully callous enjoyment to the soul-stirring events of the morrow. His high spirits found vent in an uncouth traditional song, extolling the thin green corn he had been weeding, assuring it that they were about to make it tall and heavy-headed, that it should be stimulated to an unheard-of luxuriance of growth. Other young people—immature and equally excited boys and girls—took up the chant. Red Bull, the musician of the community, jovial-visaged, rotund-bodied, seized with semiprofessional alacrity this occasion for the display of his skill. He handed his heavy stone hoe to his wife, extracted his reed pipe from the bosom of his tunic, and accompanied them melodiously in a minor key.

They entered the village—an irregular cluster of steeply thatched circular huts, short walled upon their shallow interior excavations. In the center, near last year's Maypole, hung still with withered foliage, was the hut which for twelve months was the official residence of the King and Queen of Spring; from an orifice in its roof escaped the thin blue smoke of the sacred fire which must never be allowed to go out, and of which they were the divine guardians. Such a hut, ancient Rome, throughout its twelve centuries of splendor, piously preserved in its primitive thatch and wattle on the Capitoline Hill; its sacredly antique type, architecturally sublimated, exists yet in the exquisite little erroneously named Temple of Vesta, near the broken bridge across the Tiber. All the huts in the village were similar, save that—an innovation not permitted to the sacred dwelling—they had adopted the up-to-date convenience of an excrescence at one side for the cooking fire. To Wild Cherry, still singing enthusiastically to the accompaniment of his father's pipe as the villagers disappeared into the low doorways, this squalid settlement was a familiar metropolis, the focal point of a meticulously regulated communal life which, in its tyrannically complete subordination of the individual to the imagined general good, transcended the wildest flights of modern Bolshevik theory.

He ceased in his song, suddenly and uncomfortably awed. Wandering along the narrow beaten path between the houses, and followed at a little distance by a group of timorously staring children, came the Divine Pair. They walked slowly, hand in hand, a young man and a young woman, their necks hung about with a variety of charms and amulets but deprived now of those green-leaf garlands with which hitherto they had been adorned. For twelve months, sacred captives within the village, they had incarnated the beneficent spirit of vegetation, had been fervently and devoutly worshiped in that house where every rustic luxury had been lavishly provided for them.

For twelve months they had been exalted above common humanity, released from any of its laws. With an intense anxiety, throughout that time, their health and well-being had been watched over; for if they fell or died, what appalling disaster would not result? Logically and certainly, the earth would cease to bring forth and the human race would perish of famine. But now their reign was almost at an end. With equally cogent logic, they could not be permitted to embody the principle of fertility for more than twelve months—did not all vegetation completely renew itself with every year? Their function was outworn, their efficacy rapidly failing. Within a few hours they would, in the vital interest of the community, be superseded. They wandered now in silence, with blankly staring faces, tightly gripping each other's hands. Upon the young woman's cheeks tears coursed slowly from wide-open eyes—and from the dark doorways of adjacent huts, whence curious faces peered at them, came a whispering of satisfied voices: there would be a sufficiency of rain. None spoke to them, and they spoke to no one. They wandered, hand in hand, pathetically desolate amid this community which superstitiously shrank from them. At a discreet distance hovered the watcher, charged that they did not escape from the village. For twelve months they had been divine husband and wife, their desperate ecstasy of mutual love—it was, as was frequent, an affianced pair upon whom the lot had fallen—a subject for enthusiastic felicitation among the gossips. Tomorrow ——

Wild Cherry, together with his father—whose pipe had likewise immediately been hushed—and his mother, was glad to get beyond their uncomfortable presence. Such close contact with the doomed lovers gave one a peculiar shiver, an instinctive revulsion from that imminent event which was of course inexorably necessary: it was difficult to remember that they were gods, needing no human pity.

Cistus Flower, Wild Cherry's mother, began to comment cheerfully and optimistically upon the portent of those slowly rolling tears; the crops would benefit by just such gentle but adequately full rain; she was orthodoxly pious, indefatigable in her performance of all the magic rites ordained by the Rain Maker or by ancient old wives' tradition. Red Bull fingered his reed pipe, put it to his lips, took it away again without a note from it, spat in elimination of the malign influence which had killed the impulse to music in him. Wild Cherry wondered what those twain were feeling.

He forgot that thought the next moment. They came into the open space where, under the spreading oak tree which had been superstitiously spared at the now remote felling of the forest, was the village well. It was a spot at which the girls and women, resting upon the wall of piled stones their hand-shaped jars—not yet was the potter's wheel invented—were accustomed to linger in a relaxation of talk and laughter. But this evening everyone was in the huts, washing off the influences left by the day's toil (who knew what malignant spirits might be clinging to them? Water was a magical cleanser, as potent for the unseen as the seen) in preparation for the solemn events of the morrow. Only one maiden stood at the well, barelegged, slim-bodied, balancing her water jar upon her head ere she, too, returned homeward. And at the sight of her, Wild Cherry's heart seemed to give a leap and stop, while in an absurd and loutish embarrassment he felt the blood rush to his face. It was Water Hen, the daughter of the widow who exercised the still somewhat mysterious art of weaving sheep's wool into cloth—it was rumored that she could magically weave men's lives into the long threads that hung weight-tautened from her crude loom; altogether an uncanny business, though fascinating to watch.

The girl half smiled at him, then turned her head in a sudden genuine shyness, in a sudden flush that suffused her bare neck. Time was when Wild Cherry and Water Hen had played together in the swarm of children that ran and shouted among the huts. But latterly he had not dared to speak to her. He waited for that, so he told himself as he viciously hoed the weeds in the long lines of corn, until he should have done something remarkable—killed single-handed one of the wild boars in the forest, for example—which should set all the village congratulating him and wondering at his prowess. Then, perhaps, he might venture —— She was not like any other girl upon the earth. With other girls, though he might feel awkward, he could still grin and return equivalent repartee. In the presence of Water Hen he was tongue-tied, ridiculous—that was the worst of it—his life threatening to expire in his chest. Sometimes, indeed, he imagined, morbidly, that he would die young—imagined her bending over his lifeless body in an irrepressible passion of tears that betrayed, gratifyingly, to the public a hitherto unsuspected, secretly cherished love. It was a vision he often gave himself the luxury of contemplating. He stared after her, forgetting his parents, as she went, with lithely graceful gait, giving him no second glance, to her mother's hut.

The day of lamentation was at an end. Since that chill dawn hour when the stars, yet lingering in the steel-blue sky, had looked remotely down upon that annual ghastly tragedy in the barley fields near the forest—a clamorous superstition-maddened mass in which both sexes were intermingled, and from its midst one blood-curdling double-toned shriek of horror and agony; and then the tearing, clawing, yelling scuffle, the sudden dispersion of foam-mouthed wild-eyed men and women racing to bury their snatched fragment of gore-dripping human flesh in their thus fertilized fields—the villagers had beaten their breasts and mourned for the Divine Lovers that were slain. They had mourned vehemently, passionately, with a vivid realism in their hypocritical histrionics that had evoked in them a factitious emotion of grief scarcely distinguishable from the genuine, so the Divine Pair would bear no malice, and, deceived by this convincing parade of heartfelt sorrow, would impute no blood guilt to those who for the sake of all mankind had frenziedly torn them limb from limb.

Thus, thousands of years later, the women of ancient Greece and Asia Minor would the whole day long bewail Adonis, dead with his dead spouse; thus, obeying a tradition already immemorially ancient, the peasants and the priesthood of Pharaonic Egypt would weep for Osiris, dead and dismembered and his fragments scattered over the land; and in the reign of Tiberius Imperator awe-stricken passengers in a ship would hear a voice crying from the island of Paxos, "Great Pan is dead!" Thus, throughout many thousands of years, among the rude peasantry of every European land, would be prefaced the joyous festivities of May Day.

The lamentations had ceased with the setting of the sun. In the first darkness, old Rain Maker the Wise One had led the villagers furtively, in a hushed silence, into the depths of the great oak forest that was an awe-inspiring persistence of primitive Nature, incomputably prior to the earliest scratched tillage of ephemeral human beings. Its gloom was now dissipated by the streaming flares of many torches as, singing an antique song, they danced in the prescribed manner around the old wizard, imposingly venerable in his long beard and uncannily formidable in his knowledge of many magics. He stood, an ancient chipped-stone ax in his hand—it would have been sacrilege to use one of their modern polished-stone tools—by the side of the sapling which had been chosen. Already he had invoked the spirit of the tree, had requested its benevolence, had explained that they craved the honor of having it to dwell with them in the village, where it would be treated with the greatest kindness and hospitality.

The villagers were now emphasizing this with song and dance, illustrating for it the merry time it would have among them. It was surely impossible after this for any well-conditioned tree to feel any resentment at the temporary inconvenience they might have to inflict on it. The song and dance ceased suddenly, and with a loud cry old Rain Maker drove his ax into the tree trunk. A moment or two later, amid excited shouts, it toppled over under the blows of every man who could get near it.

That was only the first phase of those forest-hidden nocturnal rites. The second—infinitely more thrilling, theoretically at least fraught with doom to any two of them—was about to commence. The new King and Queen of the Spring must be chosen. In a hushed silence of heart-gripping suspense, the faces of the especially menaced younger members ghastly and strained in the glare of the torches now stuck upright in the ground, the villagers once more began to form a ring. Wild Cherry looked, in a sudden anxiety, to see where Water Hen had placed herself, half ceded to the impulse to take post beside her, did not dare.

The Queen of the Spring—in a vague remembrance of an ancient priority of the feminine principle—was chosen first. Suppose the lot fell on Water Hen? The idea of it had, somehow, not jumped into his yesterday's cheerful anticipation. Now, for a moment, it seemed appallingly possible. Wild Cherry shivered in the dreadful imagination of the disaster. Should it happen, could he nerve himself to rush forward, demand participation in her suddenly acquired tragical divinity? The precedent had occurred, though rarely, and such voluntary self-dedication was always accepted in a joyous acclamation from the relieved throng of potential victims. But he was only a lad; everyone might laugh at him. He looked at her, slim and shyly beautiful, her young face serious as she stood ready for the ordeal; felt sick with apprehension. Would he have the courage? He reassured himself with the thought that she was yet too young, was not known to have a sweetheart. The spirit of the sacred tree had a shrewd knack of selecting a pair already awakened to the mystery of love, and therefore efficacious. But still

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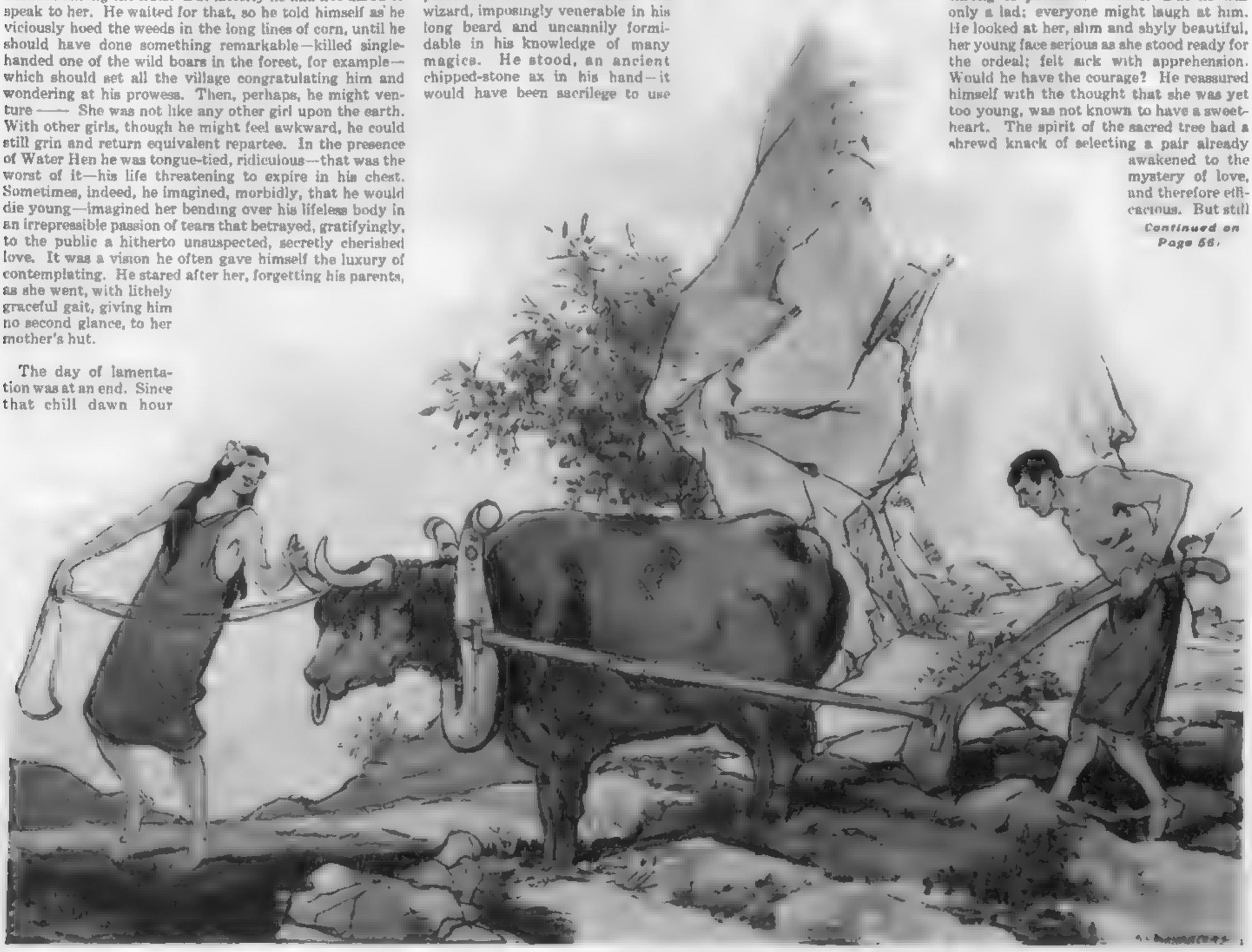


And So Now Wild Cherry Pushed the Heavy, Clumsy Plow for Yet Another Season on Red Bull's Field

FLORIDA PROPHETS

By Kenneth L. Roberts

An Aerial View of the City of Orlando

THE task of disconcerting a Floridian is one of the most difficult in the world, and ranks close behind such difficult feats as getting a glass of ice water in a European hotel and persuading chefs not to overcook fish.

When Northern newcomers scream with anguish because gasoline costs twenty-seven cents in Florida, the Floridian listens unmoved to their screams and calmly observes that gasoline is worth twice as much in Florida as it is elsewhere because those who use it see twice as much on a gallon as they do anywhere else. Not only that but the climate in Florida is of such nature that carburetion is more perfect, and distances obtained on a gallon are therefore greater.

Similarly, when Northern skeptics arrive in Florida for the first time, and listen cynically to the fluent predictions and prophecies of the first responsible Floridian with whom they come in contact, they frequently intimate with an embarrassing lack of tact and reserve that the Floridian is probably the most barefaced point-stretcher since the knights of good King Arthur's day exchanged lies concerning the number of fourteen-foot giants and thousand-pound dragons which they had y-brasted and jugulated during the past fiscal year.

On such occasions the Floridian elevates his eyebrows coldly and assures the Northern skeptics that the man who sets out to lie about the wonders of Florida can never lie fast enough to keep up with the truth.

It might be remarked in passing that when a Northerner is skeptical of Florida and her possibilities, his shell of skepticism is sufficiently solid to turn the point of a whale harpoon.

Skepticæmia

SOME of these skeptics complain bitterly because some of the nights in Florida are moonless. Some of them complain because sometimes the moon is so bright that it keeps them awake all night. Some of them complain because the black bass in Florida lakes don't fight with sufficient violence. Some of them are bitter at the state because they wish to purchase homes in Florida, but do not wish to do so until prices come down. Each year they say that prices will be lower next year; but when next year comes around prices are still higher. When they howl with rage at the high prices the undisconcertible Floridian airily reminds them that the 1925 dollar is worth only fifty cents, so that Florida land prices are only half what they seem to be.

A moderately hard-boiled Northern skeptic can find a large, unsightly flaw in anything that has to do with Florida.

Not long ago one of them journeyed out to one of the thousands of rich farms which lie a few miles back from the Indian River on the east coast of Florida. The owner of the farm showed him grass nine feet high and navel oranges as large as a child's-size derby hat, and twenty-foot avocado pear trees that had grown from seed in two years, and rosebushes eight feet high and eight feet in diameter, and various other noteworthy matters; but the skeptic expressed no opinion, and went around with an expression on his face that clearly indicated he knew something was wrong, somewhere.

Farm Land West of Vero, Florida

The Catch

FINALLY the owner took him out to an artesian well from which the water popped out of the ground with such force that an electric motor had been harnessed to it, so that the farm was supplied with a fine lighting system at a cost of about seven cents a year. "What do you have to do to that?" asked the skeptic sourly.

"Why," said the owner, "I don't have to do anything except come out here once a week and give that grease cup a couple of turns."

"Aha!" said the skeptic triumphantly. "I knew there was some catch in it!"

It is a very unwise proceeding for any Northern skeptic to howl and hoot with merriment over the statements and prophecies of reliable Floridians. The predicting business was viewed askance by visitors to Florida in 1915, when the natives of Miami were brazenly prophesying that Miami would have a population of 25,000 by 1925. The Northern skeptic considered it beneath his dignity to point out the fact that there could be no possible reason to cause any such number of sane persons to migrate to the desolate wastes of lower Florida.

The situation became even worse in 1922, when the forecasting muscles of the Miamians had become more supple. In that year Northern visitors to Miami had a hard time keeping their faces straight when responsible citizens declared in a simple and childlike manner that the population of the city would be

100,000 in 1925. Controlling themselves as well as they could, they looked around at the unimpressive one and two and three story buildings of the noisy and somewhat bucolic town, and at the small fleet of houseboats and motorboats tied up at the foot of the main business street, and asked pityingly where the people were going to come from and what they were going to do when they got there.

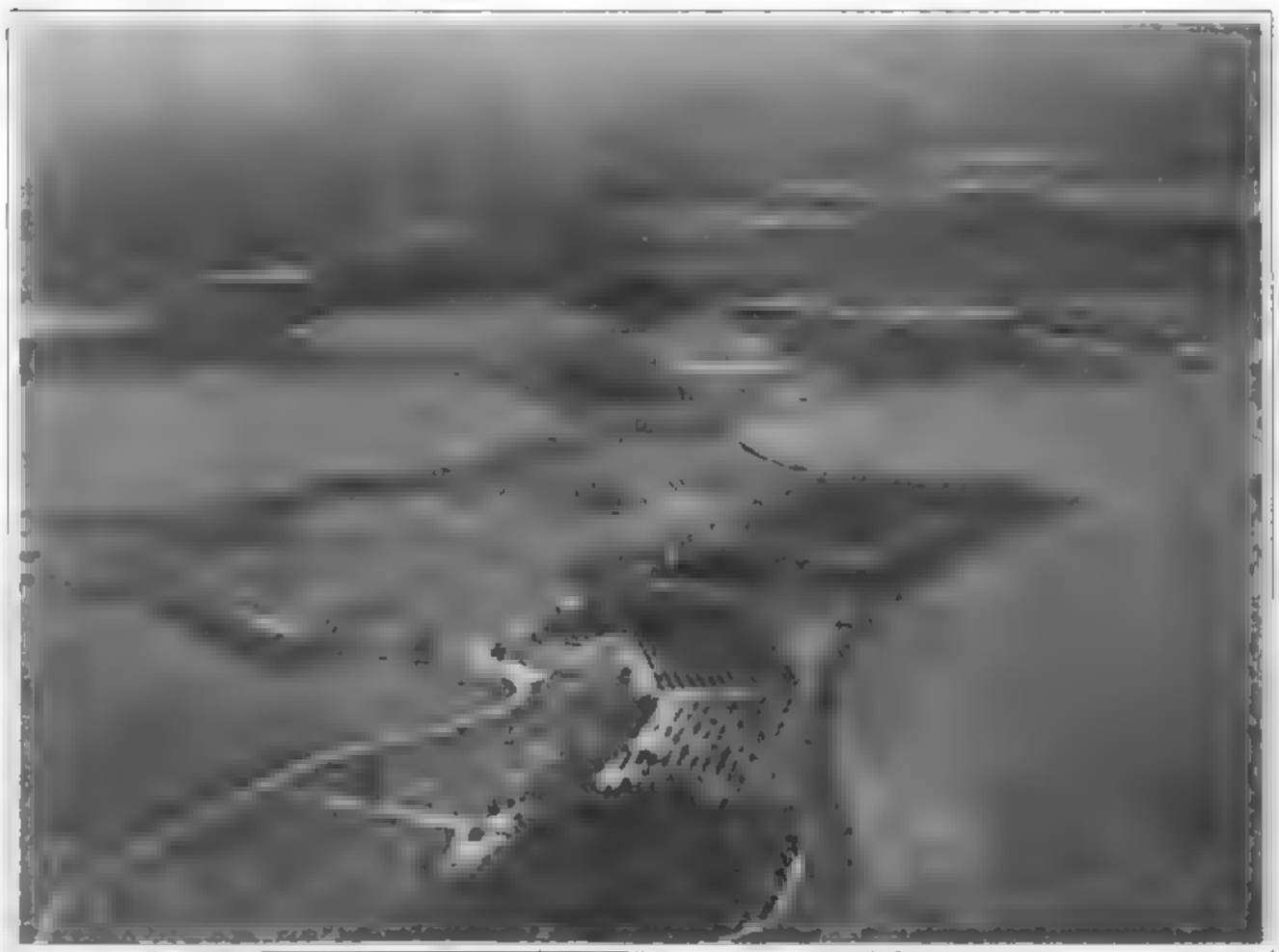
The Miamians patiently replied that there would be plenty for them to do, and that they didn't know where they were coming from, but that they were coming just the same.

This answer seemed so extremely addle-pated and uneconomic that Northern skeptics pretty generally contented themselves with observing that Floridians in general and Miamians in particular were dippy.

The population of Miami at the end of 1925, however, exclusive of a few hundred thousand tourists, was more than 107,000, according to conservative estimators who had failed to keep track of the extra steamships and railroad trains that were constantly being added to the Miami run, and 177,000 according to catch-as-catch-can estimators. At any rate, it had whizzed past the 100,000 mark with such vivacity that it had completely outgrown the city; and profiteering landlords were raising rents on frantic tenants every Tuesday and Friday, while cheap hotels were levying charges on their so-called guests that made the operations of Dick Turpin and Jesse James look like organized charity.

A rim of skyscrapers towered above the city's water front—a rim that would have been even greater if a freight embargo, caused by a seemingly concerted attempt to rush all the building material in North America into Florida in a few months' time, hadn't delayed building programs.

In one month toward the end of 1925 one of Miami's leading contractors turned down building contracts totaling $5,000,000. Freighters, passenger steamers and four and five masted schooners had usurped the former anchorages of houseboats and motorboats; and rangy motorcycle policemen flapped their arms wildly in a never-ceasing attempt to urge the unending streams of automobiles to greater speed in order to avoid traffic jams.



Some of the Lakes in the Vicinity of Winterhaven

Auguries

MEN representing hard-headed New York corporations came to the city and counted the crowds that surged up and down the streets, made computations on the back of convenient envelopes, and promptly bought business property at prices that made the skeptics howl that all was lost, including honor.

In spite of this vindication of their prophecies, the Miamians are not content to rest on their prophetic laurels. Taking a deep breath, they plunge immediately into bigger, better and busier prognostications. From these predictions it appears that Miami will have a population of 500,000 people by 1928 or 1930—by 1928 if the internal mechanism of the gentleman who does the prophesying is flexible from long use, and by 1930 if it is stiff from newness—and that by 1935 it will have a population of 1,000,000.

These predictions, it might be interjected, are now viewed with tolerance by the telephone company, which until very recently has regarded with marked disfavor the predictions of Miamians in the matter of coming population, just as telephone companies all over Florida have snorted impolitely at Florida population prophecies.

Until very recently the telephone companies persisted in figuring future Florida populations according to methods in vogue in sections of the nation where a city that had a population of 43,202 in 1910 might leap in 1915 to a population of 43,298. As a result, applicants for telephones in most Florida cities find it so difficult to get telephones into which to shout that they spend an uncomfortably large amount of time shouting at officials of the telephonic company.

Telephone buildings that in 1922 were supposed to take care of a community's telephonic needs for the next ten years have had to be discarded in two and three years' time for buildings twice and three times as large. Consequently Florida telephone companies no longer smile pityingly when a seasoned Florida prophet begins to discharge a few high-grade prophecies.

Bigger and Better

IT IS probable that if five reputable Florida prophets were to assure a Miami telephone official that the entire population of Cleveland, Sandusky, Indianapolis and Kansas City will have migrated to Miami by 1936, the official, instead of questioning their figuring and reasoning as in days gone by, would hurry away in a twitter of excitement and start whatever steps might be necessary to handle the crowd.

Northern skeptics, however, still continue to burst into uproarious laughter over the prophecies of the Miamians "Where," they inquire between their spasms of merriment—"where do you think the million people are going to come from? How are they going to live when they get here? Where are the industries that are going to support them?"

None of these questions disconcerts a true Miamian. He insists that there are 15,000,000 people east of the Mississippi River who are able to live in Florida; that the climate of Florida is a greater and more inexhaustible resource than the coal of Pennsylvania or the iron ore of Michigan, and is sufficient to bring hundreds of thousands of tourists to the state each winter; that the business of entertaining tourists is in itself one of the greatest industries; that there are new industries coming into the state from the North every day, and that negotiations are on foot to bring more; that there are thousands of factories in all parts of the North that would be tremendously benefited by moving to Florida because of the harbors that are being built on both coasts, the proximity to South American markets, and the good old climate that banishes unhealthful working conditions and winter epidemics; and that as Florida cities pass certain population levels they will automatically develop industries to take care of the population.

His arguments usually sound a little thin to solid, substantial, blown-in-the-bottle

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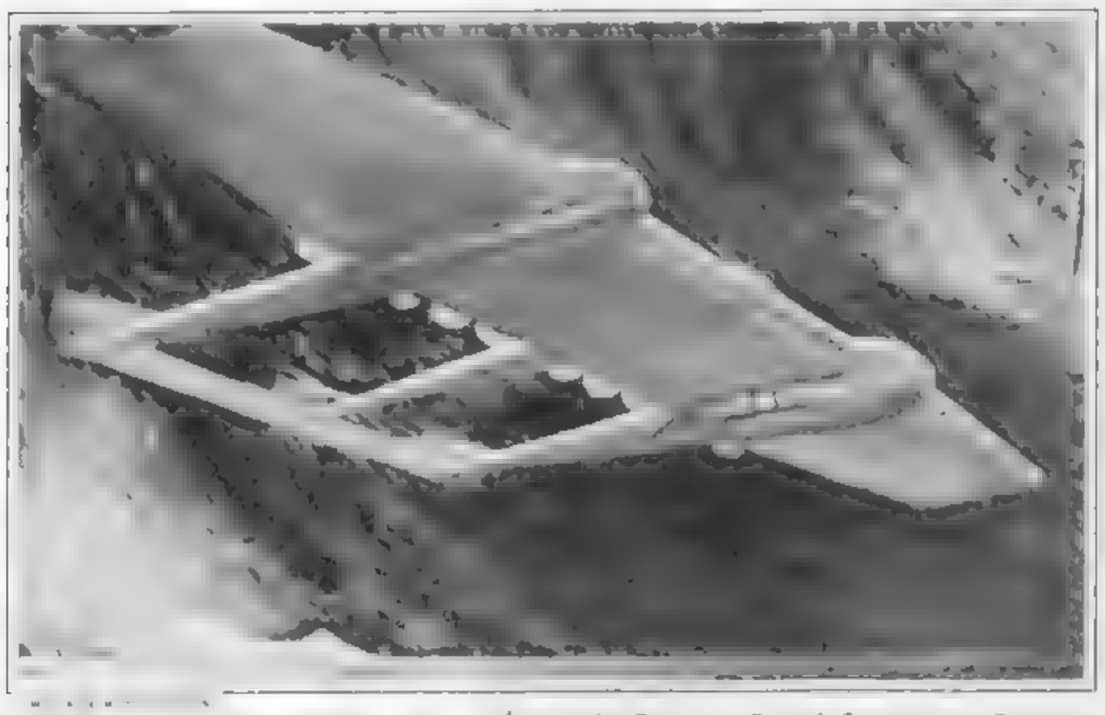
Miami in 1926. The Black Dots are Automobiles Parked on the City's Water-Front Property

MAN AND HIS 33 SLAVES

By Floyd W. Parsons



Design of the Giant Airplane Which Bréguet, the Foremost French Constructor, Expects Will be Operating in Transatlantic Passenger Service Within Five Years

INTELLIGENCE is that inherited quality which allows a fellow to get along without an education. Education, on the other hand, is what is given to some of us so we can get along without intelligence. A lot of folks insist that the intelligence curve is going down as fast as the education curve is going up. We are told that it now takes between two and three graduates of women's colleges to produce one child. It is pointed out by the critics of present conditions that we are overorganized—too much system and red tape; that our methods of government are a disgrace because one dollar out of every seven we collectively earn goes for the running of Federal and state machinery; that proof of our political incompetence is evidenced by the fact that we have one governmental employe for every eleven gainful workers; that our industrial system is woefully lacking because, when we average the best and worst of the business years, a considerable percentage of our workers is out of employment all the time; and that we are fast becoming the slaves of our passions and desires, as is disclosed by a $10,000,000,000 annual crime bill and 1,500,000 victims of the drug habit, not to speak of excessive alcoholism.

The Good Old Days and the Much Better Present

IT IS not at all difficult for one to prepare a strong indictment of life today. We use our brains to half capacity and have developed an educational system based on the training of mediocre minds. Millions of dollars are available to take care of inferiority, but no money can be found to search for superiority. One of our states has had some trouble in financing a hunt for her 1000 brightest children. The purpose is to try to find out how to educate a smart child. Doubtless this is a praiseworthy effort, but let us hope that it will not result in lessening the need for the exercise of natural intelligence.

The point we overlook is that human progress must be paid for, but cannot be bought. Though we may not stop the march of science and invention, we might help determine the direction of the advance. It would help some if we stopped talking so much about "this shocking age." The present era is astounding, not shocking, and so far as human nature is concerned, there is not much today that is new.

"Got a bite, Jack?" said a friend, passing him on the river bank. "Naw," said Jack. "Don't believe my worm's half tryin'."

It is a common trait for folks to try to find something that they may blame for their own shortcomings.

Although our deficiencies are too numerous to catalogue, not one of us in a thousand would like to go back to the inconveniences of fifty years ago. The talk about the good old days is pure bunk. Even our deplorable educational system is a great improvement on that of yesterday. Do you remember the old school board that used to come and look you over in the classroom twice a year? One of these boards was visiting a school in a small town, and the principal was putting the children through their paces.

"Who signed Magna Charta, Robert?" he asked, turning to one boy.

"Please, sir, it wasn't me," whimpered the youngster.

The teacher with disgust told him to take his seat. Immediately an officious member of the board became suspicious, so he rose and said, "Call that boy back. I don't like his manner. I believe he did do it."

But let no one doubt that the marvelous advances being brought about by science and research in the field of material things will be duplicated in the field of cultural progress. But that is getting ahead of my story. Before we attempt to visualize tomorrow, let us first talk of today.

Puffing Billy, the First Railroad Engine, Made by Stephenson in 1828, Makes Another Run Amid Impressive Ceremonies

Fuel for the Human and Mechanical Engines

MOST of the activities of life are taken up with the production of energy, both human and mechanical. Our farmers supply us with fuel for the human furnace, while our miners give us fuel for the mechanical engine. A ton of corn contains 16,000,000 heat units; a ton of coal about 26,000,000. Our small army of coal miners in the United States produces more in the way of usable energy in a year than do the hundreds of millions of farmers throughout the world now engaged in growing fuel from the ground. Our supplies of petroleum, wood, oil shales, natural gas, and our water powers are highly valuable sources of energy, but they are purely temporary aids, while coal is the foundation of civilization.

The efficiency with which we use heat and power largely determines our industrial and social progress. The more mechanical energy we have available per person, the higher will be wages. We have 29,000,000 inanimate horse power established in our factories. This, converted into terms of human energy, means that we are being served by a force equivalent to 290,000,000 workers. In other words, the average employe in our American factories commands the power of thirty-three slaves. The average

A Future Tenement District With Tall Apartments and Wide Park Areas

man is capable of doing 3500 foot pounds of work per minute for a period of eight hours. This means that it would take 2,274,000 men to do the same work as one 60,000-kilowatt steam turbine running continuously.

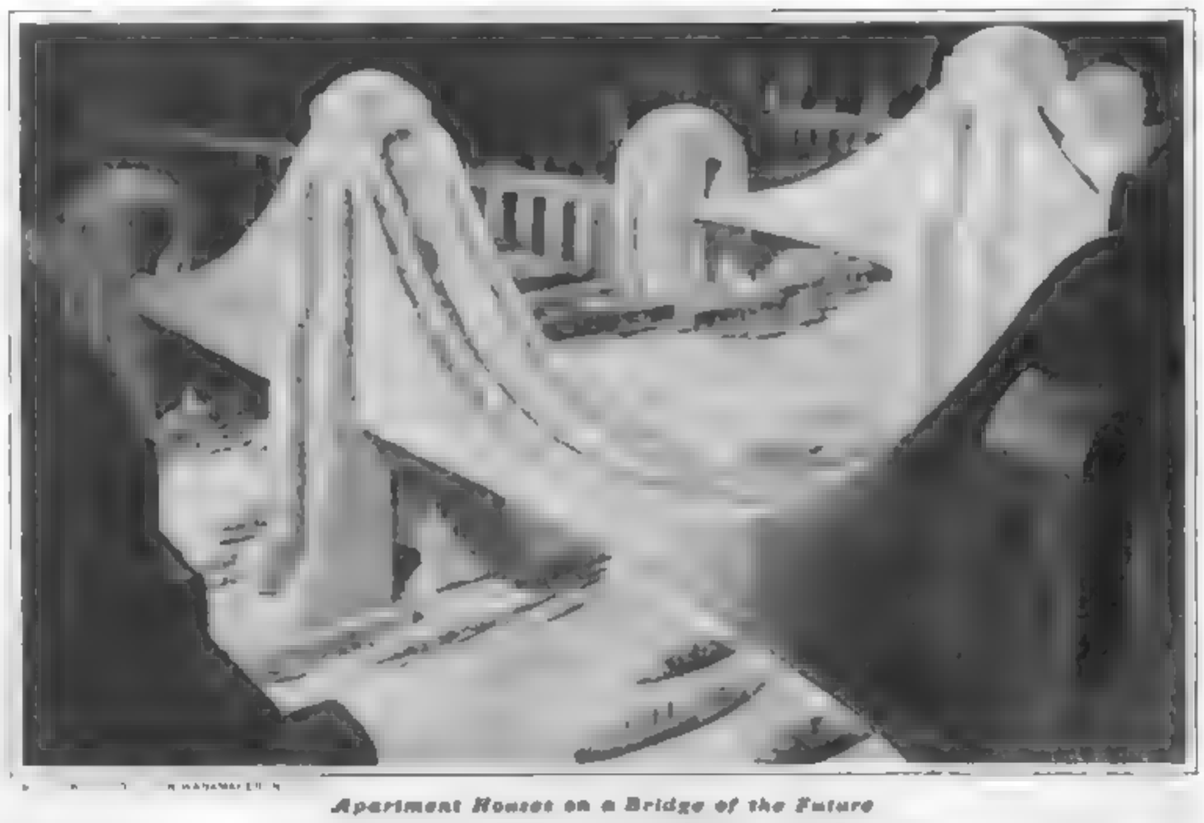
Our power requirements are doubling every twenty-five years. More amazing yet is the fact that our electric-power industry is doubling every five years. How silly it would be, therefore, for us to place our dependence upon any energy supply less permanent than coal.

Scientific miracles all around us have led us to expect the discovery of some wonderful new source of energy. But these hopeful dreams may not be realized; so our only practical attitude is to set science to the task of getting the highest possible efficiency out of known fuel reserves.

The Refinements of Fuel Saving

THE waste of coal in the United States a few years ago was an economic crime beyond parallel in all history. In fact, this was the case throughout the entire world. In 1913 the coal output of the world was 1,195,000,000 gross tons. Last year it was 1,167,000,000 gross tons. Our own coal production was practically the same as it was in 1913, notwithstanding the tremendous increase in population and the unprecedented growth of industry that took place in the meantime. These figures speak eloquently of the achievements of science, for the apparent economies have come more from improved methods and machinery than from hydroelectric developments and the enlargement of oil production. Here also we have one answer to the question, What is the matter with the coal industry?

Each succeeding day brings us still another fuel-saving refinement. Taken singly, their importance may not be so great, but the total economies are very large. Mechanical gas—the name given to powdered coal—is doing good work. When coal is divided into minute particles it becomes more accessible to oxygen, and we get more efficient combustion. The powdered-coal fire is maintained very much as is a fire of gas or atomized oil. A lump of coal burns from the outside in because only the outside, which is in the presence of oxygen, can burn. Such a fire cannot be controlled so easily as one burning powdered fuel. Many power plants have gone in for mechanical gas and as a result they find it possible to use different grades of coal under the same boiler, switching from one to the other as occasion demands. The grinders that pulverize the coal reduce it to such a state of fineness that it can be shaken through a sieve which will hold water. More than 300 large power plants in the United States are now burning mechanical gas. The methods have been so perfected that a horse-power hour of electrical energy is now being generated from less than a pound of powdered coal. Only six or seven years ago three pounds of coal were required.



Apartment Houses on a Bridge of the Future

New York Harbor of Yesterday

The Avenue of a Residential Zone Above a Business Zone

The use of powdered fuel in the internal-combustion engine is a proposal that recently startled a meeting of scientists. Monsieur Rateau, a French engineer, insists that a powdered mixture of resin and coal can be so used, and will burn rapidly, without leaving any residue Propulsion is effected by means of a series of interrupted explosions.

Another scheme suggests the substitution of mechanical gas for fuel oil on shipboard. Fuel oil sells at fifteen dollars a ton as compared with coal at five dollars a ton. A low grade of coal can be used and would be crushed on board the ship. Oil is clean and easy to load. Powdered coal requires more cargo space, and some dust would be developed, but the engineers sponsoring the plan estimate that vessels using the new system would save $5000 a voyage.

However, powdered coal is limited to a rather narrow field of large heat consumers. An ideal fuel from the standpoint of cleanliness and convenience is manufactured gas. Its supply is limited only by the life of our coal beds.

The use of manufactured gas for industrial heating has been increasing at the rate of 100 per cent a year. This represents quite a change from a few years ago, when the electric light came into vogue and it looked as if the gas industry was at the end of its day of usefulness.

Man-Made Heat Hotter Than the Sun

THE present tendency to adjust gas rates on a scientific rather than a political basis is stimulating the gas fraternity to initiate new ventures. Research has taken a hand and the certain outcome will be far lower prices for heat. Present efforts to manufacture commercial oxygen on a large scale are now meeting with gratifying success, and this will bring a great revolution in practically all combustion practices, especially in the manufacture of gas and of steel. The highest heat ever produced was developed recently at the University of Leeds by the use of ordinary manufactured gas and oxygen. The temperature attained was 7677 degrees Fahrenheit, which intensity of heat exceeds that of the sun.

The energetic fight now being made to eliminate smoke in England is bringing about radical departures in heating systems. One of these is at the new Capital Theater in London, where huge gas-fired boilers have been installed on the roof of the building. This obviates the need for fuel storage and converts the basement into usable space that can be employed for a better purpose than to house heating equipment and coal. This heating system utilizes a series of pumps and fans and is entirely automatic in its operation.

Probably the most rapid transformation in our fuel practices has been the change from coal to oil in marine service, where the Diesel engine appears to have come into its own. Even in the strenuous work of tow-boating, the Diesel unit is commencing to replace not only the puffing tug but the standard

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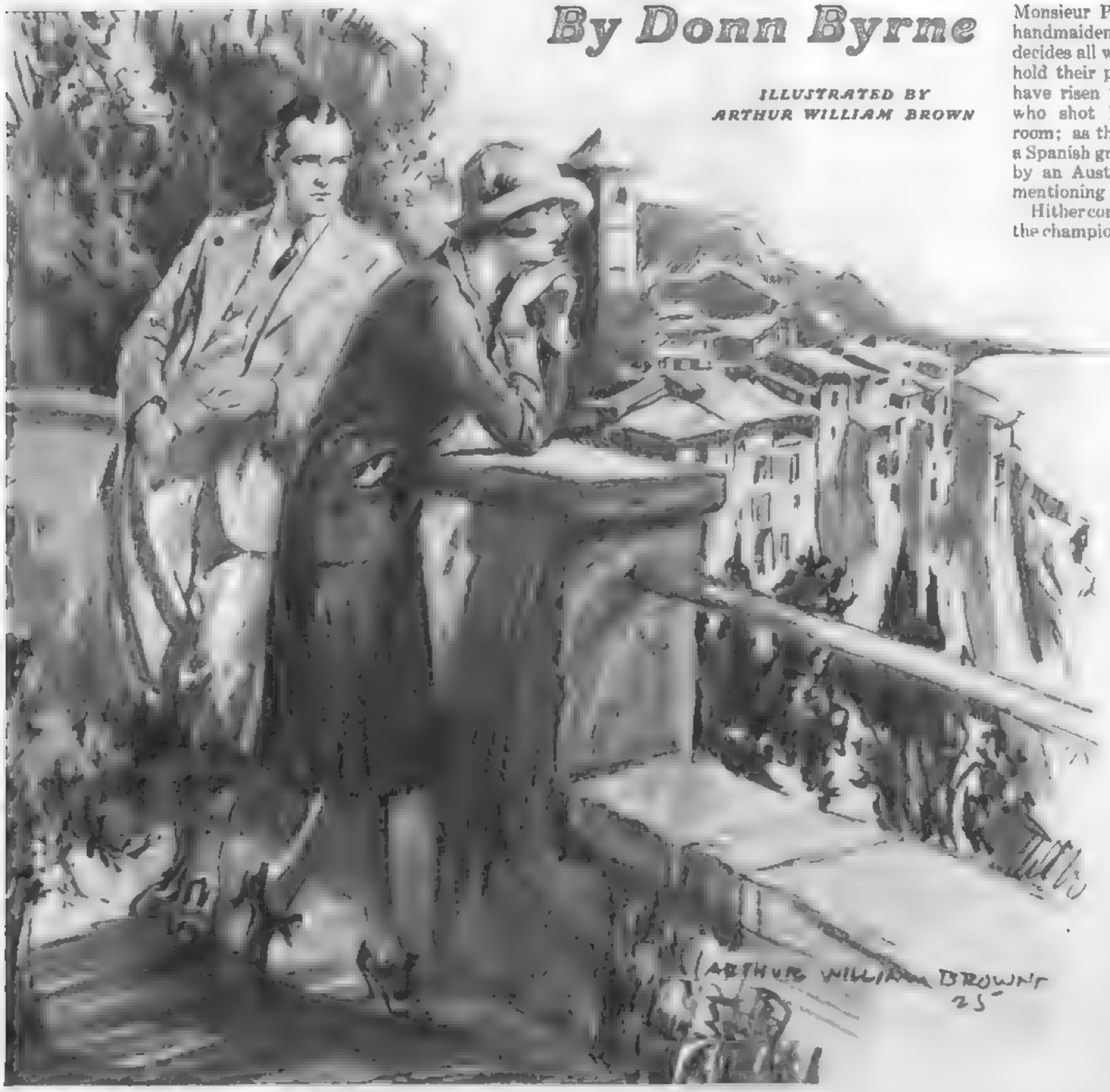
A PARTY OF BACCARAT

By Donn Byrne

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



"I Love You, Angie, But I'm Not Going to Lay Down on My Job"

VIII

THE Riviera days slid one into another with the unnoticeable perfection of fine machinery. Great drifts of snow lay like clouds on the battlemented Alps in the morning and by midday they had gone, and the next morning they were again there. And now for a day the Mediterranean would be sleek as a cat, and the next day it would be gray, angry, rising like a fighting dog under the assault of the mistral. Came Christmas under bright sunshine; a weird forlornish day—one missed the snow—and the Christmas trees in the hotel drawing-rooms looked like a joke in bad taste. And New Year's Eve was but an excuse for fancy-dress balls and the opening of champagne bottles.

Without, there was no particular cold; the palm trees murmured; the saffron, somehow sad moon climbed slowly out of the east. Within, the band moaned the Blue Danube Blues, and a myriad of couples strutted, posed, gyrated, as though the coming year had nothing in her womb of war or peace, of health or pestilence. Only the hotel employes were keen, calculating their tips of the morrow.

Var was coming into its famous season. Grand dukes of Austria, of Hungary, of Russia swarmed, half proud, half ashamed of their new poverty, carrying about with them an air of withered royalty that had the pathetic, rather disgusting look of withered flowers. Stripped of their imperial trappings, they seemed grotesquely, obscenely naked.

Many of them were deferential to the newly rich, the war profiteers, who, strange to say, were mainly English, dwellers in India who had become rich in cotton, and folks from the satanic fogs of Birmingham and Liverpool and Manchester. Here were a host of ex-kings, ex-princes, minor royalties of whom one had never heard before, to be found in corners of the Almanach de Gotha.

Some of these—a few—weren't bad lads at all; they paid for their round of drinks like Anglo-Saxons. And some were quite proud—a few—refusing tips disguised as loans from the *Schiebers* in advance payment for invitations to parties. Hither came Irish peers who had left home under a cloud, and who were always stating, "In my opinion, the trouble with Ireland is this ——" As if anybody gave a damn any more! Hither came Scottish peers pondering over the Euclidean problem—if a rich man in Great Britain becomes a peer, would not the obverse hold true—would it not be possible for a peer o' His Majesty's realm tae become a weel-off mon? Here were the younger English peers, eager to embrace the tenets of labor, giving ghastly characters to the new landed gentry of England, of the sort of people who know Brother Reynard the Fox.

The young peers will tell of the devious Mephistophelean ways in which these folk have made their money; they will pass lightly over the fact that these people eat with their knives; they will shrug their shoulders in a broad-minded way, remembering that the ancestors of this quaint folk were not bound in holy wedlock. And then they tell you the worst:

"Of course you won't believe it, my dear boy. You'll think it's just bitterness on my part. But, my boy, I assure you, all this new huntin' crowd—they all trample hounds!" Can such things really be?

Hither comes Monsieur Pommet, the world's greatest dress designer and student of the elegancies since Petronius; a burly man in a double-breasted white serge suit and a peach-colored artist's tie beneath his unshaven chin. Once a year Monsieur Pommet goes to Var to decide whether women are to be fat or slender this year, whether they shall show their knees or only their heels; and what Monsieur Pommet decides, lo, they are and do! And behind Monsieur Pommet, at a respectful distance, walk three handmaidens, built and dressed as Monsieur Pommet decides all womankind shall be dressed this year or forever hold their peace. And hither also come the women who have risen to prominence during the year—as the lady who shot her Abyssinian husband in a hotel sitting room; as the lady who was sued for breach of promise by a Spanish grandee; as the lady who was slapped in the face by an Austrian grand duke at the Deauville casino for mentioning he was fat. Gentlewomen all!

Hither come the tennis players—the champion of England, the champion of France, the champion of Greece, the champion of Czecho-Slovakia, the champion of Hiberno-Slovakia. Now there are nought but tournaments, and you put your racket in its press for good and look on. Or you go out to play golf, and you wait until the kezar of all the Russias has driven off, and the hetman of all the Cossacks has driven off, and the count of all the Parises has driven off, and the rato of all the Samoas has driven, and then you go yourself, wedged in between a procession of strange foreigners who play golf in white linen spats and fur gloves, and whose favorite club is "le neeb-aleek."

And when you come to the third hole, which is by the waters of Var, you sit down; yea, you weep when you remember Gleneagles. And you wrap the shaft of your driver around the willows in the midst thereof. And you go down to the Casino, where you can have your humanity in small doses, and you play baccarat.

For such is Var, which is the most expensive town in the world. Such, in a trifle more vulgar way, is Nice. Such, each after its kind, is every town on the Riviera. One wonders at the smiling, fat, gay Provençal. But why should he not be smiling, fat and gay, subsisting as he does, according to my Uncle Valentine—that ruffianly wise old gentleman—on sunshine and suckers? To paraphrase the sailorman's cynical remark: "Who wouldn't sell his little farm and go to Var?"

IX

ANGELA'S habit of life became this in her first season: To rise in the morning and go for a stroll along the promenade, stopping for a coffee and *brioche* around eleven at the café—if there were no tennis tournament on. After lunch she would play tennis or go to the golf links. Around half-past four the violet dusk of the Midi would descend, and then after tea would come the rush to the Casino. There would be play for an hour and a half. Then dinner, perhaps a dance or two, and back to the Casino until twelve or half past, and then to bed.

She came to know the habitués of the Casino one by one—the great plungers, the small, shrewd gamblers. There were nineteen tables in all, and occasionally after a run of luck she would leave the table where a sixty-franc bank was the minimum to put up, for a larger one. And now and then a big plunger would leave the table of a minimum of fifteen hundred francs for a small table, to run off his bad luck where the stakes were for him infinitesimal.

So Angela came to know them all. Here was a lumber king who had made a king's fortune in British Columbia, losing it steadily at the tables. Here was an ex-king, one of the first "ex's," chubby and jolly as a schoolboy, playing a game as keen as any professional's. Here were *cocottes* from Paris, leaders of their world, Billie Quelquechose and Peggee Ane Telli, whose behavior was as prim as the most excellent Mrs. Grundy could desire, and the only sign of whose profession, or lack of one, visible was the smart quality of their clothes and the sleek well-groomed look of them. There they sat beside some frumpy archduchess, exchanging courtly remarks with her.

Here sat one of a family, claimants of the Spanish throne. Beside him was an international crook, resting. One came to know both of them, and the manners of the great bank robber were every whit as chivalrous as those of monseigneur.

A great American banker sat opposite an Indian rajah, and they smiled sympathetically at each other when they lost. And when they passed Angela, the banker's "Keeping up the good work, kid?" and the rajah's "*Toujours la veine?*"—still in luck?—had a camaraderie about them that was very heartening. And down the room the

Grand Duke Dmitri was howling in high-piping Muscovite that the wife of some local tradesman had done him in the eye for ten francs, having pushed her chip over the line when his bank had gone down.

Angela picked up the strategy of the game quickly enough. To punt against the bank's third coup, against its fifth coup; to banco only once, not to follow, and follow, doubling each time; she learned by heart the mathematical probabilities of the draw, such as giving a nine when a card was called for, one stood on four, giving a six, one always drew, even though having a six. She learned the superstitions of the game, such as, the bank having naturals, eights or nines on the first and second coup, to pass it then, for it invariably took a header on the third.

She became superstitious about seats at the table, now pinning her faith to Seat Three or Seat Five, now to Seat Nine, occasionally taking Number One. Certain tables and certain croupiers were lucky for her. She got to know the runs of luck of the players—when a man was in luck not to punt against him. It was quite a while before she could bring herself to the cruel custom of the chemin-de-fer game, to go after a man when he was obviously out of luck. She learned it in the end by being cruelly mauled by everyone, her own luck being out.

Her mother, all through her first winter at Var, left her very much to herself. Her mother was changing—had changed so much, in fact, that her old friends in New Canaan would not have known her; or, recognizing her, would certainly have thought her mad. She had joined the *Cercle Agricole* at Var, which is exclusively the home of bridge and is affected by Russians, French and English. And in that atmosphere of decaying nobility she had learned parlor tricks that would have amazed her New England society. Everything American now seemed to her vulgar, and to Angela's surprise she found her mother now reading the London Times under the impression that it was the only newspaper in the world a gentlewoman could be found reading.

Thus Mrs. Turnbull. Mrs. Turnbull's maiden name had been Howard—Jessica Howard—and finding out now that it was the family name of the Dukes of Norfolk, she straightway leaped to the conclusion that her family was an offshoot of the Arundel Howards, who had emigrated to America in the colonizing days of Maryland. She was confirmed in this opinion by a heraldic expert in London who furnished her with a complete genealogy for thirty-three guineas, or a hundred and sixty dollars. She thus became entitled to a crest on her note paper and the belief that she was descended from a cadet branch of the great English ducal family. The change of her prename from Jessica to Jasmine was not of logic, but inspirational. In her second year of the Riviera she had become Mme. Jasmine Howard-Turnbull. And so is the Riviera, that she was accepted as such, for it is only in strange uncivilized countries like America and Ireland that people are prevented from going mad in their own particular way.

What her mother did in this particular line Angela did not mind. So long as she was allowed to be Angela Turnbull, her mother might claim to be Queen of all the Shebas. After all, her mother's affectations of nobility were just innocently silly compared to what the mothers of other girls did; as, for instance, Jane Robinson's mother, Lady Mary Robinson, who knew more about cheating at bridge than the cleverest boat crook; as the Baroness de Damery, who breakfasted off hot coffee and morphine; as the Honorable Mrs. Trelawny-Hocking, who was an *alcoolique terrible*—a most notable souse, in the vulgate. But what did worry Angela a little was the way her mother was wasting money. She decided to have a talk with her about it.

"Mother darling," she told her, "have you any idea how much money you're spending?"

"Oh, Angela"—Mrs. Turnbull looked worried—"I know it's terrible, but money goes so here. And dresses and everything are so dear. But we'll have a cheap summer."

"I know, my dear," Angela went ahead, "but how are you now?"

"I don't quite know, Angela."

"Listen, mother," Angela insisted, "I picked up your check book in mistake for my own, and, my dear, a lot of the stubs are unfilled! Now that's silly!"

"I know, Angela, but it's all such a bother."

"Now listen, honey," Angela pleaded, "you let me take care of the money. I'm pretty level-headed. I'm like daddy in that. You let me do the disbursing. I'll keep an eye on everything."

"Oh, would you, darling?" Mrs. Turnbull asked dramatically. "I'm such a fool about money." Angela could not but allow herself a mental smile. Mrs. Turnbull had not been such a fool about it in America when her father was alive. "Take it all over, write and sign the checks. But don't be stingy about it, Angie. Don't stint me," she wailed.

Angela was glad of the job. It gave her something to do. She was glad to see they hadn't spent so much as she thought. Her father had left a fair estate, and most of the money was invested in 6 per cent first mortgages. There was nothing to worry about. She had a power of attorney made out to her and wrote the bank at home that in the future she would take care of the family finances.

Everywhere now Mrs. Turnbull spoke of her treasurer and secretary, saying it was so nice to have a daughter who could fill the position, and not to be compelled to employ some untrustworthy stranger. To have a secretary-bursar on the Riviera raises you to dizzy heights for impressing ordinary titled people. Among the sort of people who came to the Riviera for a week, Mrs. Turnbull always referred to Angela as her strict treasurer and secretary, so that they went away to foreign parts not knowing the beautiful blond girl was the daughter of the scion of the Norfolks. Indeed, many young men spoke of her as Mrs. Howard-Turnbull's pretty secretary, and many elderly women wondered if the American millionairess weren't a fool to employ in a fiduciary capacity—such a succulent phrase! -a young woman who was manifestly a victim of the baccarat fever.

Such a dear trusting woman! So unworldly!

x

THEN, all of a sudden, spring burst. First one noticed the country powdered with gold. Gold floated in billowy, frothy clouds until the hills from Cagnes to La Napoule were the home of glory. The mimosa had flowered. And underfoot the wild anemone thrust up its silent scarlet head, and under the budding oaks and chestnuts and cork trees of the Estérel the wild hyacinth put forth its miracle of blue. In the formal gardens of the great hotels the gardeners were setting out the plants they had hoarded through the winter—mignonette and gardenia. From their hiding places the small lizards came out, cautious as kittens, to steal warmth from the Midi sun; and an almond tree broke into blossom as into song.

The Casino these evenings of spring was more crowded than ever. From Algeria to Egypt the tourists were coming north to escape the increasing African heat, and from the north folk were swarming, sick of winter and eager to get a foretaste of the blossoming year. English, Irish and Scottish, they came. Came the Americans. Came the serried German phalanx, disguised as Swiss, as Scandinavians, as Finns, as Letts, as Eskimos, as what not good old *Gott mit uns*, though, no matter what the moniker

(Continued on Page 108)

"Miss Turnbull," Dariano Said Quietly, "Early in the Season I Asked You to Marry Me and You Gave Me No Answer"

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 13, 1926

The Debtors' Alternative

WE ARE continually receiving letters, such as other magazines, newspapers and members of Congress no doubt receive also, from American citizens, especially those living abroad, to this effect:

"We believe the war debts should be settled; but what shall we say when the debtors, thinking the United States a harsh creditor who demands full payment, remind us that we ourselves in the past have repudiated our obligations, to the great loss of our foreign creditors? It can, of course, be said in reply that the debts cited were not obligations of the United States, but of individual states. This distinction is not altogether satisfactory. It would not be a satisfactory answer to say in defense of a business partnership that the partnership itself was honest, although all or some of the members thereof had defaulted."

It is true that American states—Americans, therefore—have in the past repudiated their bonds and that foreign money invested in them was lost. It is true also that kings of England in the past have debased the coin of the realm, defrauding everybody. It is true also that France in the past has repudiated her own money. It might be mentioned that Germany has very recently repudiated her money and her bonds, to the great loss of American investors.

But this is not a historical controversy. Nor is it a matter involving principles of morality, unless you agree beforehand to argue it in that light. It is simply a question of whether or not our debtors, for any reason known to themselves, moral, political or economic, wish to pay us back.

We are passing them through bankruptcy as it is, provided they are willing. We are settling with them, not on the basis of what they owe but on the basis of what they say they can afford to pay. If they are minded not to pay at all, there is the end of it. They have only to say so. We cannot make them pay. We would not if we could. We should never dream of trying. All that we could do would be to stop lending them money.

Yet at the suggestion that, in the event of their refusing to pay what they can afford on account of what they already owe, we should cease lending them money at the rate of a billion a year, as we are doing, they are grieved in a new way. Their idea of a perfect solution is that we should not only forgive them their past debts and pocket the loss, but that we should continue besides to float their loans in the United States. We are already in the position of lending them the money they pay us with. We lend them each year more than they pay on their old loans, and this appears to them to be a great hardship—the way of a merciless creditor.

Self-Protection Under Alien Fire

THE bill introduced in the House of Representatives by Mr. James B. Aswell, of the Eighth Louisiana District, providing for the annual registration of aliens at convenient post offices, is about as mild a measure as could be imagined. Photographic identification is not required and fingerprinting is not even mentioned.

So careful was the framer of this bill that it should not bear too heavily upon aliens that he inserted a clause authorizing the Secretary of Labor to modify the rules for the collection of registry fees both by deferring the time of payment and by waiving it entirely when their exaction would be a hardship.

If the adoption of some system for the methodical registration of aliens is wise and necessary—and most immigration officials and students of the subject who have no foreign axes to grind are pretty well agreed that it is both—the worst that can be said of Mr. Aswell's bill is that it pussyfoots round the problem so softly that it does not promise to be nearly so effectual a remedial measure as its sponsor hopes.

Unhappy experience with forged passports and manufactured visas has clearly demonstrated the worthlessness of those forms of identification which depend upon written descriptions of personal appearance and the signatures or marks of those who are barely literate. This weakness cuts both ways. It renders government control uncertain and it fails to provide the person registered with the positive and definite means of identification to which he should be entitled if he is to be put through the form of registering at all. With these facts in mind, it is not hard to believe that this bill might be considerably improved by amendments which would make its operation more certain and at the same time not overstep the bounds of that consideration which government owes to the law-abiding, whether citizen or alien.

Such is the modest proposal which has been the subject of red-hot indignation meetings and has inflamed the professional propagandists into ecstasies of rage. History has repeated itself. America has never made the slightest gesture of self-defense without hearing the same old wail go up in all the tongues of Babel: "It is un-American." Persons of Russian antecedents have called Mr. Aswell's bill czaristic. Others, who have taken it upon themselves to speak for the Supreme Court of the United States, have denounced it as unconstitutional. One is sometimes led to wonder which European capital has the dominant voice in formulating the public opinion of our own country.

The very outcry of the foreign-born against every piece of self-protective legislation initiated in Washington is often the most convincing evidence of its merit. Mr. Cleveland, observed an orator on a celebrated occasion, was loved for the enemies he had made. Many a law in the making may claim our support on the same ground. The sponsors of a new measure often speak in a whisper, while its opponents thunder with the voice of Boanerges. Sometimes it is worth while to listen to the louder voice, to identify the group from which it proceeds, to search out the antecedents of the group, to study the motive and self-interest behind the din of protest. Comparison of motives reveals the wisdom or the unwisdom of the proposed law.

There are two elements in Congress which will figure largely in forthcoming immigration legislation. The old-line American element, regardless of party affiliations, is bent upon tightening the Johnson Immigration Act of 1924 and plugging the holes in it. The group committed to the cause of the foreign-born, the members who always view our national legislation through European spectacles, will do all they can to bore larger holes in it and let in cousins' cousins by marriage to such an extent that we shall be as badly off as we were before we had any quota law at all. Only the strictest vigilance will prevent a hamstringing of the present act.

The legislative calendar of the House Committee on Immigration already contains more than thirty bills, and as many more will be introduced as the session proceeds. The ingenuity manifested in some of the measures designed to pull the teeth and draw the claws of the Johnson Act is of the highest order. Appeals to our sentimentality—old-fashioned sobstuff, not so potent as it once was—economic pretexts varying all the way from the needs of industry to the horrors of the cookless kitchens, are employed with consummate skill. The practical effect of all of them would be to let down the bars that the country had such a long fight to put up. If the Johnson Act has made enemies in certain quarters it is because it serves Central and Southeastern Europe so ill and America so well.

Back to the Two-Party System

OBSERVERS of more or less impartiality believe that the political situation in Great Britain is clarifying rapidly and that the ultimate result will be a return to the two-party system. Before this can come to pass, however, two important changes must be brought about: First, the Labor Party must follow up its repudiation of communism with a renunciation of socialistic policies and affiliations. Second, the Liberal Party, as at present constituted, must be submerged as completely as the lost Atlantis. Needless to state, a large portion of the British public is still unprepared to accept either development as possible, and the idea of a return to the two-party basis is derisively and even furiously scouted.

There is, nevertheless, plenty of evidence to lend substance to the belief. It is a fact that the Labor Party, as far as its leaders are concerned at least, is growing less ruddy in hue all the time. Their brief period in power taught them that preaching socialism on the hustings and in union committee rooms is a simpler matter than putting it into actual practice. Ramsay MacDonald, struggling with the responsibilities of office, and Philip Snowden, balancing an imperial budget, must inevitably have discovered something that they have not yet had the hardihood to put into words. It is a safe assumption that all the leaders who shared the onus of that first radical government must at the very least feel grave doubts of the feasibility of putting into effect any immediate or sweeping changes in the complicated and amazingly dovetailed economic system.

They may not yet be prepared to acknowledge the fundamental truth that socialistic ideas are practical only for a world where moral and mental equality has been established, but they are too shrewd to overlook the practical angles of the political situation. To gain power, Labor must draw still more heavily from the ranks of the Liberal Party, and it is questionable if it can hope to make any marked inroads as matters stand today. The Liberal Party, hopelessly outnumbered, and feeble in both policy and outlook, owes its continued existence to the fact that there is still a type of voter in Britain who can neither accept the restricted outlook of Toryism nor stomach the socialistic policies of Labor. If Labor should adopt an advanced policy of liberal reform, the final disintegration of the Liberal Party might be precipitated. Ramsay MacDonald could afford to break with Wheatley and the Clyde-side reds if he could line up the remnants of Liberalism.

According to the logic of successful government, there is no permanent place for third parties. They dwindle down to insignificant blocs or drift back to the parent body from which they sprang. The Conservatives, safely intrenched in power today, will need the corrective influence of strong opposition if continued good government is to be expected from them. It so happens that the splendid old Liberal Party has been forced into a painful position on the fence. It must soon do either of two things—divide into two parts, and so pass out of existence, or climb off the fence and assume its previous rôle of reform leadership, with the Labor Party as an adjunct. To accomplish the latter, Liberalism would require inspired leadership, and it is very doubtful if either the intellectual calm of Asquith or the adroit opportunism of Lloyd George would be sufficient. There is no other Moses in sight.

Reform of the Senate Rules

IN ANSWER TO VICE PRESIDENT DAWES

By George W. Norris

United States Senator From Nebraska

THE country is indebted to our courageous Vice President for calling attention to the necessity for reform in the procedure of our national legislature. He has very clearly shown that a change in legislative procedure is necessary if the people are to receive the benefits of necessary progressive legislation. He has, however, told us nothing new. These same things have been repeatedly called to the attention of the people by others in more obscure positions, and various remedies have been frequently suggested. Because of the position he occupies, what Mr. Dawes says on the subject receives wide publicity and is read by almost a numberless constituency. But though Mr. Dawes has very clearly pointed out the evil, the remedy he suggests would bring more harm than good. Like the ancient country physician, he throws the patient into fits, but lacking the ability of that backwoods character, he is unable to revive the patient from his increased suffering. With gymnastic activity characteristic of him when on the public rostrum, he jumps right out of the frying pan into the fire.

Mr. Dawes compares the legislative procedure of the Senate with that of the House of Representatives. He labors at some length to show that the procedure in the House, where they have cloture, is much superior to that in the Senate, where they do not have cloture. If this comparison demonstrates anything, it shows that the House has ceased to be a deliberative body. Its members are just as able and just as patriotic as are the members of the Senate. Given the same opportunities, their work would not be inferior to the work of the Senate, but every student of our Government knows that the laws of our country are analyzed and discussed and, in fact, made by the debate that takes place in the Senate. The House of Representatives is controlled by a small number of men that you could count on the fingers of one hand; the speaker, the majority leader, the chairman of the Committee on Rules, with perhaps the tacit and silent assistance of one or two leaders of the minority, hold the House in complete subjection. They limit or close debate at their own sweet will. They deny, if necessary, to the membership not only the right of debate but even the right to offer amendments. By special rule they put through the House revenue bills, tariff bills and all other kinds of important legislation, without giving to the membership supposed to represent the people of the country the right even to suggest changes. It is no answer to say that a special rule must always be approved by a majority of the House. The membership, when the vote on a bill under a special rule is before them, are confronted with the proposition that they must accept what is bad in order to get what they believe to be good. Neither is it any answer to say that such procedure is necessary on account of the large membership of the House. The fact remains that debate is curtailed, often entirely eliminated, amendments are limited and sometimes absolutely prohibited—and this is majority cloture in the House, which the Vice President approves, and which he wants the Senate to adopt.

The country pays but little attention to legislation pending in the House. Everybody knows that this limited consideration on the part of the House means imperfect, half-baked legislation. Everybody knows that when the bill gets to the Senate it will be completely analyzed and debated, that amendments can be offered without limit, and that in the end, whether the legislation be good or bad, it will at least represent the judgment of the legislative body acting upon it. It even happens not infrequently that members of the House are induced to vote for a special rule and to support this majority cloture on the theory and with the knowledge that when the bill gets to the Senate it will be considered on its merits.

The Senate, with all its faults, is the only forum in our country where there is free and fair debate upon proposed legislation, and it is the forum where the legislation of the country is made. If we adopted majority cloture in the Senate as they have in the House, the last vestige of fair and honest parliamentary consideration would entirely vanish, and what a picnic that would be for political machines and political bosses. The country could stand off and yell itself hoarse; but three or four men in the House and two or three men in the Senate would hold this country in the palm of their mighty political hands. A political party in power, with its President controlling the patronage of the nation, and with its few politically selected leaders in the House and the Senate, could pass or defeat any legislation of any kind, without regard to the welfare of anything except the partisan machine.

The country looks to the Senate for an analysis of all proposed legislation, because the people have gradually learned from

(Continued on Page 169)

THE THANK-YE-MA'AM!

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Traffic Cop

I AM the unloved traffic cop,
I signal GO and I signal STOP;
I rule the high and I rule the low;
When I raise my hand they stop and go.

They stop and go obedientlee,
But high and low they all cuss me.

I raise my hand and the raging tide
Snarls to a pause on either side,
The menacing racer, long and lean,
The old tin can and the limousine;

They growl at me and their hot teeth clash,
And the insane walkers past me dash.

In rain or snow or sun or sleet,
Alone I stand in the frenzied street
And check mad wheels and check mad feet—
The glittering car and the old tin can
And the wild-eyed boob pe-des-tri-an.

I save their lives—and the goofy mob
Likens mine to the hangman's job.

I work all day in a brimstone smell
And dream all night that I've gone to hell
Where a myriad motors snarl with glee
And a myriad devils all cuss me.

I work all day in the noisome breath
Of a constant quivering, eager death.

For I am an unloved traffic cop
Who signals GO and signals STOP;
I rule the low and I rule the high;
But, high or low, when they pass me by,
They're yearning to sock me in the eye.

A steady rock in a crazy sea,
I save their lives—and they all cuss me.

—Lowell Otus Reese.

"Yeh, I Stopped Takin' the Kids to the Rialto Theater. Too Many Edjicational Pitchers!"

Versatility

THOUGH the attribute in question be applauded or derided,
I'll confess to being facile, I'll admit I'm many-sided;
I can sing of hills or cities, I can tell of streets or ranches,
I can flit from sun to shadow like the bird among the branches;
I can quit the strictly moral for the gay Mephistophelean,
I can change my mental color like a giddy young chameleon;
And my nimbleness of fancy, as I'm frequently explaining,
Is the consequential product of a sound domestic training.

I'll be working on a notion that is really bright and witty,
When I'm called to say—and mean it—that a bathing suit is pretty.
I'll be plotting out a story that is bound to be a winner,
When I'm urged to hear exactly whom we ought to ask to dinner.
When I'm pondering a ballad and the plot begins to thicken,
I'll be pressed to give a verdict for a turkey or a chicken.
When I'm dreaming through a sonnet, I'll be waked from contemplation
To express my sage opinion on a scheme of decoration.
When I'm brooding old distresses and my eyes are wet with sorrow,
I must plan the country outing that we're due to take tomorrow.
So I'm grateful for my blessings and I'm thankful for my mercies,
And I wreak my well-and-hard-earned versatility in verses.

—Arthur Guiterman.

The Antiquated Uncle

"BUT what did I do? What did I say?" I inquired of my young married niece. Her remarks startled me. I had been taking care of her son, aged four, the previous afternoon, and it seemed to me that I had done it rather well. And now, this!

"We played together and had lots of fun," said I, rather injured in my feelings.

"Yes, but what in goodness' name did you play? I never knew Gerald to be so excited in his life as he was when I put him to bed. He tried to tell me what he'd—what you'd—been doing, and he got all mixed up. Ordinarily, he's such a bright child."

Now, privately, I had thought Gerald rather slow, rather dull of comprehension, but of course I didn't mention this matter to his mother. I merely said, "Well, we played choo-choo. Or rather I played choo-choo for him. I played I was a steam engine and shuffled around the living room, making my arms go like driving rods, and choo-chooing and ding-donging like a good fellow. Anything wrong with that?"

"Why, no. Not ordinarily. But I begin to see the trouble. There aren't any steam trains running out here, you know. All that come out on our line are electric. They don't choo-choo, and they don't ding-dong. There's no smokestack and there's no bell. Gerald, poor dear, didn't know what you were talking about. He's yet to see a regular steam engine."

"Well, upon my ——"

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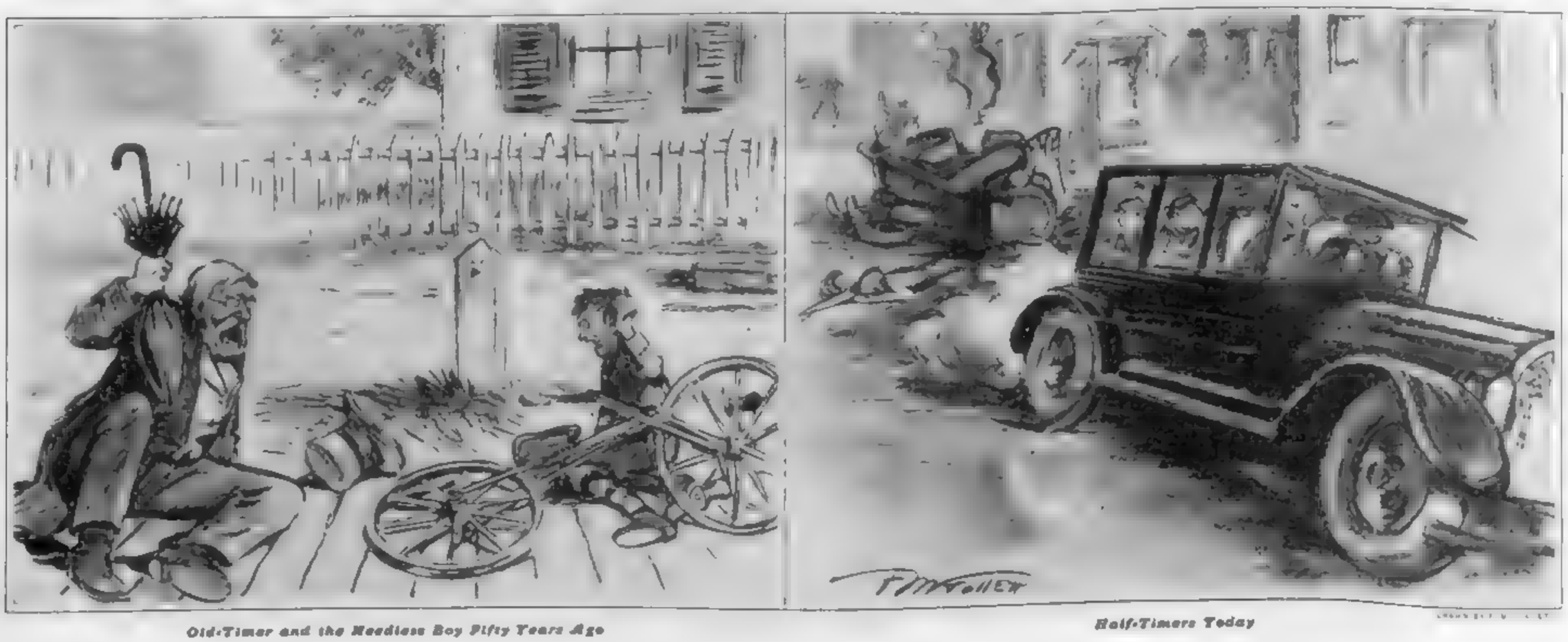

Old-Timer and the Needless Boy Fifty Years Ago

Half-Timers Today

Taste how good a hearty soup can be!

Remember this about Campbell's Vegetable. It is not just a soup with many different ingredients. It is a substantial, filling soup, yet so delicious in flavor, so tempting to your appetite that you are more than likely to say:

"I've always liked vegetable soup, but Campbell's certainly has the most wonderful flavor I've ever tasted!"

Blending thirty-two different ingredients with such splendid success is a mighty hard job in the home kitchen. And it is expensive, too.

Why do it? Campbell's is at your elbow—and it's always the same—so delicious!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

NO THOROUGHFARE

Millie Said From the Doorway, "He'll Keep You if You Tend to Business, Sam"

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

VIII

IF THE young man had still some lingering hope that he would be able to conceal from Millie the fact of his overnight absence, he was to be disappointed. When he approached the house, smoke was emerging from the kitchen chimney; and although he turned furtively into the garage, keeping as much as possible out of view from the windows, Millie came at once through the shed and called to him:

"That you, Sam?"

"Yeah," he retorted, trying to make his tone careless.

"Where have you been?" Millie demanded.

"Where have I been?"

"You heard what I said, Sam."

"Gosh, Millie," Sam protested indignantly, "do I have to sign on every time I come home?"

"You can tell me or not," Millie replied stiffly. "Suit yourself about that."

"What makes you think I've been anywhere?"

"You didn't come home last night; and your car isn't in the garage."

Sam chuckled. "Ain't likely to be," he confessed. "You won't see that old wagon again, Millie." He laughed, trying to stick to this aspect of the affair. "No, sir, the old bus is done for."

"Where is it?" Millie insisted implacably.

"Well, I had a little accident," Sam confessed.

"Hurt yourself?" Millie asked. "You're limping with both feet. You've got bandages under your stockings."

"Limping!" he exclaimed.

She confronted him immovably, would not be diverted.

"What's the sense of pretending you don't hear me? What happened to you, Sam? Why didn't you come home? What happened to the car?"

Sam evaded. "She got away from me," he confessed. "She run off the road."

"Into the ditch?" Millie asked.

This amused him. "It was some ditch!" he replied emphatically.

Millie held his eyes for a moment, then turned back into the house. There was something so final in the spectacle of her departing back that he felt a moment's panic. Stopped her abruptly with:

"Millie."

She hesitated, turned.

"I'm telling you about it," he said in an irritated tone. "Don't be in such a hurry."

"I've got things to tend to," she reminded him.

He nodded. "There's an old quarry hole on the back road," he explained. "I left my car on the road there and got out to take a look around." He hesitated. "The road has fallen into the quarry. And the brakes must have slipped. She rolled in."

"Into the quarry?"

"Yeah."

Millie considered this.

"You never left your car where she could do that," she said accusingly. "You'd block the wheels."

The memory of his wrongs returned on Sam, bitterly.

"Matter of fact, Millie," he confessed, "that same man pushed her in. That man I run into last night. That Lin Ruble."

She nodded. "He's the fellow that's been fresh to me when he stopped for gas," she told him. "I found out who he was."

"I'll salt him down," Sam boasted. "I'm going after him today."

"What did he do it for?" she asked judicially.

"He was hanging around in there," Sam explained. "This quarry hole, it's in beyond the Delemay farm." He added earnestly, "Millie, there's something going on in there. He's mixed up in it, and this Sloughter. I think they want to keep me out of there."

"If you had any sense, you'd tend to your own business," Millie agreed. "I've told you that."

Sam grinned good-naturedly. "Kind of girds me to have them bust up my car, Millie."

"Keep it where it belongs then," she advised him. "If it wasn't for them two girls, you'd stay where you belong too."

"You keep talking about them," Sam accused her.

"Why wouldn't I?" she countered.

He chuckled at her.

"You're jealous of them, Millie," he accused.

She burned a dull red.

"I hate to see them make a fool of you," she retorted. "Hate to see you chasing in there all the time. Ever since they came, you've been dreaming around. You're always one to take after the first pretty face you see."

"It never did me any good taking after you, Millie."

"Not likely to," she told him positively. "Long as you're a fool."

"Others don't think I'm such a fool," he retorted bitterly. "Not as much of a fool as you think."

"They don't know you," Millie told him. "Or else you're such a fool you fool yourself. You think girls like those two will have anything to do with you?"

"I'm just trying to help them out," Sam insisted. "They need somebody."

"Why don't they get somebody, then, instead of taking your time and not paying you anything?"

"They pay me, all right."

"Pay you for going in there yesterday, did they? Pay you for your car?"

Sam realized that they had, in fact, failed to pay him this time. He had not expected pay; but Millie's attitude had in it enough reason to embarrass him.

"Don't you worry about that," he retorted lamely.

"What's the matter with your legs?" she asked; and when he told her a dog had bitten him, she swung abruptly away, scorn in her eyes.

"I s'pose you'll be going back again for another bite," she said.

"I will if I feel like it," Sam told her angrily.

"You stay away from there, Sam," she insisted. "Don't be such a fool."

"Mind your own business, Millie," he warned her. "I'm grown up. I know what I'm doing."

"You don't act it."

"Is that so?"

They were for a moment silent, both of them boiling with unutterable words; and their eyes met with such bitter glances that each was in turn appalled. It was Millie who turned aside, who went back through the shed into the house. And Sam, left alone in the garage, stood for a moment without moving.

"Gosh, what a girl," he cried rebelliously at last. "Dog-gone her!" He blew upon his anger till it flamed.

And this blazing rage drove him, a moment later, to go into the kitchen. Millie had stepped out to serve gasoline to a car beside the road. Buck sat soddenly by the stove, raised a weary head at Sam's entrance.

"Where you been, Sam?" he asked.

"Oh, shut up, Buck," Sam told him hotly. "You're as bad as Millie."

"She's been taking on. You've got her mad, Sam. You're always upsetting Millie, till a man can't have any peace around here. She jumps on me."

"Get out of her way," Sam advised. "That's what I'm going to do."

"Where you going?"

"My business," Sam replied sharply.

"Somebody's got to tend the shop," Buck reminded him weakly.

"It won't hurt you any," Sam reminded him. "Tell Millie I'll be back when I get ready." He swung toward the kitchen door and out; and when he met Millie face to face on the porch they passed without a word. Sam crossed the road to the car track, and when presently a car came

(Continued on Page 32)

Here's a Six you must surely reckon with if performance means a thing to you—a six that is bound to win you if you care one iota for the very utmost, and at the same time the most economical, in six-cylinder motoring

A big, beautiful, five-passenger, four-door Sedan, with four-wheel brakes and balloon tires —and a Hupmobile—at a remarkable price

Hupmobile Six

(Continued from Page 30)

along, he boarded it. The young man, driven as much by anger at Millie as at himself or by any more direct feeling, was setting out to find Lin Ruble and even up that mounting score. He rode on the street car past Lonesome Inlet and alighted and sought out the Sloughter place; refused to be awed by its vast magnificence, and first at the door and then at the garage inquired whether a man named Lin Ruble was employed there. He was at the fighting point; and if he and Lin had met, his first word would have been a blow.

But Lin, they told him, was not at home; so Sam had his journey for his pains, and when he was at last convinced of this a certain depression fell upon the young man. He had come out to do battle; he must now go tamely back again with bloodless hands, and this necessity of confessing failure weighed upon him so heavily that for a while he delayed boarding one of the cars which passed at twenty-minute intervals. Lin might return.

But Lin did not return, and in the end Sam rode into Lonesome. It occurred to him to stop in that small village and make inquiries. He thought it possible he might encounter Lin there. He did not encounter Lin; but in another matter fortune came his way, for when he came to the small garage which served the village, Peebles' place, and fell into talk with Peebles himself, he found an opportunity to replace his lost car. Peebles had a machine standing behind the shop and for sale; he wanted a hundred and twenty-five, but he and Sam, after some dickering, agreed upon a hundred, and Sam, borrowing number plates from Dave until he could recover or replace his own, drove away a little later with his confidence in himself somewhat restored. The car he drove had not all the virtues of the one he had loved, but neither had it all the vices of the other machine, and Sam found a certain contentment in its willingness, in the very persistence of its rattles and creaks.

A little way beyond Lonesome, he passed another machine, and in the passing had a momentary sense of familiarity. The other car was so like his own, now drowned in the quarry hole. His attention had been upon the road; the impression was a fleeting one. Yet having passed he thought for a moment that it was possible his own car had been salvaged and put in use. Then he realized that the car he had just passed must be that belonging to Bat Brace, Sheriff Budd's deputy. The two, Bat's car and his own, had been alike as twins, and realizing this Sam thought he would like to have a word with Sheriff Budd, and he turned and pursued the other car.

He overtook Bat just short of the Sloughter place, drew alongside him and signaled him to stop. The deputy looked at him, Sam saw, with a curiously resentful glance, but he paid this no particular heed. Bat was stopping, pulling up beside the road; and Sam got out and went forward to speak to him. He was disappointed to find Bat alone in the car, had hoped to find the sheriff there. But Bat would, after all, do almost as well.

Sam greeted him cheerfully, "Hello, Bat!"

Bat nodded, without smiling. "Hello, Sam."

"Where you going so fast?" Sam asked. "You was traveling some, for that old wagon."

Bat looked back at Sam's machine. "Where'd you steal that one?" he countered.

"Bought it," Sam replied. "Got it for a hundred. Not bad, is it?"

"A hundred dollars," Bat repeated. "Where'd you get a hundred dollars?"

"Didn't Dave tell you?" Sam asked. "I told him about it."

Bat looked at him, suddenly alert.

"No." And he listened, his eyes on the road ahead, while Sam ran through the tale. Sam told it laughingly, as a good joke on Lin Ruble as well as on himself, but Bat seemed to fail to see the humor in it.

"You'd better learn to mind your own business," he suggested with surprising rancor, at the end.

Bat Brace

Sam hooted. "You talk like Millie," he declared. "You give me a pain."

Bat looked ahead toward the Sloughter place.

"What you doing down here?" he asked.

"I aimed to have a talk with this Ruble," Sam explained lightly; and Bat hesitated, then looked at Sam with a displeased eye.

"Listen, son," he said paternally. "You'd better keep shy of him. This Ruble's a hard-boiled egg."

"I'll scramble him," Sam promised cheerfully; and he added, "I owe him something else too." He told how Lin had trundled his car into the quarry hole. "I could jail him for that," he declared.

Bat shook his head.

"You're crazy. You couldn't tell who it was in the dark."

"It was him all right," Sam insisted. And he warmed to his subject, told Bat more about his adventures on the back road. "There's something going on in there. You'd better take a look in there, Bat. I thought Dave was with you, and I wanted to talk to him. But you'll do as well. Somebody's got to look out for those two girls in there."

The other eyed him thoughtfully.

"Good-looking, are they?"

"Mighty nice," Sam told him carefully. "The town can't afford to have them get into any trouble."

Bat hesitated.

"I'll go in and see them," he decided. "That's no place for them. They ought not to stay there."

"There's something going on in there," Sam repeated. He eyed Bat. "Guess you've found that out. Prob'ly you and Dave are working on it, Bat."

Bat grinned, started his engine.

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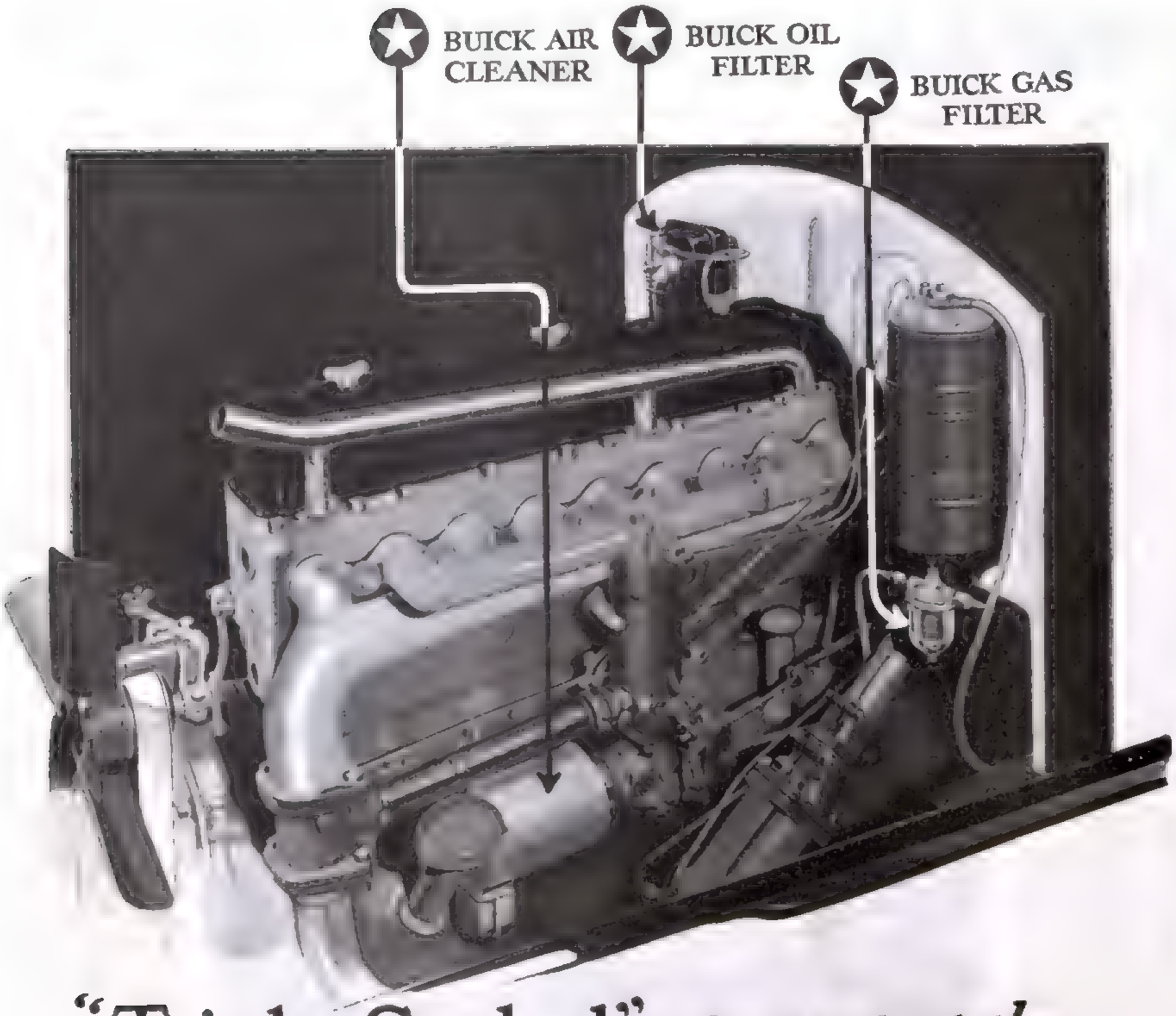
It Did Not Occur to Any of Them That Against the Certainty of Their Return an Ambush Might be Laid



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THREE TO GET READY

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. McCARTHY

I KNOW how golf looks to sane, sober people driving by the course in respectable and partly paid for coupés. It looks silly, aimless, feeble and asinine, and I grant you all that. It looks like a game fit for only imbeciles of a peculiarly weak-minded and demented type. It is not athletic, spectacular, risky or interesting, and it has no high moments—at least, not to the six-room family passing by the joustings on their Sunday ride in the green carryall, although the poor unfortunate who has just missed a forty-dollar putt may find some of its moments high and painful enough.

At any rate, what I mean is this: Golf, as a game, is bound to seem foolish to the honest toiler in his Sunday suit, the serious-minded family man with calloused hands, who spends his life earning a living for himself and the little woman, and whose only outdoor display of physical dexterity consists of lighting a cigarette in a breeze.

Yet there is another side. I contend that this much-maligned pastime of pasting the pallid pellet across the face of Nature is not only an important part of our modern life in America but I insist that often, very often, golf steps directly into human daily affairs, regulates and directs, dictates decisions, and, in moments of perplexity, sometimes guides a man or a woman down the fragile steps of destiny.

Doubting persons will deny this, and there will be intimations that I am not only talking through my fedora but that, taking it by and large, it sounds like a deliberate misstatement of facts. This forces me to remove my coat and prove that golf in America today is only one whit less than the grave problem of what are we going to do with these young girls.

"You're Making a Fine Mistake," I Told Her. "I Have Made Several," She Said. "What is It This Time?"

Behold the city of Lakeside. Lakeside is a tense, spirited suburban town with plenty of red filling stations, radios in every sitting room, clipped lawns, geraniums along the curbing, thirty-seven miles of macadam streets, and a movie theater for every twelve families. The citizens are well dressed. The shops are neat, attractive and up to the minute. The butcher markets no longer use ice, but display their red lobsters and slabs of steak in show cases cooled by frosted pipes.

We are modern, alert, swift-moving people in our town, with vine-and-mortgage-covered bungalows, concealed sprinklers, two-car garages and Maxfield Parrish over the mantel. Most of us drive our own automobiles and virtually all of us play either golf or tennis.

And the best family in Lakeside is that of Henry Pearce, which consists of himself and his daughter, Frances, who is an only child and who would get the gonfalon if there were any gonfalons given for personal pulchritude. We have never had a beauty contest, because nobody would have the courage to compete with Frances Pearce. She grew up in Lakeside, causing more heart trouble than any other one person, and among those growing up with her were myself and Harvey Joyn, who was called Babe by his doting parents for the first six months of his life, and the same name by the rest of the world ever since.

At a tender age, Babe and I, who were always partners, fought our first official battle over Frances, and I won, choking Babe into profane submission and sitting upon him in the dust.

"Is she yours or mine?" I inquired, meaning would Babe marry Frances when he grew up, or would I.

"Yours," he gasped, and the subject remained thus until Babe added six months to his life and ten pounds to his weight.

He won the next battle and the ones that followed. Frances went away to school. The growing process continued all around. She came back home, finished and more desirable than ever and mispronouncing such words as bath, dance and fancy; and from the day she dropped off the train, wearing a metropolitan hat and a saucy pair of French shoes, Babe Joyn neglected his radio shop and followed her around like the chain on a gasoline truck.

My own automobile agency has been doing fairly well for several years and is steadily forging ahead; and as I never changed my mind about Frances in the years of her finishing, I again took up the subject of matrimony in a general way. It was a moonlight night, and, by a miracle, I was alone with Frances under the awning.

"You're a nice boy, Gerald," she said in a kindly tone, the boy part being figurative, because I'm already interested in hair restorers.

"I know I'm a nice boy," I admitted, "but does it win anything?"

"It doesn't win me to be your lawful wedded wife," she said soothingly. "You are just one of my oldest friends. When I marry, I shall expect to feel romantic and sentimental, and I could never feel that way about you, Gerald."

"I'm full of romance," I protested, "only it's below decks"; and from there I plunged into as convincing an argument as a man ever lost, winding up with a brief résumé of the automobile business in Lakeside, and showing her how we had sold three new cars a day for eleven months, to say nothing of the trade in used roadsters.

"I still like you immensely," Frances remarked, when I ran down, "but I do not love you. It would be unfair for me to marry a man I didn't love."

I left the box of candy anyhow, went sadly home, and met Babe Joyn the following morning, his radio shop being next door.

"You win," I said, looking at him gloomily. "Pick up the marbles. I tried to beat you out, but you win anyway."

"Meaning what and how much?" he inquired.

The Babe is an extra-large edition, blond, blue-eyed, with curly hair and an innocent face. He radiates good health and optimism, and is a fine radio man, because he is fascinated with the new art and knows the innermost secrets of variable condensers, grid leaks, short waves and such nonsense. His tangled yellow mane has attracted feminine admiration for years, and I suppose Babe could have married any one of several nice girls; but even while Frances was away being polished he remained faithful to her memory, and on one notable occasion I came across a poem to her, beginning, "Not to your eyes I speak," and escaped manslaughter by swearing that I hadn't read a single word of it.

Mr. Joyn weighs two hundred in his golf socks, is a cheerful soul at all times and thinks he can play a saxophone, but has no other outstanding vices.

"What do I win?" he asked again.

I detailed for him the lamentable events of the night before on the Pearce front porch.

"She will never marry me," I said sadly. "So go ahead."

"You make me laugh," he retorted, not laughing. "I've had it out with her."

"You asked her to marry you?"

"Certainly. Nothing new about that. I started asking her years ago."

"She turned you down?"

He nodded glumly as he coiled a wire around his wrist.

"Did she say that you were not her romantic ideal?"

"No, she did not."

"Or she didn't say that she craved sentiment when she married a man?"

"No."

"Well, what did she say?"

"She said she didn't think she'd marry me, that's all; and if you don't mind dropping the subject and not talking about it any more, that'll be all right with me. You act as though you liked to talk about it."

"It is possible," I said reflectively, "that Frances may be intending to marry somebody we don't know about."

"It is also possible," Babe said, standing over me, "that you are soon going to get a swift crack on the nose."

I dismissed the subject and went on into my place to sell a man a sedan.

That afternoon we played golf—four of us, all ancient enemies. We play a great deal of golf in Lakeside, because we have a plentiful supply of courses, most of them within easy reach; and Babe Joyn is one of our leading sluggers—or was. I, also, am a very good golf player and have no

(Continued on Page 37)

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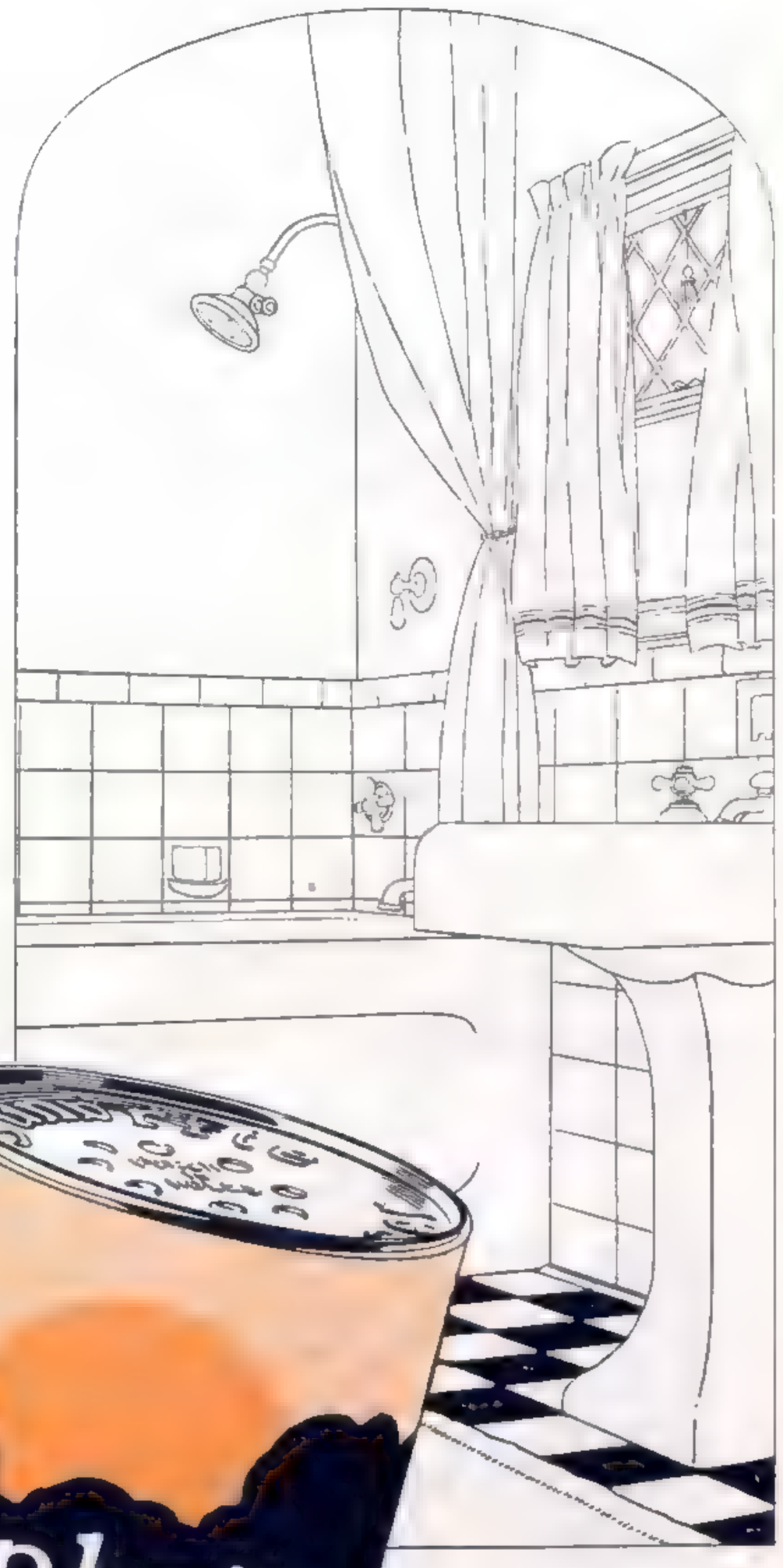

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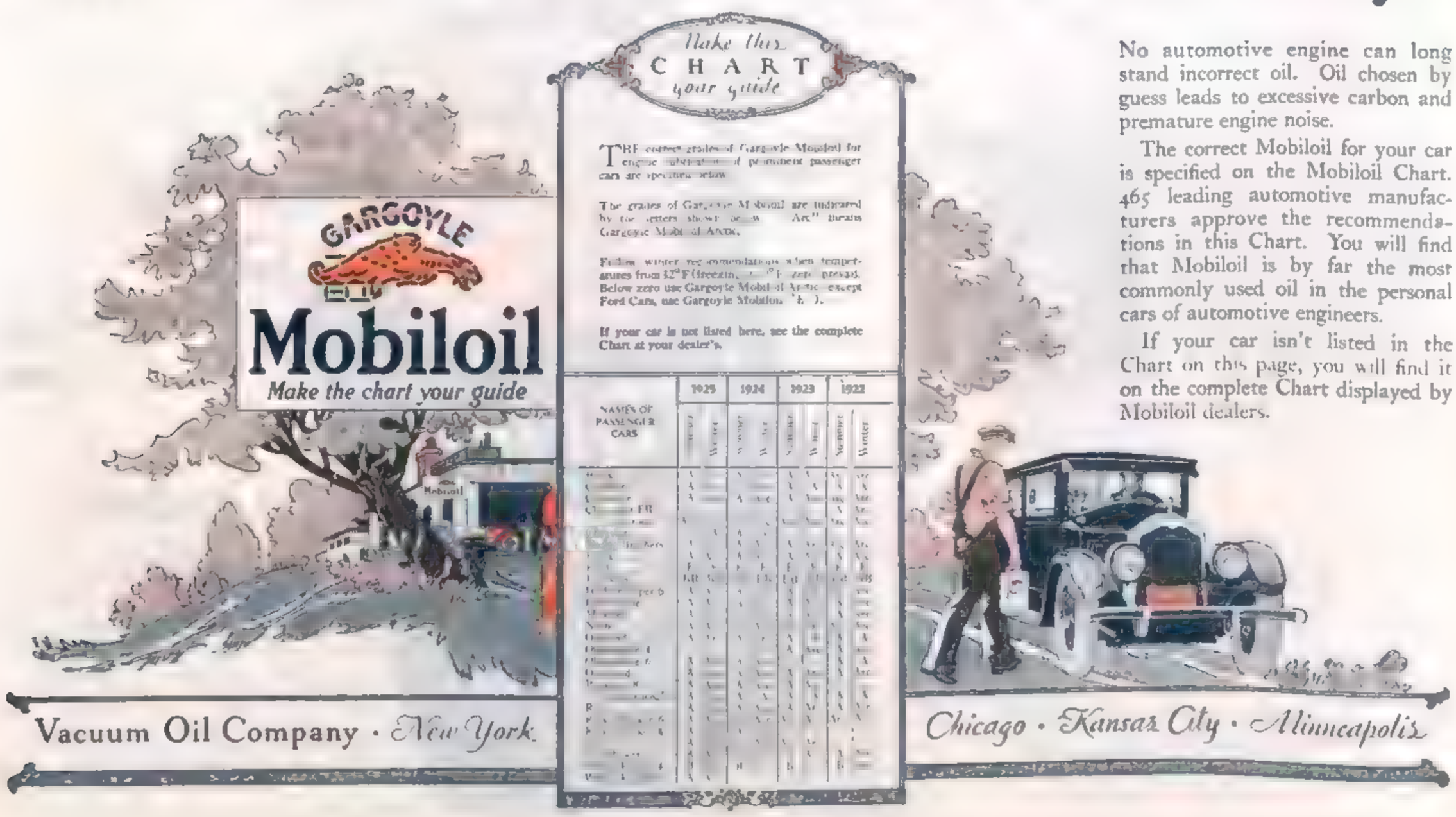
Their conclusions are based on thousands of technical reports and engine blue-prints secured through constant contact with the automobile manufacturers of the country.



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false modesty about so recognizing myself. At that game I am good, the same as a fifty-dollar bill is good. So is Clarke Denny, the sock-and-collar seller, one of our old pals and the proud proprietor of Denny's Lakeside Haberdashery, where you can buy anything from a button to a bathrobe at prices only slightly more than they charge on Fifth Avenue, New York.

Following my talk with Frances Pearce and the subsequent discussion with Babe, I turned forever from sentimental contemplations and devoted my life to the automobile business, with golf on the side. Now and then I paused to mourn over Babe, because I could see that he still loved Frances and that his blasted hopes were interfering with his mashie shots.

He can normally hit a golf ball a half mile or more, and at one time I felt certain he would step into the early seventies and thus become a genuinely good golfer—a player fit to enter the state amateur tournaments, with reasonable expectation of triumph.

From the day Frances came home full of dreamy notions and tossed him overboard Babe's game went to smash, and he became a most ordinary duffer. I, who never could, now beat him with little or no effort.

As one conversant with the facts, I knew Frances was making a mistake in not marrying Babe, because if there ever was a man marked out to be a good husband, it was Babe Joyn. A person must have certain obvious qualities to become a good husband, and I know what they are without having many of them myself.

Babe, on the other hand, has them all. He was never a run-around. His morals are satisfactory. He never argues with anyone, particularly women; never rises to angry heights, and is a cheerful, sunny thing to have in a large house; also, he is kindly and sympathetic, liberal in money matters, gentle toward all womankind, and respects the female tribe with a sort of blind devotion that surpasseth all understanding.

A person should be sensible about women. I know, for example, that the female sex is a great deal like any other sex, and that all its members are not serene and flawless souls with through tickets to paradise. I know that, but Babe does not. He was born in the belief that the frail creatures come from a different world, and are all gossamer superbeings, as far above man as man is beyond swamp slugs.

This is a lovely creed, and I sometimes envy Babe. I stay up later than he does and get around more, and to me, ladies are ladies, some of them lovely and beyond rubies and some of them sourer than a Siberian raspberry and just as full of stickers.

There came, in the course of time, a new family to Lakeside, consisting of mother and son. The mother was Mrs. Burke Titensor and the son was Norman, both of them fresh from New York City and consequently impressive to our people. Nobody knew much about them except that they seemed to have money and bore with them the air of people who might have lived in a Park Avenue flat.

The mother was a large, appalling woman in black silk, with jet beads and bangles that tinkled when she walked. They began life in Lakeside with a closed car and a chauffeur, and the latter established them. We are not a chauffeuring community, being mostly self-drivers and putting on no lugs.

Norman was a tall, pleasant, insincere-looking fellow, who laughed a great deal, told funny stories and shot an average eighty-five, and he was immediately admitted to the golfing circle. He had a white soulful face and burning black eyes, and when you turn that combination in the general direction of eager young girlhood, you bowl them over by the score.

Ten days after the new family settled in the old Dowden place on Sycamore Avenue I looked at the situation with the eye of an expert and heard the bell ring. If Babe's chances had been dead before, they were now double-dead, buried and with lichen growing on the headstone. Miss Frances Pearce, after many years of patient waiting, had finally found her man—the one male biped in a nation of fifty million who could flood her young life with romance and the sweet fripperies of sentiment; and I have not the slightest doubt that Norman Titensor had a fancy line of goods when alone with a girl in the moonlight.

"You waited too long, fella," I said to Babe in the calm of his radio store. "Frances Pearce is going to marry Norman and I'll bet eight to five."

"What of it?" Babe asked. "What do I care?"

He said this as though he expected actually to fool me.

"Nothing," I replied, "except that you were always the right man. Mind you, I say nothing against Mr. Titensor, beyond the simple statement that I don't like him and I think he's a four-flusher. This New York accent, for instance, is a fake. There is something sinister under his perpetual jocularity, but never mind that. You had your chance, lasting twelve years or more, so I suppose you deserve to lose her."

"For a lad in the automobile business," said Babe, "you certainly attend to a lot on the outside. I'm through with Frances. That's all over and settled, only I can't get you to let it alone. A kind of a natural grave digger, you are."

"All right," I persisted. "This is a big mistake, if it goes through, and I'm not saying it's going through. You should have had her, and you would have if you'd had enough sense to be romantic at moderate intervals and tell her some of this foolish truck girls like to hear, instead of giving her the late news about indoor antennæ and what to do with a bad case of static."

"Dry up, will you?" Babe asked wearily.

In addition to flourishing as the national pastime, with four thousand new addicts per day, golf is also a study in psychology, if that's what I mean. Baseball consists of a group of hired men demanding more pay and dashing about in their own perspiration, while a mob of motionless dyspeptics looks on. Football, of course, is light manslaughter or legalized assault, fit only for rugged youth and lads careless of whether their floating ribs are still with the concern or lie out upon the blazing greensward. Lawn tennis is all right if the valves of the heart are opening and closing on all six, which is rarely the case with persons over thirty. Handball is one of the few forms of galloping aberration that can be acquired without calling for arrest and detention within strong walls, and bowling, to me, is an incomprehensible exercise that seems to flourish mainly in the Middle West, where the voters will do anything rather than stay home nights.

But golf—there you have a real game, a perfect combination of the mental and the physical, a delicately balanced

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"I Missed That Shot, Norman, and I am Sorry to Say You Made Me Do It"

ALONG CAME AÏDA

I Finishes With a Shrug and With My Hand to My Throat, Registering the Idea That My Rich Voice Had Gone Bloody

By SAM HELLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

YOU'D imagine the missus would have considered her job of turning a pool-room caterpillar into a ballroom butterfly done when she got me to the point of high polish where I could click through an eight-course dinner and come out exactly even on the knives, forks and spoons; but there's no satisfying the wrens. A man's never just so to a wife; he's lucky if he's just so-so. How good he really is never comes out until his widow's having a squabble over the insurance money with her second husband.

I had a feeling that more varnish was being mixed for me when I grouches home from golf one Sunday and finds Lizzie Magruder there for tea, together with her gem of a Jim, and the Ritters. Lizzie's my unlucky number. Whenever she crashes the hut it's Friday the thirteenth and I'm walking under the stepladders with an open umbrella, knocking mirrors off the wall.

"How was your game?" asks Ritter.

"How do I look like it was?" I growls.

"You look," returns Hank, "like slices into the rough, hooks into the lake and four putts to the hole. What'd you go around in?"

"My knickers," I answers, surly.

"Cheer up," grins Ritter, malicious. "The girls have a pleasant surprise for you."

"Two to one," says I, "that it isn't a surprise and ten to one it isn't pleasant if it is."

"I'll take some of that two to one," offers Hank. "Spring it on him, Lizzie."

"We're all getting season tickets for the opera," beams the Magruder miscue. "Every Monday night. Isn't that just too grand for words?"

"Most operas are, aren't they?" I sneers.

"Are what?" demands the frau.

"Too grand for words. Ever hear of 'em stooping to use some you could understand?"

"That's why it's called grand opera, isn't it, Lizzie?" puts in Ritter.

"I suppose so," she replies, "but I really never gave the matter any thought." As if she had any to give to this matter or, for that matter, any matter. Like the gag has it, you could have thrown a couple of clawing cats through that jane's head without leaving a scratch on her brains.

"Would it interest you to know," I remarks to Kate, "that I'm not going to the uproar?"

"Oh, yes," answers the wife. "Would it interest you to know that six and six equals fifteen?"

"But it doesn't," protests Lizzie.

"That," suggests Hank, "is what makes it interesting. Of course Dink's coming with us."

"Don't be so careless with your of courses," I yelps. "Monday's the night I go to the Paradise Lost Literary and That's Good Social Club and I wouldn't miss a session for ——"

"We picked Monday," cuts in the missus, "to kill two birds with one stone—pull you away from those low gambling friends of yours and get you into an atmosphere of high cultures."

"High cultures, eh?" says I, sarcastic. "Hot lot of cultures you can pick up crowding in among a mob of overfed and underbred pearl and sable toters, who don't know the difference between an aria and an areaway or an oboe from a hobo, listening to gossip about the other buymes and gimmes in the house."

"Where'd you get those spiffy musical expressions?" asks Ritter.

"Which?" I comes back.

"Aria and oboe," returns Hank.

"Didn't I graduate with the cross-word puzzle class of '24?" I answers.

"Eheu!" recalls Ritter. "You did. Don't you like music, Dink?"

"Sure," says I, "but I want to pick the kind, the time and the place."

"Jazz in a barroom at three A.M., I suppose," sneers Jim Magruder.

"Let it lay that way," I agrees, prompt. "Music is in the ear of the listener, and if I can get a run out of Who Drowned the Kitten in Grandpa's Gruel at three A.M. in a night club, that's the kind of music for me. Are you supposed to enjoy music or just suffer through it? Answer me that."

"Opera music," contributes Lizzie, "is classical and you're not expected to get any pleasures out of classical things."

"You must be classical," I remarks.

"I've got classical features, haven't I, Jim?" inquires the deficit, tilting her Hogan Alley profile.

"She's the kind of a girl," warbles Ritter, "that brains forget."

"Don't pay any attention to them," flares up Kate. "Anybody that's anybody goes to the opera, and I'm going to make a somebody out of this nobody of mine if it's the last act of my life."

"What act are we in now?" I asks.

"The curtain's just gone up," replies the wife, grim, "on the first scene of a play called Making a Silk Purse Out of a Souse's Ear. You're going to the opera every Monday night and you're going to like it."

"I'm going to like it, am I?" I grumbles. "If you keep on talking to me that way, I won't like it even if I do. Be reasonable, dearie," I goes on. "I don't know anything about that sort of music and ——"

"What of it?" cuts in the frau. "You weren't born with the knowledge that a flush beat a straight or a straight beat a flush—which is it?"

"Depends on the size of the bet," answers Hank, "and how close the other guy is to the cloth."

"But," continues Kate, "you played around with the rent money until you found out. Now you're going to play around with operas until you discover whether a fugue is something to season frogs' legs with or a musical instrument."

"And I," offers Lizzie bravely, "will help you."

"What do you know about operas?" I flings at her.

"Didn't Kate tell you I studied vocal for three years?" she comes back. "Everybody predicted a wonderful career for me."

"That must have been the year," I remarks, "when everybody predicted a tough winter and it didn't snow until after Washington's Birthday."

"What year was that?" asks the Magruder miserere.

"Ninety-eight," I tells her.

"No," says Lizzie, "it was in 1902 that I gave up my studies."

"Why'd you quit?" I inquires.

"Love," she giggles, "came tapping at my windowpane. Didn't it, Jim?"

"Pass me a mess of kraut and another pig's foot," snorts Ritter, reaching for the platter. "Wonderful, isn't it, the different things you can get off of a hog?"

"If you get a little pin money," comments the missus, cold, "you're lucky. I don't want to drag the conversation out of the stockyards," she adds, "but is it all settled about the opera Monday nights?"

Everybody but me agrees that it is.

"Don't I get a vote?" I demands.

"No," returns Kate. "You're not even registered in this house."

II

WHEN I sees Ritter at lunch downtown the next day he slips me a book.

"The form sheet for tonight's races," he announces.

"Who's running?" I inquires.

"A couple of fillies named Aïda and Amneris, Rhadames and a whole jag of Egyptians," he answers. "You've heard of Céleste Aïda, haven't you?"

"Not me," I assures him. "The only Céleste I ever knew was that froggy frill that used to kidnap the hats down at Mike Sweeney's French Rotisserie. Is that oo-la-la singing in the show?"

"Read the book, goop," says Hank, disgusted, "and find out for yourself."

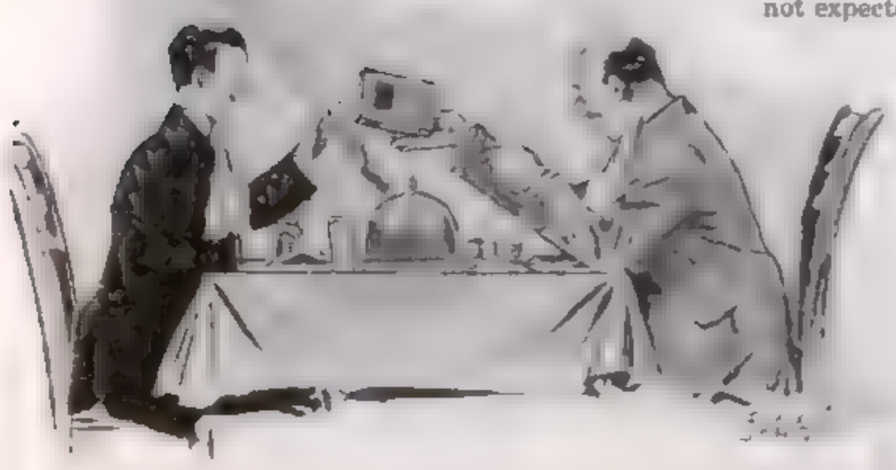
"I'll find out tonight, won't I?" I comes back.

"Yes, you won't," returns Ritter. "You got as much chance of getting wise to what all the shooting's about in Aïda, hearing it the first time, as a herring has of learning to play the flute by listening to a shad cooing to its roe."

"Why?" I wants to know. "Am I such a stupe?"

"When you considers," says Hank, "that this opera's about a hotsy-totsy scandal on the Nile and is sung in Italian by a lot of Germans to an audience that's gossiping

(Continued on Page 40)



When I Sees Ritter at Lunch Downtown the Next Day He Slips Me a Book

To drive a car with Body by Fisher not only indicates taste and discrimination, but it points the owner's recognition of the economies which result from sound construction and enduring finish

FISHER BODIES

BODY by FISHER

(Continued from Page 38)

in English, you don't have to be such a stupe to muff the plot. That's why I brought the book—so you can get jerry to who's who and what for before you plant yourself in a five-fifty and war tax."

"I don't want it," I growls. "There's no fun sitting through a show if you know how it's going to end."

"Don't worry," says Ritter. "All operas end alike. Everybody dies and is buried. In Aïda they don't even wait for 'em to die; they just bury 'em."

"What a swell evening's entertainment this is going to be," I remarks, "with Lizzie Magruder beside me and funerals in front of me. Have you read the book, Hank?"

"From cradle to the grave," he answers.

"Then I don't have to," says I. "You can tip me off to the ante-mortem doings on the stage."

"Not a chance," snaps Ritter. "I'm back on my sleep now and I don't want you to wake me up to ask questions."

I takes the book to the office with me, and late in the afternoon, there not being much doing, I picks it up and gives it a peruse. The plot's not so easy to follow. You start out in Egypt and the next thing you know the scene shifts to Memphis, Tennessee, and then across the river to Thebes, Illinois. One minute you got your toes in the Nile and the next you're wading in the Mississippi. The whole thing's a kind of geographical jag.

The story, though, I finds is full of pash, a couple of goofy gals tearing each other's bobs out over a boy scout named Rhadames, who's busy licking the Ethiops with one hand and singing duets with the other. Like Hank told me, the piece finishes up with Rhad and his sweetie, Céleste, being buried alive. You just know they're being buried alive, because they sing about it. If the stuff they pull in opera was to be carried out in real life, a bimbo with inflammatory rheumatism would probably tell the world about his sufferings by turning handsprings out on the ice in his birthday suit.

Besides the plot of Aïda, the book has a whole lot of hooey about how the piece come to be written by Gus Verdi and a discussion of the music in the play, comparing it with the work of Wagner and other big-time tin-panners and ivory-bangers. Most of it means as much to me as a wet fin does to a fish, but while I'm routing the eye over the pages I gets a hunch. I takes a piece of paper, jots down some notes and by the time I reaches home I'm trained down fine for the opera and ready for the bell.

"We're going to have one more person in the party," says the wife; "somebody that knows everything about Aïda."

"Who's that?" I asks. "Gus Verdi?"

"Gus Verdi?" repeats Kate, puzzled.

"The lad," I explains, "that wrote the opera."

"Nobody named Gus ever wrote anything," snaps the frau, "unless, maybe, he did it with a stencil on beer cases. Lizzie's bringing along a friend of hers who teaches music."

"The insult adding an injury to the party," I mumbles.

"I want you," goes on the missus, "to sit between Lizzie and Miss Mozart so they can tell you what the performance is all about."

"Isn't it possible," I suggests, "that you might need a little info yourself?"

"It's possible," admits Kate, "that I'll need a little, but it's certain that you'll need a good deal more than all there is. I, anyhow, know enough to tell a French horn from a male quartet."

"That's easy," says I. "A quartet is the answer to an old riddle."

"What riddle?" she bites.

"What is it," I mildews, "that has eight legs and sings?"

"You go right upstairs and dress," orders the wife, peevish.

"All right," I returns, taking a sneaky look at the notes I'd made in the office; "but remember this, Oh, Katherina, if you should wonder at the finale of the second act how the modulation of the Egyptian trumpeters is produced, ask me and I'll explain the movement for you from A flat to B natural."

Kate looks at me kind of surprised and sniffs the air suspiciously, but she doesn't think anything out loud. When I sees her again she's dressed within an inch of my credit and the rest of the gang has arrived at the house, including Miss Mozart.

The piano teacher's not such an ache in the face excepting for a kind of dopy far-away look in her lamps like she was trying to think where she'd left the music she forgot to bring with her.

"Are you a music lover?" she asks me.

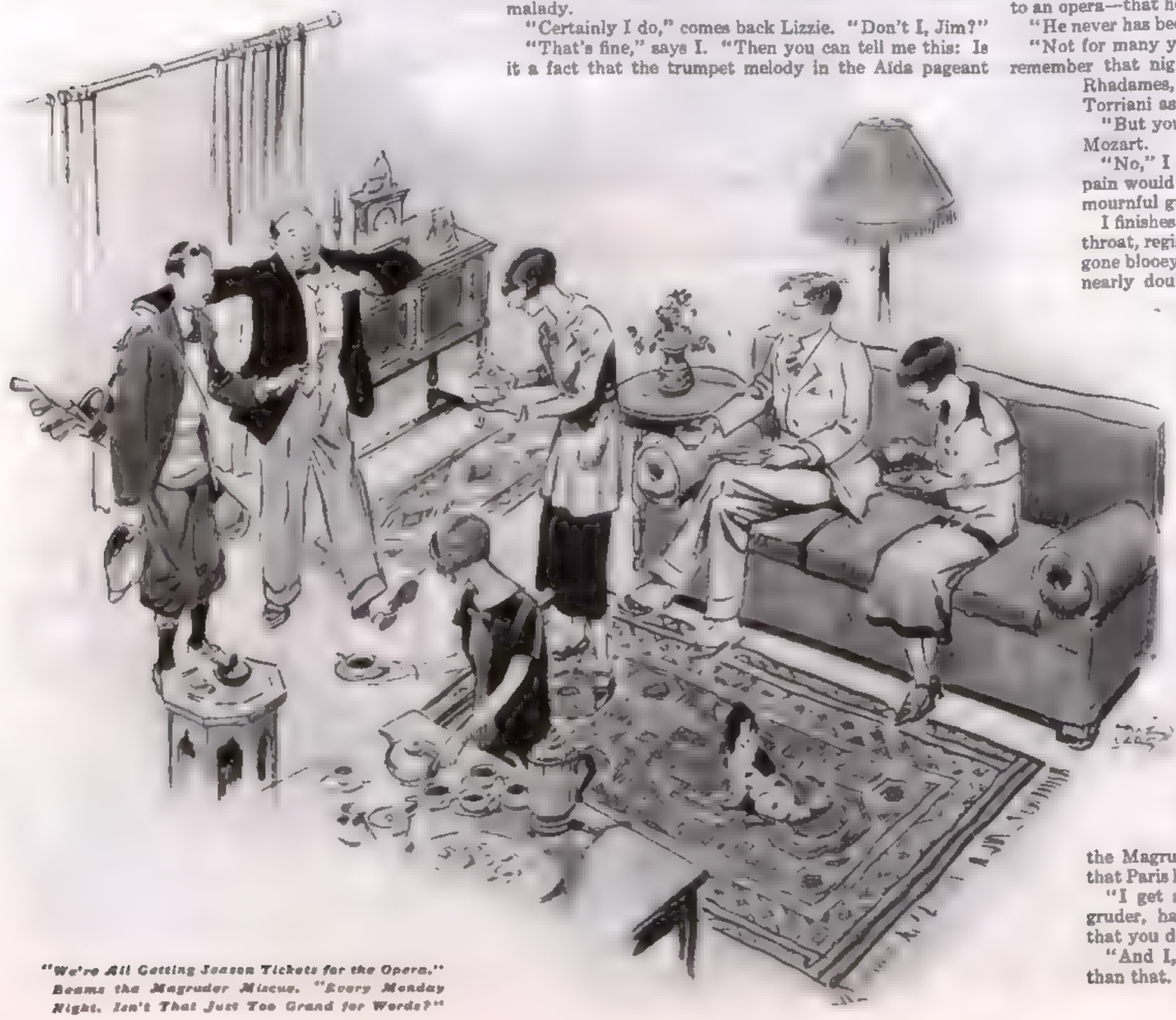
"Well," I answers, "I wouldn't say a lover; you might call me a sweetheart of ——"

"He doesn't know the first thing about it," cuts in Lizzie, with that good-natured delicacy for which she is noted. "We want you to help him understand Aïda."

"Do you understand it?" I shoots at the Magruder malady.

"Certainly I do," comes back Lizzie. "Don't I, Jim?"

"That's fine," says I. "Then you can tell me this: Is it a fact that the trumpet melody in the Aïda pageant



"We're All Getting Season Tickets for the Opera," Beams the Magruder Missus. "Every Monday Night. Isn't That Just Too Grand for Words?"

"Great!" Returns Ritter, Slapping Me on the Back. "You Knocked 'Em for an Octave"

scene was plagiarized from the Coronation March of Meyerbeer's Prophete?" It had taken me fifteen minutes upstairs to memorize that crack.

"Meyer beer!" jeers Magruder. "What kind of beer is that? The song you're thinking of must be The Brewer's Big Horses Can't Run Over Me."

"He's just being silly," adds Kate.

"Cross-word-puzzle talk," sniffs Lizzie.

I slips a wink to Ritter, who's got a wise grin on, and then turns to Miss Mozart with a hurt, misunderstood expression.

"What is your opinion?" I asks.

"Musicians," says she, "have been arguing the matter for years. Personally, I think the resemblance is quite discernible in ——"

"But," I cuts in quick, while the lines are still fresh in my mind, "you must admit that stylistically the entire scene is Meyerbeerian."

"I thought," returns Miss Mozart, with a look of surprise at Lizzie, "you said that Mr. O'Day had never been to an opera—that he didn't understand music."

"He never has been to one," snaps the frau.

"Not for many years," I admits sadly, "but well do I remember that night at La Scala, with Campanini as Rhadames, Victor Maurel as Amonasro and Torriani as Aïda."

"But you haven't heard it lately?" asks Miss Mozart.

"No," I replies, with a sort of shudder. "The pain would be too great. I, too," I adds, with a mournful gulp, "once sang, but ——"

I finishes with a shrug and with my hand to my throat, registering the idea that my rich voice had gone blooey. I glances around the room. Hank's nearly doubled up over the installment-period cheese lounge. His missus and the Magruders are all dressed up in a becoming blank look, while Kate's teetering halfway between curious and being in a rage.

"It's time we were going," she says, sharp, and starts for the door. I trails behind with Ritter.

"Gosh," whispers Hank, "you must have spent the whole afternoon studying that book!"

"Aïda," I whispers back, "was first produced in Cairo, December 24, 1871, and at the La Scala in Milan, February 7, 1872. The cast was——"

"Can the cuckoo cackle!" rasps Ritter. "How much dope you got in your head?"

"Enough in the head," I tells him, "and in my pocket to last the whole show through."

"Good!" grins Hank. "Need any help?"

"You can do this," says I. "When I tips you the office, drag the whole party into conversation so I can get a flash at my notes. No, no," I goes on, when we gets within earshot of the Magruders, "it was not until April 7, 1876, that Paris heard Aïda. Did you know that, Jim?"

"I get along very nicely," comes back Magruder, haughty, "without knowing anything that you do."

"And I," says Lizzie, "can get along on less than that. Can't I, Jim?"

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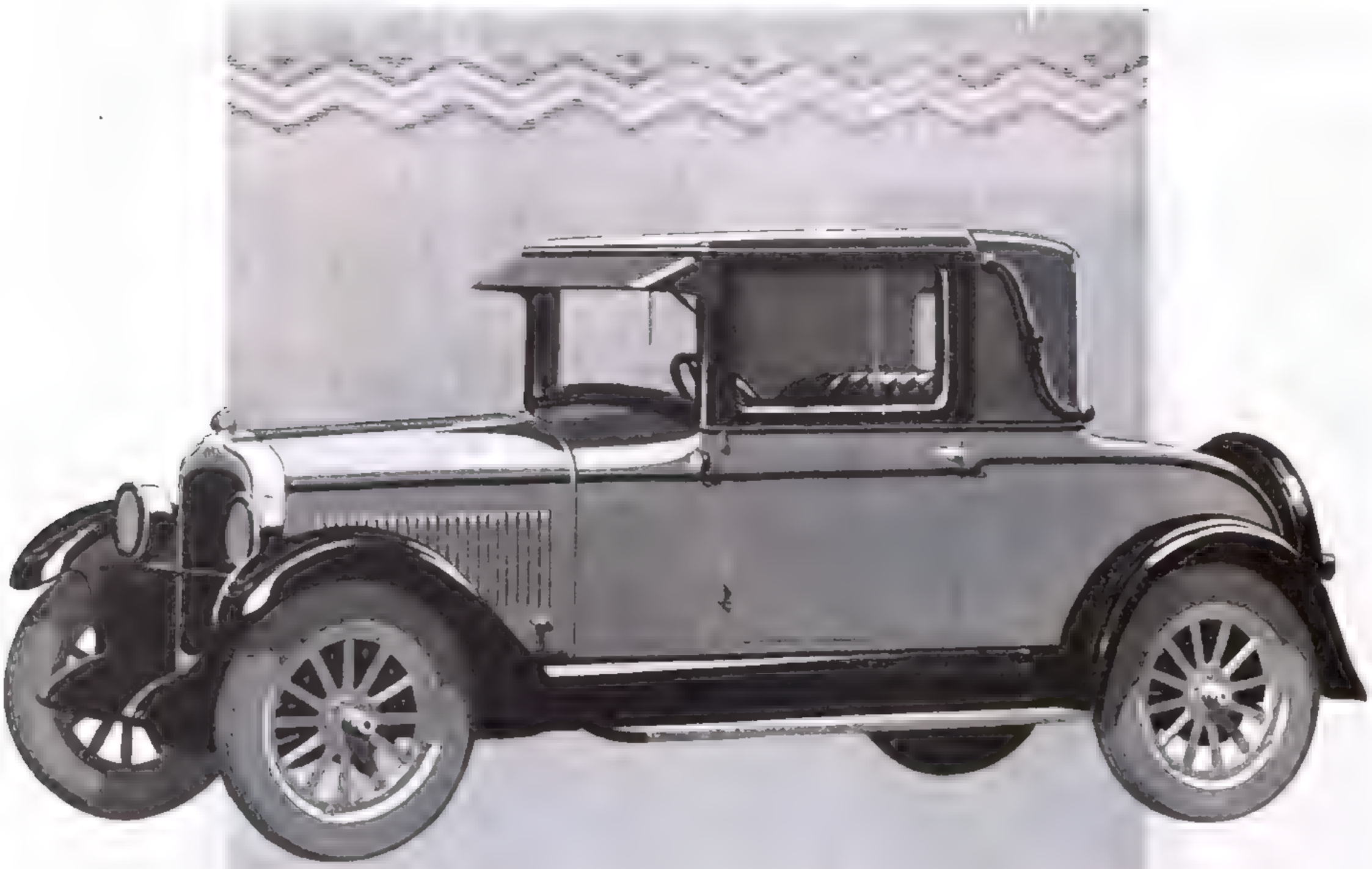

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FORTY YEARS OF MELODY

By CHARLES K. HARRIS

Some of the Members of the Committee of Authors and Song Writers Who Went to Washington in 1924 to Protect Their Rights in the Copyright Bill of 1909

HARRY ASKINS, formerly manager of the New York Hippodrome for a season, one morning called to see me at my office, and as I was busy opening up my mail, I told him to make himself at home until I was through. He picked up a dramatic paper and started to read. At that moment my secretary announced that a gentleman wished to see me on an important matter; that he would not give his name. Mr. Askins asked if he should leave the room. I told him that it was not necessary, as I did not think it was anything important. I then told my secretary to show the gentleman in. He came in. He was six feet tall and weighed about 270 pounds. He came to the point immediately:

"My sister is a song writer She sent you a manuscript six months ago and it was never returned to her. I want it and I want it quick."

By his looks I saw he meant business. Harry was quietly laughing behind his newspaper, but it was no joke to me.

"All right," said I. "I will see if I can locate it. Will you please be seated?"

"Not on your life!" said he. "Get a hustle on and find that song."

I surely did. I waded through about fifty manuscripts, and perspiration was pouring down my face; and as fate would have it, it was the last manuscript in the drawer.

When I handed it over to him he looked it over carefully and said, "That's it. Let me tell you, sir, it's a good thing you found it. Otherwise I would have cleaned up the place with you." I really believe he would. "I know you guys," he continued. "You get manuscripts and then take the best parts out of them and use them for your own songs, saying you lost the original manuscript or that you never saw it. I am wise to your tricks, but I fooled you this time"

"You sure did," said I quietly.

He stumped out of the office. I breathed a sigh, and Askins let out one yell of laughter.

"That's the funniest thing I have ever heard," said he.

"That's nothing," said I, "after you get used to it."

Rules for Amateur Song Writers

AMATEUR song writers sometimes have the idea that publishers steal their lyrics and melodies, when actually there is probably not a first-class publisher in New York who would not be glad if the majority of them would refrain from sending in their manuscripts. Time and time again I have been threatened with lawsuits on account of mislaid manuscripts. These amateur writers should send their material to recognized publishers, and if they have any merit they will receive due consideration.

It may not be out of place to say a few words here for the guidance of those who would submit songs to a publisher. The song being completed in lyrics and melody and accompaniment, the writer of the lyrics and the composer should confer together, play the song over on the piano, see that the words in meter, feet—number of syllables—and accent throughout fit the melody naturally and correctly. Words and music of a well-written song must always fit. If there are any questionable defects study them over carefully and find a means to eradicate any such blemishes. Haste and impatience should never be allowed to influence the mind of the song writer who seeks success.

If possible, have your song tried out, or sung at some public entertainment or concert. Here you can hear it sung by others than yourself. You will then see how the song goes on its own merits. Some hitherto unseen or unsuspected defect may in this way possibly be discovered, and you are consequently able to correct it before the song goes to the printer or publisher. Remember that when your song is published and placed on sale it is too late to change it, unless you do it very quickly and are willing to go to much extra expense. Be sure it is as good as you can possibly make it in all points before it leaves your hand.

Never let your song be printed or presented to an artist or a responsible publishing house unless the manuscript copy of the music be written in ink, in a good legible hand, and arranged by a first-class arranger, as a poorly written manuscript is always greatly handicapped. An extra typewritten set of the words should always accompany your complete manuscript when sent to artist, publisher or manager. Never send your original copy to anyone. Have several copies made, so that if for any reason a manuscript is lost or not returned promptly, you are able to continue your promotion of the song by the use of your other copies.

If the author and the composer feel that they are not prepared to publish and handle their composition personally, there is always the other medium—the regular publisher of music.

The usual course to pursue in the case of an unpublished manuscript is to place it with a publisher on a royalty basis. If the song is successful this arrangement always results much more satisfactorily to the author from a financial standpoint.

Royalty, it should be explained, is a certain stipulated percentage given the owner or owners of a manuscript on all sales of the composition during the life of the copyright, which is twenty-eight years from the date of copyright, and which can be renewed for twenty-eight years more. Copies issued by the publisher as new issues—that is to say, copies sent to the trade—at a very low price as a means of introducing the song, enabling the music dealer, should he have a call for the piece, to have one or more copies on hand so that he may know that the piece is published and by whom; also the copies that are given away to professional singers, soiled copies, and so on—are not, of course, included among those on which royalty is paid. It is needless to say that a reliable publisher—and there are many in New York City and throughout the country—invariably exercises a judicious control over the circulation and disposition of copies on which there is no royalty.

By placing your composition with a publisher of music you are relieved of all expense and speculation, and the time that would otherwise be devoted to its promotion and sale is saved. The publisher, after acceptance of your composition, assumes entire control of it and everything connected with it, from the time of its acceptance to the day on which it appears on the market. Having at his command countless channels and avenues for its exploitation and sale, he stands in a far better position to promote success for a good composition than the private individual could ever hope to attain.

Royalty contracts offered by the representative publishers differ in many of their minor points, but their general and main features are nearly all the same. Two cardinal points to be looked into when a contract is offered and received for your signature are:

The amount of royalty offered.

A time limit for the publication of regular copies—that is, the copies offered for sale—to be set, so that if the composition is not published within the period stipulated—usually six months—the owner of the manuscript is at liberty to dispose of it elsewhere and the copy will be returned to him on demand.

The Royal Road to Tin Pan Alley

TWO cents is the usual amount of royalty for all compositions on each copy of popular songs sold at the regular rates, to be equally divided between the author and the composer.

An interpolated number in a musical comedy, even though it be a popular song, is three cents a copy. The regular musical-comedy numbers, written exclusively for that musical show, range from three to six cents a copy, to be equally divided between author and composer. Statements of royalties are usually rendered every six months and are computed from January first and July first.

In placing compositions on royalty with publishers a transfer of or sole right to the copyright of the composition is invariably demanded by the publisher. Occasionally the composition is bought outright by the publisher. Where this arrangement obtains, the author and the composer are required to sign a bill of sale or an assignment paper. In this they release all their right, title and interest in the composition to the publisher or purchaser.

A reliable publisher will not accept your manuscript if he does not think there is a reasonable chance of success for it. Success for the publisher means success financially for you. Incidentally, however, your reputation will avail nothing if the quality of your work does not at all times back it up. It is far better to write two or three songs that are really good and novel in all points than to manufacture an endless stream of songs of merely mediocre quality.

To those who would become song writers I offer the following advice: Watch your competitors. Note their success or failure; analyze the cause and profit thereby.

(Continued on Page 44)

The MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA

There is this about Paige that sets it apart and alone in automotive history: The same group of able and conscientious men who built the first Paige are building the New PAIGE. • • And because through all these 17 years, these men have realized that they were building reputations as well as motor cars—they have always built exceedingly well. Reputations that are 17 years in the making are not lightly held. • • Men who adhere to an ideal with religious fidelity for 17 years, are not easily swayed from their high purpose. • • Unless the newest Paige was in truth a finer Paige—unless it would add in splendid measure to the splendid prestige of Paige—it could never go forth to market. • • But it *is* going forth. And very soon, now, you shall see it. A finer, smarter, more enduring car. A car that not only in appearance—but in things mechanical, too—is "*The Most Beautiful Car in America.*"

· PAIGE ·

See the New Paige at the Motor Shows—and learn its new low price

(722)

(Continued from Page 42)

Note public demand. If you do not feel competent to write or compose a certain style of song, stick to the kind you are sure of, and gradually adapt yourself to the others, if possible, before publicly presenting your work.

Avoid slang and vulgarism.

Wherever possible avoid many-syllabled words and those containing hard consonants.

In writing lyrics be concise; get to your point quickly and when you arrive there make the point as strong as possible.

Simplicity in melody is one of the great secrets of success.

Let your melody musically convey the character and sentiment of the lyrics.

When writing popular songs, always remember that it is the masses, the untrained musical public, to whom you must largely look for support and popularity. Don't, therefore, offer them anything which in subject or melody does not appeal to their ear. It is so much time thrown away if you do.

When you write to or visit a publisher don't worry him with a history of what you have written or accomplished. He cares nothing about it, for no matter how many successes you may have had or how popular your name may have become, if the composition which you offer does not possess the merits he regards as necessary, your former successes will not make your present offering of any greater value than that which would attach to the work of an utterly unknown writer.

If a publisher tells you coldly that he cannot use your composition, do not show that you are hurt; and do not make the foolish mistake of telling him that he evidently does not know a good composition when he sees one. Even if he may suffer from so great a misfortune, remember that he is the purchaser and has to invest the money. It is therefore his privilege to accept or refuse, and it is his judgment that counts and nobody else's. Always be gracious and polite, for you never know how soon you may need his interest and good will in some other connection.

Don't think everything you write is a sure hit. Neither you nor anyone else knows the outcome until the public pronounces the verdict.

Don't let your vanity get the upper hand of you. Often an outside suggestion properly considered will be of inestimable value.

Don't get too easily discouraged. If at first you don't succeed, try again.

Don't give up pushing your song until it has had every chance. Remember that though you or your immediate friends have grown tired of it through familiarity, there are thousands and thousands to whom it still is a novelty.

Don't, when your name at last appears on the title page of a piece of music, sit all day admiring it. Get out and hustle. Let others do the admiring. It is much more effective.

Copyrighting Your Brain Child

IF YOU desire to copyright your own composition or any other piece of music, address a letter to the Librarian of Congress, Copyright Office, Washington, D. C., and request him to mail you one or more application copyright registration blanks, which he will send you free of charge. Directions for filling out application blanks and fullest information on how to proceed to obtain correct copyrights for your compositions will be found upon the back of the blank. The entry fee for a composition is fifty cents; certificate fee fifty cents extra.

The law explicitly requires in addition the transmission of two printed copies of the title, which must be sent with the application in order to insure entry of copyright. If typewritten title is sent it will be used, but at the risk of the applicant. No entry can be made upon a written title. Preferably the printed title cover of music should be sent when this contains complete title with names of author of the words and composer or arranger of the music and instrumentation. Typewritten titles are accepted upon the sole responsibility of the sender.

In addition to the entry of title, the law requires the deposit of two complete copies of the best edition of the work itself, not later than the day of publication in this or any foreign country.

Copies of the blank application forms can be obtained as stated above. Make requests for blank forms in separate communications, not as part of a letter relating to other copyright business.

Remittances should always be made preferably by money order or by express order or bank draft. Currency or coin should not be sent, and checks only upon special arrangement with the register of copyrights. Postage stamps should under no circumstances be sent for copyright fees.

The fee for registration of the copyright in Canada is two dollars, and there is a further fee of one dollar for a certificate of registration.

The new copyright law passed in 1909 allows the owner of the copyright a royalty of two cents upon each record sold. For a music roll containing both words and music four cents royalty a roll is paid. For an interpolated number in a musical comedy six cents royalty for each roll is paid.

Special arrangements are usually made with the publisher and writers for mechanical royalties; often 50 per cent is paid, while others receive 25 per cent. It is up to the writers to ask what they think they should receive.

The burning question of today is how the radio will affect composers in the future. Will it help to popularize or will it destroy a song? Time alone can tell.

One morning, rather early, two girls about seventeen or eighteen years old came into my office with several manuscripts. I knew immediately what I was in for—that I would be compelled to listen to their amateur efforts. They came from a small town and had gone the round of the publishers, but none of their songs had been accepted. I told them to play them. One played and the other sang. Four of the numbers were of no use whatsoever, and I was just about to leave, when the singer said they had one more they would like to have me hear. I sat down with a sigh and listened.

She had no sooner struck the first line of the chorus than I knew the song was a winner. It was entitled It's a Long, Long Time Since I've Been Home. It was a real novelty song, written in syncopated time. It was about the country, the farmer, his cows and his chickens.

One-Song Musical Successes

I IMMEDIATELY drew up a contract and made arrangements for its publication, and the girls left my office very happy. A few hours later two of my vaudeville friends came in looking for new songs. They were the well-known team of Gus Van and Joe Schenck, who had been engaged to play on the Century Roof under the management of Ziegfeld and Dillingham. I asked them to try this song and see what they thought of it. They played and sang it and were immediately taken with it. They told me to hold it for them, as they would make it their main song in the new show. It was an instantaneous hit.

There are many instances where the success of a show was due in large part to one song. The Merry Widow made a sensational hit partly owing to the waltz tune, The Merry Widow Waltz. The Winter Garden, managed by the Shuberts, was put on the road to fame by the music of the late Louis Hirsch, who wrote the celebrated Gaby Glide, for Gaby Deslys. Mr. Hirsch also wrote the popular song The Love Nest, which was sung in Mary. The Henpecks contained There's a Girl in Havana.

Florodora, which opened in New York and was panned unmercifully by the critics, seemed doomed for Cain's storehouse, when all at once the people began to hum and whistle Tell Me, Pretty Maiden, and the New York orchestras played it nightly to great applause. It was such a success that people flocked to see the show, so that from a failure it turned into one of the biggest musical successes that ever played New York City.

Another show, which opened in Chicago, called Three Twins, written by Charles Dickson, with music by the late Karl Hoschna, contained one song that upon the opening night created a sensation and made the show a success. The song was The Yama-Yama Man, sung by Bessie McCoy. Madame Sherry had a big hit entitled Every Little Movement Has a Meaning All its Own.

The Prince of Tonight, produced by Mortimer H. Singer, music by Joseph E. Howard, also contained a song which was instrumental in making it a success—I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now; and so on down the line.

There are many theatrical managers, as well as newspaper proprietors and motion-picture producers, who at one time or another have been under the impression that the music-publishing business is a cinch and that all one has to do is to round up a few composers, procure some songs and launch out in the game and the dollars will come rolling in.

Among the first well-known managers who took the plunge were Weber and Fields, under the name of the Weber & Fields Music Publishing Company. This concern lasted about six months. I asked my little friend Joe Weber why he discontinued the publishing business.

He said, "When I walked into our office and saw my partner, Lew Fields, trying to teach a soubrette one of our compositions—and you know the kind of a voice Lew has—the idea struck me as being very funny; and I felt that Weber & Fields, with their reputation, could not afford to have one of the partners stand there teaching a soubrette, getting no more than thirty dollars a week in burlesque, one of their songs. That night saw the finish of the Weber & Fields Music Publishing Company."

The next to follow in their footsteps was a firm which took the name of the Trebuhs Music Company, which, in part, is Shubert spelled backward. They lasted a year and then I bought them out.

Along came Cohan and Harris, who published Victor Herbert's musical show Little Nemo, and several other musical productions. A short time afterward they sold their different operettas to various publishers. I was happy to buy Victor Herbert's Little Nemo.

Then followed Hurtig and Seamon, who owned several burlesque theaters and were interested financially in the producing of several shows. They lasted only a few months. The list could be extended still further.

We also have a great many actors and writers of songs who caught the publishing fever. They thought they could get rich by publishing their own compositions. Among them we have Charles B. Ward, an actor and singer, also song writer, who opened up under the name of the Charles B. Ward Publishing Company. He published a big hit, which he wrote, entitled And the Band Played On. With the money from this song he started to exploit a dozen other numbers, all of which flopped one by one, and Charles was wiped out.

Jack Norworth, a fine dancer, singer and writer, founded the Norworth Publishing Company, spending all the money he earned on the stage in his music business. He could not stand the strain, so he passed out of the picture.

Then along came Bernard Granville, who opened the Bernard Granville Music Company with a great flourish. Bernie, as he was affectionately called by his friends in and out of the profession, had a big following, and many introduced his songs upon the stage to please him, but all to no avail. The company soon passed away.

Gus Edwards, the well-known composer of Tammany, School Days and a dozen other song hits, tried his hand. He certainly was a hustler, just as he is today. Morning, noon and night he used his best efforts to put his company on the map, and when it looked as though he had succeeded, all at once it burst like a balloon in the air and Gus went back to producing his own shows, and is now making a success of it.

Now what is the reason, you ask, for all the failures in the music-publishing business? My opinion is that song writers are born, not made, and it is a well-known fact that a musician or song writer makes a poor business man.

Few men are living today who can pick hits. I would be willing to pay $50,000 a year salary to any man who would work for me and do just that one thing—pick sure-fire hits. But who can tell what song will go over? There is no song writer who can write hits continuously, and no song writer's popularity lasts very long.

Publishing popular music is one of the most precarious businesses today. Take any other line, for instance—clothing, jewelry, haberdashery or furniture can always be turned over and the original investment got out; but once a popular song is dead, it is as dead as a doornail, and remains only a memory. Occasionally a few copies of an old song are sold; but the days of big sales are over, and no popular-song publisher today can live from the sales of his past successes alone. He must constantly add new numbers to his catalogue. In the publishing game you start in business every three months. It makes no difference how many hits you have published, the public soon forgets, and if you do not publish or write a new one they think you are dead. A popular song writer is soon forgotten unless he has written one song that the public can never forget. There are only a few that I can mention that have written such songs—Paul Dresser, Victor Herbert, Edward MacDowell and Stephen Foster are just a few that will always be remembered.

A Million-Dollar Memory Lapse

ON ONE occasion when I was at Rector's Hotel I noticed at the next table Jesse L. Lasky, Arthur Friend, the attorney, Cecil de Mille and Mr. Goldfish. I walked over to their table and in a joking way said, "This looks like a conspiracy."

"It is," said Mr. Lasky smilingly, "and you are just the man we want to join this conference."

Friend did the talking and came to the point at once.

"Charlie, you know me, being from Milwaukee, and my brother Charles was your attorney for many years. We are forming a Jesse L. Lasky Feature Film Company and we want $3800 more to start. This is going to be a $50,000 corporation."

I said, "Why not each of us take an equal share?"

Mr. Lasky said that the stock was already distributed and all they needed was $3800. I told them I would think it over. The matter slipped my memory.

Just imagine what that $3800 would be worth today! This is the kind of mistake that happens in everyone's life.

Jesse L. Lasky more than made good with Cecil de Mille and his brother William, combining shortly after with Adolph Zukor in the Paramount and Famous Players Company. A year later Mr. Goldfish withdrew with more than $1,000,000 and formed the Goldwyn Company. Every gentleman that I met that day at Rector's is a millionaire today.

My first meeting with Mitchell Mark, builder of the Strand Theater, was in my home town. He was using songs with illustrated slides, to be sung in the various department stores in the cities he visited which had music departments. He received a percentage for the music sold during the time he showed his act. Publishers furnished him with slides gratis and he was making a fine thing out of it.

(Continued on Page 62)

When children ask for candy . .

give them this health confection!

What a relief it is to know the candy problem has been solved for once and all. What a relief it is to have Post's Bran Chocolate always in the house for little folks.

Children would have candy, so we decided to make candy safe for them. By adding Post's Bran Flakes to velvety milk chocolate we have evolved a genuine health confection—a candy even doctors have approved.

Post's Bran Chocolate is a favorite at the candy counter. Ask daddy to bring home a pocketful and watch all eyes sparkle. Grown-ups like it too. And it contains less fats and sugar. For sale, everywhere, 5 cents.

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Michigan. Makers of Post Health Products: Post's Bran Flakes, Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-Thick Corn Flakes), Postum Cereal, Post's Bran Chocolate and Instant Postum.

Canadian Address: Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front St., E., Toronto, 2, Ontario

Dealer's Note:
If you have not received your stock of Post's Bran Chocolate write to Post Products Company, Inc., Postum Building, New York.

everybody every day

eat Post's BRAN CHOCOLATE

a delicious health confection

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CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

One Ton Truck Chassis
$550
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One Ton Truck with Panel Body

QUALITY AT LOW COST

TAKE THE WITNESS

"I Don't Know How Many Gold Diggers There are, But it's at Least a Hundred, Because I've Met About That Many"

By Chester T. Crowell

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

"TAKE the stand, please"—Judge Bledsoe's request was addressed to his client. Ralph Knott, opposing counsel, plainly showed astonishment, but a moment later he smiled; this development was almost too good to be true. For the first time during the trial His Honor became interested. He even removed his reading glasses.

Jim Blocker rose slowly and mounted the three steps leading to the witness stand. He was a big man with heavy features. The clerk of the court remarked afterward that his face somewhat suggested a frog. However, he need not have limited the likeness to Blocker's face, for the man was paunchy and his legs were fat above the knees and slender below. The well-tailored clothes he wore emphasized his physical deficiencies. Indeed, it seemed rather odd that he chose conservative colors instead of something flashy. Mae Belle Stanton, the plaintiff in the case, glanced at his broad back, noticed the fleshy wrinkle just above his linen collar, and then resumed gazing at nothing at all.

"Stand and be sworn," said the clerk. This ceremony over, Blocker sat down again, settled himself into the chair, crossed his short legs, spread his arms over the broad railings around the witness stand and looked at Judge Bledsoe.

"What is your name?" asked the lawyer.

"Jim Blocker."

"Where do you reside?"

"At the Hotel Rockland."

"What is your age?"

"About forty-two, I think."

"You don't know exactly, eh?"

"No, sir."

"You are the defendant in this suit?"

"Yes, sir."

Jim Blocker's voice, like his features, was heavy. Even when speaking in his usual low tone he could be heard clearly in every part of the large court room.

"Your Honor," said Judge Bledsoe, addressing the court, "we now offer the defendant for cross-examination." Turning to opposing counsel, he added, "You may take the witness." Ralph Knott acknowledged the courtesy with the customary nod and at once addressed himself to the man on the stand.

"How does it happen," he asked, "that you don't know how old you are?"

"I was a foundling. A policeman picked me up in an ash can and took me to an orphan asylum."

"Then how do you know that your name is Blocker?"

"I don't. I took that name in honor of the cop that found me."

"How long did you remain in the orphan asylum?"

"Ten years."

"And then?"

"I skipped out."

"Why?"

"I don't know."

"What did you do then?"

"Sold newspapers."

"Where did you live?"

"At first I slept in the furnace room in a hotel. Later the girl at the cigar counter took me home. I've always been soft about that girl. She was mighty pretty. I've got her picture here in my ——"

"Never mind her," the lawyer interrupted.

"I just want to show you her picture."

"Some other time, Jim."

"But it wouldn't take you a minute to look at it."

"Will the court kindly direct the witness ——"

While the court cleared its honorable throat Judge Bledsoe said sternly, "Answer the questions and never mind the picture."

"All right," the witness replied apologetically.

"Now then," Mr. Knott resumed, "proceed with the account of your career. What else did you do?"

"Later I was a bellhop in a hotel. Then I sold papers again. Then I drove a grocery wagon; after that I delivered ice; well, I did a lot of things. Want any more?"

"You were a prize fighter, too, weren't you?"

"Yes, but there wasn't much in it in those days. I wasn't much good either. That didn't last long."

"But you were a prize fighter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ever been arrested?"

"Lots of times."

"Well, how many times?"

"I don't remember."

"Did the juries ever find you guilty?"

"No, sir."

"Do you mean to say that you have never been convicted in a court of justice?"

"No, sir. I always pleaded guilty and paid my fine."

"Well, you were guilty, weren't you?"

"Every time. Yes, sir."

"What were some of the offenses?"

"Shooting craps and fighting mostly. I never have paid more than twenty-five dollars fine."

"You were active in the Third Ward Democratic Club, weren't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"I believe your job was rough-house man at the polls; is that correct?"

"No, sir. I was a watcher. It's a legal job under the election laws and I was properly commissioned."

"But you had fights at the polls, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you always won them, didn't you?"

"No, sir; but I split a little better than even."

"Then you went to the legislature, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, Jim, I want you to tell this jury if you ever, during your entire career as a lawmaker, cast a vote without first being advised by Bob Blunt."

"No, sir. I never did. I always went to Bob. He knew about those things and I didn't."

"Did you ever introduce a bill or make a speech?"

"No, sir."

"I fail to see the relevancy of this testimony," His Honor remarked. "Would counsel be so kind as to inform the court what bearing this man's legislative record has upon a suit for damages for breach of promise?"

"We purpose," replied Mr. Knott, "to show the jury what sort of man we are dealing with."

"But why do you attempt to impeach a witness who has not yet given any material testimony?" His Honor asked.

"We assume, Your Honor, that later he will touch more material matters," said the lawyer. "He has at present, at least, entered a general denial of all the allegations in the plaintiff's petition to this honorable court; and that general denial has been read to the jury. It is a sworn document."

"Does counsel for the defendant object to this line of inquiry?" His Honor asked. "If so I shall rule. This is needlessly cluttering the record."

"We tendered the witness for cross-examination," Judge Bledsoe replied. "I have great respect for opposing counsel, and it may be that he intends to show later that this testimony is relevant. It seems to me that he is conducting the examination with entire fairness, and as long as he does that we have no objection."

"All right. All right. Proceed," said His Honor.

"You made considerable money while you were a member of the state legislature, did you not?" asked Mr. Knott.

"Yes, sir."

"Are you proud of your legislature record?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"Because none of the sweetness-and-light birds or the silk-stocking crowd ever approached me; they knew it would be a waste of time; that Jim Blocker stays with his own crowd, win or lose, till hell freezes over. I beg your pardon, judge."

"How much were you worth when you went to the legislature?"

"About two hundred dollars."

"And when you came out?"

"About two hundred thousand."

"Any objection to telling us how you made it, Jim?"

"None at all, Mr. Knott. That same man you were talking about a while ago, Bob Blunt, got to fooling around with oil leases and let me in on some of the deals. The land was in his county; he knew what he was doing; we made a lot of money."

"About two hundred thousand dollars, eh, Jim?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you still worth that much?"

"It's about three hundred thousand now, Mr. Knott, and all in good, sound investments. If you win this case I won't run out on you."

"That's very kind of you, Jim; but what I'd like to know, in view of your great prosperity, is how you happened to borrow eight hundred and seventy-five dollars on an unindorsed demand note from a poor working girl. I mean the plaintiff in this case, Jim. You heard the testimony. Do you deny borrowing that money?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Do you deny giving that note?"

"No, sir. But it wasn't a loan. It happened this way: There was a high-pressure blue-sky salesman on her trail and she was hot for buying, so I turned in to beat that fellow's game. I sold her some stock."

"Some stock in one of your companies, eh, Jim?"

"Yes, sir; that is to say, I'm part owner of the company—a stockholder."

"Name the company, Jim."

"The Pennsylvania Railroad Company."

"You were selling Pennsylvania Railroad stock, eh?"

"To her, yes."

"Still that doesn't account for the loan. Why did you borrow eight hundred and seventy-five dollars from her?"

"She brought me the money in cash to invest for her. It just occurred to me that if some bootlegger's truck was to happen to run over me before I delivered the securities she'd be in a bad fix, so I gave her a demand note right then and there."

"Why didn't you ever deliver the securities?"

"Well, Mr. Knott, the next time I heard from her it was through you. She was going to sue me for breach of promise."

"Did that make it impossible for you to deliver the securities?"

"It made it kind of embarrassing."

"Now, Jim, tell this jury whether or not you ever bought those securities."

"Yes, sir, I bought them. Here they are." He reached into his coat pocket and produced a bulky envelope.

"Just a minute," objected the lawyer.

Judge Bledsoe rose. "We can save time," he said, "if you will let my client offer you the envelope. It contains the securities together with a letter from his broker. The date of that letter is February eighteenth. The date of the demand note is February seventeenth. It will show that he did what he promised. Why not let him go ahead, Mr. Knott, and save time? If you don't I'll do it on redirect examination anyway."

Mr. Knott accepted the envelope and examined it.

"This is from your regular brokerage firm?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Are you sure, Jim, that you didn't ask them to send you a back-dated letter?"

"Look at the postmark date on the envelope, Mr. Knott. It's the same."

"You get lots of letters from that firm, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Jim, wouldn't it be very easy to get a back-dated letter from old friends like that firm and stuff it into an old envelope?"

"I hadn't thought of that, Mr. Knott, but I wouldn't be a bit surprised if you are right."

"So this is all the explanation you have for the unpaid demand note, is it?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you expect this jury to believe that story?"

"They can suit themselves about that, Mr. Knott. That's their job and not mine. If they don't believe it I'm stuck."

"In other words, it's the only story you've got and you'll stick to it, eh, Jim?"

"Yes, sir."

"Miss Stanton was cashier for Cartwright and Stubbs when you first met her, wasn't she, Jim?"

"I think so. That's what she said."

"You took up a good deal of her time for about a year, didn't you, Jim?"

"Well, Mr. Knott, I thought we were about fifty-fifty on that point."

"But while you were with her she didn't have entire freedom to be courted by other men, did she?"

"It looked to me like her opportunities improved. She's no shrinking wallflower."

"You considered her a beautiful and charming girl, eh, Jim?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you were in her company nearly every day?"

"Yes, sir."

"You gave her a great many presents, according to the testimony. Do you wish to deny any of that testimony?"

"No, sir. She forgot the dozen stockings. Altogether she cost me about six thousand dollars; maybe more. She failed to mention, also, that when we were out together I paid the bills."

"Very well, Jim. You are a man of the world; didn't it occur to you that she might think your intentions were serious?"

Jim laughed. "No woman ever thought my intentions were serious," he said. "I've been engaged twice and never even got the rings back."

"So you've been jilted, too, have you, Jim?"

"I wasn't even jilted, Mr. Knott. They just simply forgot I was alive."

"I judge then that you have never been married."

"No, sir. They never had to go to all that trouble to trim me."

"Not lucky with women, eh, Jim?"

"No, sir."

"You have found, then, from experience, that most women are out to trim men, as you call it. Is that true, Jim?"

"I don't know how many gold diggers there are, Mr. Knott, but it's at least a hundred, because I've met about that many. Don't get me wrong, though; it's just as much my fault as theirs."

"Ah, you recognize that fact, do you, Jim?"

"Yes, sir. Me and the daughters of the Mayflower are not intimate; I came over in an ash can. Socially my mug is no recommendation. If I want to play around with women I have to hitch on wherever I can and take my chances."

"Well, Jim, let's get back to the point. You heard me read a lot of letters to this jury yesterday; about twelve of them, I believe. In them you asked the plaintiff in this case, Miss Mae Belle Stanton, to be your wife. You addressed her in endearing terms. Do you deny writing those letters?"

"No, sir. I wrote them."

"Then when you entered a general denial to all of the allegations of Miss Stanton in this case you didn't quite mean it, did you?"

"Yes, sir, I meant it. She didn't want to marry me, and she doesn't want to marry me now."

"Do you deny her testimony that she offered to marry you and that you refused?"

"Well, Mr. Knott, I didn't know she was laying the groundwork for a breach-of-promise suit, so I talked to her like a Dutch uncle."

"You didn't laugh at her, then, as she testified?"

"Oh, yes, I laughed at her. I thought it was a good joke, the idea of a hard-boiled old roughneck like me marrying a twenty-year-old angel face."

"You want this jury to understand, then, that you refused her because you felt that you were not good enough for her?"

"Not exactly that; no, sir. I'm no good for the husband business now, Mr. Knott. They wouldn't have me when I was a kid and now I wouldn't care for it. It wouldn't be fair to the sort of a girl a man would want for his wife, and even at that I'm too good for a gold digger."

"That is your estimate of Miss Stanton, is it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was it your estimate of her when you wrote her those love letters asking her to be your wife?"

"Yes. I was fairly well on to her game from the jump."

"And yet you wrote her those letters?"

"She said she'd never had an ardent love letter, and I believed her. I still do. I'd never written a love letter and I wanted to try my hand at it."

"All right, Jim; you tried your hand at it, and a little later you advised her to give up her position because you were going to take care of her. Just what were you trying your hand at then? You heard this testimony. Do you deny it?"

"No, sir. I don't deny it. She said she didn't care much for the cashier job and one evening she told me she thought she was going to get the can. I said, 'Well, then, beat them to it and quit. I'll see you through.' And I did."

"It didn't occur to you even then that she might think you intended to marry her?"

"It didn't occur to her either, Mr. Knott, until ——"

"Until what?"

"I was going to say until she met you, but that's too rough and I apologize."

"That's very kind of you, Jim. Now let me see if I understand your testimony clearly. I'm going to summarize it, and when I get through you'll correct me on any points that I may have misstated. Listen carefully now, Jim. You met Miss Mae Belle Stanton and very quickly formed an estimate that she was a gold digger. Nevertheless, for nearly a year you spent a part of almost every day in her company. You gave her lavish gifts and entertained her royally. You advised her to quit her job and place herself under your protection. You wrote her ardent love letters asking her to be your wife. When finally she consented you refused the offer and laughed at her. That, I believe, is your testimony. The end of the story as to what effect all this had upon her nerves and health is, of course, not part of your testimony, but now tell the jury whether my summary is substantially correct."

"That's about right."

"On that showing, Jim, do you expect this jury to return a verdict in your favor?"

"No, sir. I never did expect that. Even if they did I'd slip the kid something to pay her lawyer and buy doughnuts with until she gets back to work."

"In effect, then, Jim, you didn't really mean what you said in that general denial. Is that right?"

"Partly so. The only reason I fought the case was because I thought one hundred thousand was too much."

"The suit is for two hundred and fifty thousand, Jim."

"Well, it's gone up since the first time you and me talked. My idea was to leave it to the jury. I've always got a square deal in the courthouse."

"That's all, Jim."

"Thank you, sir."

"Just a minute," said Judge Bledsoe as the witness started to rise. "Let's get back to that picture." Ralph Knott turned belligerently.

"But first we will take up another matter," Judge Bledsoe continued.

"Where did you first meet Miss Stanton?"

"At dinner with a group of friends and acquaintances."

"Who introduced her?"

"I don't remember the man's name. I had just met him and he had just met her."

"Was he her escort?"

"Yes, sir. But he got her name wrong."

"From that evening on, you were with her very frequently, were you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was it a case of love at first sight?"

"No, sir."

"Well, why did you pick that girl out of all the group for your attentions?"

"She's the double of Annie, the cigar-counter girl. Here's the picture ——"

"Never mind the picture. Just what was your motive in showering all this attention upon Miss Mae Belle Stanton and writing her those love letters?"

"I told you I was soft about Annie. She mothered me as though I was a pup picked up in the alley, but I was in love with her. I never thought of myself as a child. I wanted to get rich and marry her. I wanted to give her the moon."

"Well, then," Mr. Knott interrupted, "why didn't you go find your Annie? You got rich. Did you ever try to find her?"

"Yes, sir, I found her."

(Continued on Page 66)

Three coils enable the boy to hold the bull

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COMMERCIAL EXPLORATION

Continued from Page 9

to distribute commercial intelligence so as to make it most effective in promoting our foreign-trade interests. Congress apparently anticipated this by stipulating that economic and commercial reports collected by consular officers should be disseminated through the commerce end of the Government.

The Department of Commerce is a comparatively young organization. It is measurably free from the conservative practices in the treatment of foreign information which are necessarily imposed upon a department charged with the diplomatic interests of the country.

Moreover, it is a mobile organization. When a great fiscal crisis impends in Germany it can at once focus its best talent in that area. When an earthquake with tremendous economic significance takes place in Japan, similar emergency concentration of men qualified to gather accurate information is possible.

The State Department, let me add, has a definite business function. Modern diplomacy is now so interwoven with economic interests that the Secretary of State is obliged to place greater dependence upon commercial reporting than ever before. He must have adequate information upon which to base his attitude or action in international questions. Petroleum provides one of many instances. Our oil companies are searching the universe for new sources of crude. Their concessions must be safeguarded and their interests protected from intrusion or infringement. Among other things, an American group has a fourth share in the Turkish Petroleum Company, which in turn is bound up in the Mosul tangle. Because of his action in behalf of petroleum the British dubbed Mr. Hughes "the Secretary of Oil."

Hence there is a certain amount of justifiable duplication in the work of consular officers and the foreign representatives of the Department of Commerce. This has been minimized through an executive order issued by President Coolidge on April 4, 1924, which instructs all representatives of the Government abroad to exchange information freely, and, when stationed in the same city in a foreign country, to meet in conference at least once every two weeks. Summed up, both the consular and the Department of Commerce services are indispensable adjuncts to American trade overseas. Their coöperation is becoming more and more effective all the time.

So much by way of setting. The immediate task is to get the Hoover formula, which is the key to our whole foreign-trade operation. It is no disparagement of his predecessors to say that the real era of our organized commercial expansion overseas came when Hoover became Secretary of Commerce in 1921. He humanized and galvanized the service.

The Hoover Formula

Up to the outbreak of the Great War various great American concerns like the Standard Oil companies, the International Harvester Company and the Singer Sewing Machine Company—I merely indicate some types—had intrenched themselves in various parts of the world through corporations organized under the laws of the different countries in which they operated, and also with branch houses. Then, as now, we lacked those resident merchants in alien lands who have been the backbone of British and German, and to a lesser extent of French and Italian trade everywhere. Prior to 1914 our exports were sporadic and, in the main, regarded as an occasional outlet for surplus stocks.

The war business was self-selling. Urgent need could not dictate as to quality or shipment. Its momentum was so great that there was a considerable hang-over after the Armistice, due to European dislocation. It lasted until those perilous early 1920's, when the boom burst and economic disaster stalked about.

At this critical time Herbert Hoover was made head of the Department of Commerce. It was recognized that we must not only adopt every means of maintaining our agricultural exports against the inevitable comeback of European land production but also seek markets elsewhere to replace those that would be lost, once our old competitors got back on the job. There was another reason. Nearly 5,000,000 men were out of work throughout the United States. That not only reduced the consumption of farm produce but made it imperative that industry start up again so that they could find employment. We had to find new world markets for our manufactures, and it meant a huge program of trade promotion.

This is precisely what Hoover brought about. He was able to do it because, first of all, he is a practical business man with a large international experience. In the second place, he is an engineer. During the war he attacked the various aspects of food relief from the standpoint of engineering practice. When he took hold of his portfolio as Secretary of Commerce he introduced the same engineering methods into foreign-trade acceleration.

Specialists for Special Work

Under preceding administrations there had been a great deal of diffuse fact finding about foreign business. There was much hot air and not a great deal of action. Agreeable generalities about undefined opportunities characterized most of this discussion, which was principally indulged in by after-dinner speakers. When a hard-boiled individual from Youngstown, Detroit or Chicago showed up to ask where and how he could sell screw drivers, lathes, motor cars or hairpins in China, Brazil or Peru, he created some consternation among the professional trade agitators. It was the trombone age in promotion.

Mr. Hoover fully appreciated the flag-waving and megaphone methods and he did not attempt to suppress them. He encouraged the soloists to keep on blowing the trumpets to draw the attention of the business world to foreign possibilities and the eventual need of selling our surpluses abroad.

At the same time he recognized the equal importance of the less colorful where, what and how-to-sell scheme, and the necessity for a highly coördinated and specialized service to boost it.

His first step was to reconstruct the entire department. Until his advent it was organized somewhat like the State Department, in that it was regional in scope instead of being built up on the basis of commodities. There was an Eastern European division, a Western European division and a South American division. The Hoover idea was to convert his department into terms of a great corporation which specialized in everything except actual sales.

In consequence he launched the idea which has marked a real epoch in our foreign-trade relations. At his instigation, and under authority from Congress, the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce was enlarged by the addition of what are called the commodity divisions. Seventeen were created. They run the whole range of production, from coal, foodstuffs and agricultural implements to shoes, hardware, textiles, lumber and specialties. These divisions express to the fullest extent the Hoover genius for big organization. Though an entire article will be devoted to their operation and results, there must be abridged reference to them here, because they fit into the opening picture and also form part of the approach to the Hoover point of view.

Mr. Hoover knew that if his commodity divisions were to get their message, and what was more important, get their goods over, they must be recruited from the industries themselves. So he said to them in substance: "Regard us as an organ upon which you can play for the whole trade. You know your business better than we do. You select the man whom you consider best in your own line to head that particular branch of the commodity divisions."

The result was that whether it is textiles, agricultural implements, iron or steel, the division has had a trained man with factory and sales experience at the head of it from the start. Mr. Hoover backed this up by asking the industry to name a committee from its ranks to coöperate with the division handling its product. Thus each division has not only a seasoned chief but a trained advisory cabinet as well.

Intelligence Officers of Commerce

The commodity organization of the Department of Commerce maintains intimate contact with home industry. It must know conditions in America in order to give direction to trade promotion abroad. When production cannot keep pace with home consumption, it is obviously useless to encourage additional foreign demand. On the other hand, when industrial surpluses develop, then it is the job of the department to find foreign outlets and advise how they can best be employed. Thus two major functions are served. One is a vast world-wide system of commercial intelligence. The other is the distribution of this intelligence where it can be capitalized to the best advantage of the American exporter.

One of the first illustrations of the practical serviceability of the Department of Commerce reorganization along the lines that I have just indicated developed in the assistance given to the California rice growers. In 1921 the rice industry of that state and its financiers were bankrupt. A crop of 4,000,000 bags of paddy rice had piled up, with no market at home and no information available regarding sale possibilities abroad. What data the producers had were obsolete. The Rice Growers' Association of California, which had lately been formed, put its pressing problem up to the Department of Commerce.

Coals to Newcastle at a Profit

The appeal went to the foodstuffs end of the commodity divisions. One reason why the California situation got in the dumps was the inadequacy of its world information regarding rice, notwithstanding the fact that rice is greater in value and volume than nearly any other single world crop. Through its foreign service the Department of Commerce was able to present a world picture of the rice situation in a little more than a month. This included conditions not only in the United States but in such large rice-consuming areas as India, French Indo-China, Japan, China and Siam.

The Rice Growers' Association found in this information the answer to their problem. As a result the members were not required to go into the American market nor compelled to compete with rice producers of our Southern states in the foreign fields. The outlet for California rice was discovered in Japan, where one would least expect to find it.

In 1922 the California Rice Growers' Association exported out of the port of San Francisco exactly 78 per cent of the crop of 1921, and found in Japan the largest single foreign market for American rice that has yet been found in any one alien land. During that year 148,000,000 pounds of rice were shipped to the Nipponese at a profit. This is a greater amount than was exported out of New York or New Orleans, where the rice business had been a going concern for seventy-five years.

Practically the same state of affairs existed, and was remedied, in 1923, with California raisins, when such a large crop was produced that it seemed impossible of absorption. The Department of Commerce through the foodstuffs division made a world survey, producing the information which enabled the raisin growers to ship 30,000,000 pounds to Europe, 20,000,000 pounds to the Orient—a virgin field for export, as was the case with rice—and 24,000,000 pounds to Canada.

As a result of contacts established by the commodity divisions, American tobacco now has a world market. A large purchase of this product by the Italian tobacco monopoly from the Burley Tobacco Growers' Cooperative Association was directly traceable to the efforts of the Department of Commerce Bureau in Rome. It is one of many similar cases that I could cite.

What was true of rice, raisins and tobacco has happened in practically every department of our farm products. Later you will see how the foreign-service intelligence brings international crop conditions and opportunities literally to the front door of our farmers, no matter where they live. The net result is that, whereas in prewar years the annual average value of our agricultural exports was $1,031,000,000, the average during the past three years has been more than $2,000,000,000.

A Building Erected in Japan Through the Efforts of Commerce Department Representatives, for Exhibition of American Goods

(Continued on Page 53)

A THOUSAND THINGS MAY HAPPEN IN THE DARK

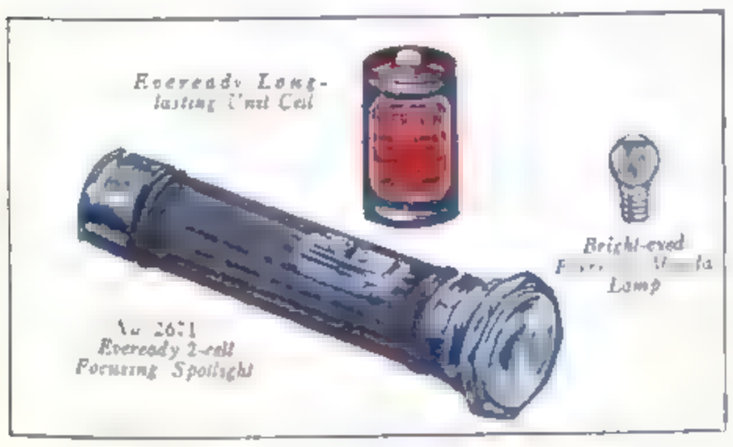
NO 950
EVEREADY
UNIT CELL
FOR FLASHLIGHTS
NATIONAL CARBON CO. INC.
Eveready Unit Cells fit and improve all makes of flashlights. They insure brighter light and longer battery life. Keep an extra set on hand. Especially designed Eveready-Mazda Lamps the bright eyes of the flashlights, likewise last longer.

Eveready—the most *flashlight that money can buy*

Eveready has features found nowhere else

THE *first* practical flashlight ever made was an Eveready. Eveready Flashlight Batteries were the first perfected. The miniature Mazda lamp for flashlights was developed by Eveready. All the tried-and-true flashlight features that insure long and trouble-proof service were pioneered by Eveready. Here are some of the reasons why Eveready is your best buy in flashlights:

1. Hinged metal ring in end-cap for hanging up flashlight when not in use.
2. Safety-lock switch, which prevents accidental lighting and wasting of current.
3. Focusing device, which gives wide, spreading beam or narrow, long-range beam at the twist of a wrist.
4. Ribbed grip, in either nickel or ribbon-black finish.
5. Octagonal lens-ring, which prevents rolling when you lay flashlight down.
6. Handsome, beveled, crystal-clear lens.
7. Guarantee of materials and workmanship.



Eveready Flashlights meet every need for light—indoors and out. Portable light in its most convenient form. There's a type for every purpose and purse, and an Eveready dealer nearby.

Manufactured and guaranteed by

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.

New York San Francisco

Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario

EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES

—they last longer

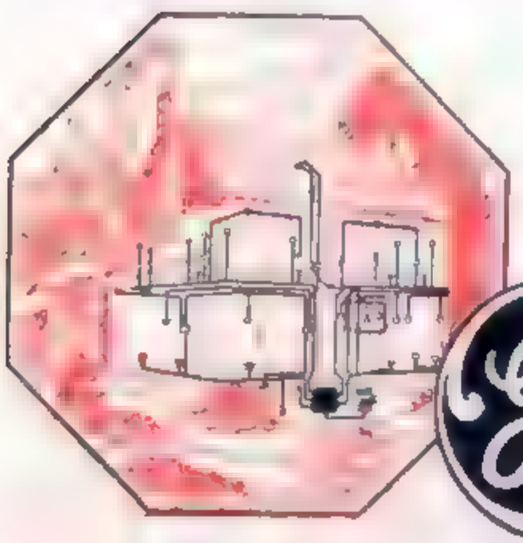
Under the floorboards and inside the walls

The G-E Wiring System is a system of housewiring embodying adequate outlets, conveniently controlled, and using G-E materials throughout.

Merchandise Department
General Electric Company
Bridgeport, Connecticut

For a glow of warmth on a cool morning, just plug in the electric heater. For a flood of light in a room—flip a switch at the door as you come in. Plenty of outlets, and lights well arranged make a tremendous difference in a home. And good wiring *inside the walls* is just as important as convenience on the surface.

Wise planning of an electrical installation is easy today. General Electric engineers have worked out a standardized wiring system—and leading architects have helped to design it. Now the least experienced home-builder has the best wiring plans at his command. And the builder wise with years of experience is using the very same plans—specifying the G-E Wiring System. It is a very simple way to be sure that your electrical installation is fully adequate for comfort, and that the wiring under the floorboards and inside the walls is of highest quality—all made and guaranteed by General Electric.



G-E WIRING SYSTEM
—for lifetime service

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 50)

These instances are not only typical of what the commodity divisions do; they likewise reveal a connection far more significant. Before Mr. Hoover took hold of the Department of Commerce the business phase of agriculture, which has probably more direct relation to the general prosperity of the country than any other single factor, had never been properly integrated into the general commercial picture. He has proved that the farm is an essential component of our larger scheme of economy and that any broad program of foreign trade must include the interests of the agriculturists. The soundness of this viewpoint is shown in the fact that substantially two-thirds of our exports are in agricultural and unmanufactured products.

Among other things, the Secretary of Commerce has conducted an educational campaign which, for the first time, emphasized the farmer's stake in the commercial fabric on an equality with those of the textile manufacturer and the motor-car producer. He has contributed a great deal toward breaking down the notion that the business aspects of farming could be detached from other economic factors. By enlarging the view about agriculture he has done much toward establishing a more deferential attitude on the part of New York toward Iowa and Kansas. Sectionalism is thus eliminated. The big idea behind this missionary work is to build up a proper balance between industry and agriculture.

The G. H. Q. of all this trade-promotion effort is the eleven-story Department of Commerce Building at the corner of Nineteenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington. Every day a mass of information from every part of the world streams into it, is sifted and adapted to individual commercial needs, and then pours out to speed up factory production and add volume to our business turnover. This huge yellow structure, therefore, is a super-reservoir of data. Unlike most statistics, which exist only on paper, these are vitalized into action. In the Hoover lexicon a fact is useful only when it can obtain results. He once referred to facts as the raw material of foreign trade.

The department's success in speeding up exports is largely due to the personal element which functions at the top and is effective wherever its agents operate. It was ever thus where Herbert Hoover led. As an engineer in China he gave no order that he himself would not have taken. As chief of the greatest relief organization the world has ever known he inspired a loyalty that made his subordinates invariably say "I am one of Hoover's men" rather than declare that they worked for the American Relief Administration.

Hoover and His Men

So with his foreign-trade promotion. To a greater degree perhaps than most individuals, I have seen his attachés in nearly every part of the world. Without exception each one might be making from two to five times the salary that the Government pays, yet he sticks to the job because of the inspiration derived from his chief and the compensation of being associated with him.

This devotion, which in turn spells service, grows out of two things. One is the personality of the man himself. The other is that he has always believed in exchange of ideas. This means that he is accessible. Every Saturday morning, for example, he holds a general conference with his staff. Here everyone can speak his mind without restraint.

Mr. Hoover's office reflects his simplicity and directness. It is probably more bare of ornament than any other occupied by a high government official. His desk is never cluttered with papers, an evidence that he is one jump ahead of his work.

It was in this office that I talked with him about our commercial exploration. I have always found him easy to interview because of his almost uncanny grasp of details. He is as familiar with what the commercial attaché at Tokio is doing as with the mail he has just read. I asked him to outline the reason and the formula for our foreign trade. This is what he said:

"Aside from the incalculable social values of an enlarged national mind, opportunity and development of world unity and mutual interest, and thus peace, there are several highly important reasons why a big international trade is fundamentally essential to our modern economic system. The first of these is the necessity for a large volume of imports of those materials which we do not and cannot produce ourselves.

"The whole fabric of our life and comfort depends upon such articles as rubber, coffee, tin and other products which enter into every phase of living. The standard of living depends upon how much of these commodities we can obtain and employ. But the quantity of such products that we can import depends in turn upon the volume of goods we can export and exchange. In this sense, therefore, our export trade may be regarded as a method of securing vital imports.

"Another primary reason for maintaining a large volume of exports is to give stability to our whole economic scheme by a wider spread of customers. The man who runs a business solely for one customer is always in a precarious position. If he has 1000 customers he is assured of a degree of permanency in his affairs, and his labor can count on continuity of employment. The same is true of a nation which distributes its product throughout the world."

Economy Through Standardization

"Furthermore, our domestic consumption of commodities ebbs and flows with various internal economic currents. Hence an export trade, by which we can market the surplus productivity of our labor and machinery abroad, tends to counteract the fluctuations in the home demand. We have, therefore, to consider in what direction we can expand our exports and consequently our imports.

"The world has worried too much about competition in international trade. A much less proportion of this trade is competitive than is generally believed. The movement of raw materials, and even of manufactured goods, has become more and more noncompetitive, yet the instinct of nations has been to expand their trade where there is the least competitive action.

"A few years ago the Department of Commerce enunciated a new doctrine with regard to the manufacture and export of goods. Up to that time it was an oratorical reproach of our foreign trade that our manufacturers did not adapt themselves to the peculiarities of peoples abroad. We were told that we should pack goods in round boxes for Nation A, in square boxes for Nation B, that we should color our products pink for Nation C and blue for Nation D. All this required a large amount of specialized manufacturing, demanded a proportionate share of labor, and a less productive use of both machinery and capital.

"The department, therefore, at that time announced that it conceived our future in foreign trade of manufactured products to be in goods of standard quality and standard make in which we could employ the great forces of mass production and, therefore, lower production costs. This means that we could reduce the volume of labor employed by bringing to bear all of our high achievement in labor-saving devices. By becoming good selling agents, we could bring foreign peoples to the realization that they could get more for their money in goods of this character than through any specialized manufacture.

"Obviously, with our high standards of living, we cannot compete with European countries in adaptational specialties restricted to a small output.

"The progress that we have made during the past four years along the line promulgated by the department is proof of the success of these policies. I can best illustrate with motor cars. We now market 90 per cent of all the automobiles sold in foreign commerce and we sell a large proportion of the tires that go with them. We also export vast quantities of other goods because of these mass-production methods They are peculiarly our prerogative because the large domestic consumption in them provides the background for manufacture on a large scale.

"Closely allied with the capitalization of our mass production overseas is an important reform which the department instigated. For years the multiplicity of types and grades of those commodities which we export in large volume was not only a serious obstacle to mass output but was also a handicap to the foreign trade in them.

"The department set up a strong organization for simplification and standardization. As a result, the number of sizes or varieties in cotton duck have been reduced from 460 to 94; with files and rasps from 1351 to 498; woven-wire fencing from 552 to 69; fencing-package sizes from 2072 to 138; sizes of bed blankets from 78 to 12; hollow building tile from 36 to 19; roofing-slate sizes from 60 to 30; forge tools from 665 to 351, and so on. This simplification process not only compensates for our high price of labor and standard of living but has the further great value of enabling the small manufacturer to get into the export field.

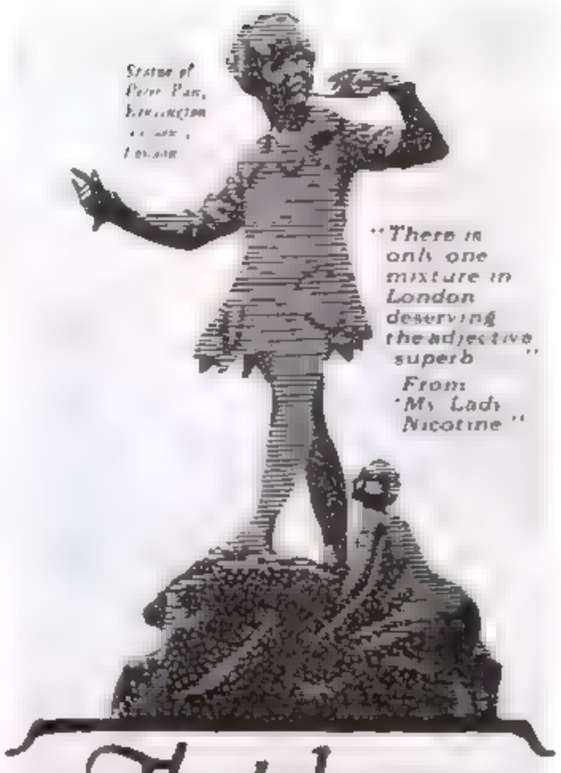
"One of our major problems has been to expand the consuming power of the rest of the world. Fluctuating currencies, unstable fiscal systems, unemployment, poverty and a low standard of living naturally do not contribute to a large foreign market for American products. We, therefore, early declared a policy of interesting ourselves as far as it was possible in the economic rehabilitation of the world. We have followed this up with contributions to economic agreements, and with enormous amounts of capital with which to assist in stabilization and readjustment. This policy has been of peculiar value to our farmers because of the large volumes of surplus agricultural commodities for which we must now find markets. The consumptive power for soil products is a vital factor in the standard of living of the foreign consumer."

Educating the Customer

"Another direction of expanding the capacity of the consumer has been by way of intereating ourselves in the introduction of scientific knowledge and appliances in alien lands. Whenever we lend money or erect a power plant in a foreign country we increase the consuming power of its people not only for electrical goods but for all other products, because we have increased their consumption by giving them that great instrument of production, which is power. Thus we have sought to employ our surplus capital in improving transportation, roads and power and harbor facilities. This is no narrow policy, because we can trust to the energies of our people to get their share of what has become an increasing demand for these opportunities.

"To promote the growth and strategy of our foreign trade we reorganized the department's foreign bureau. The big idea behind this reconstruction was that foreign trade was composed of the specialized work of different industries, and that it was more of a commodity job than a regional job. We therefore created what were known as commodity divisions in all industrial and productive lines.

"Congress made the necessary appropriation for the conduct of these divisions, and I requested each of the different industries to create a committee to coöperate with the department in working out the strategy of each particular commodity. The first duty imposed upon these committees was the selection of a man from their own ranks who would head the division. Thus the department became possessed of a fine group of young men already acquainted with the commodity, and with some experience in promotion of foreign trade. We then sat down with these committees to



The tobacco that inspired Sir James Barrie's "My Lady Nicotine"

The famous author of "Peter Pan" has confessed that it was CRAVEN MIXTURE that inspired him in the writing of "My Lady Nicotine".

In that delightful volume, Barrie returns again and again to describe the pleasure, the sheer masculine joy of smoking CRAVEN MIXTURE.

On page 17, for instance, he says: "I never knew anything to compare to it . . . . Try it once and you smoke it ever afterwards . . . . When I went away anywhere for a holiday I took as much as I thought would last me, but I always ran out of it. Then I telegraphed to London for more, and was miserable until it arrived."

CRAVEN MIXTURE was originally blended in 1867 at the express command of the Third Earl of Craven—pure, unadulterated, unflavored tobacco of the finest quality—deliciously mild, yet full of fragrance—a tobacco for connoisseurs—for men of careful and exacting taste.

Packed in air-tight tins—now on sale at your own tobacconist's, anywhere in the United States or Canada.

Get a tin! Fill your pipe! As the smoke rises from the bowl, you'll swear that never again will you go back to ordinary tobaccos.

Carreras, Ltd., 220 Fifth Avenue
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Please send a sample tin of
CRAVEN MIXTURE, without cost.
Free Offer
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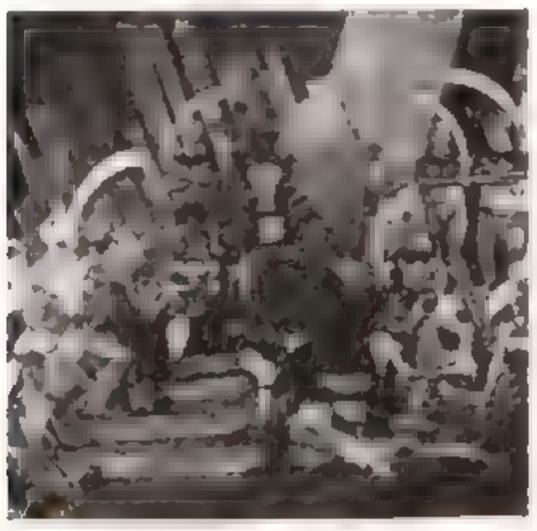

One of the Gorgeous Scenes from "THE MIDNIGHT SUN"

One of the many exciting incidents in *"The Midnight Sun,"* Universal's gorgeous picture of the former Imperial Russian Court, is the chase of a private yacht by one of the swiftest destroyers in the Czar's navy. On the private yacht is a beautiful dancing girl who has been kidnapped by Russia's foremost financier. On the destroyer is the Grand Duke. Both men are in love with the girl.

LAURA LA PLANTE is the dancing girl. PAT O'MALLEY is the Grand Duke. GEORGE SEIGMAN is the financier. There are some intensely dramatic scenes when the destroyer fires on the yacht, eventually overhauls it and these three people meet on deck. Back in the Duke's castle, chained to the wall of a dungeon, is the young lieutenant (RAYMOND KEANE), who is the real lover of the girl.

This picture is wrapped in a cloak of splendor and presents the beautiful scenes incident to the life of the Court. It glitters with uniforms and magnificent court costumes. In all details it is faithful, because the director, Dimitri Buchowetzki, is a Russian who is familiar with every detail of the former Court. I advise you to watch for it and ask your favorite theatre for it.

Coming soon: REGINALD DENNY in those swift-moving comedies, *"What Happened to Jones,"* and *"Skinners Dress Suit."* Also look out for *"The Still Alarm,"* with WILLIAM RUSSELL and HELENE CHADWICK; *"His People;" "The Cohens and Kellys"* and that great mystery masterpiece, *"The Phantom of the Opera,"* with LON CHANEY, MARY PHILBIN and NORMAN KERRY.

Don't forget to write your comments on all these fine pictures and let me know how they could have been improved. I enjoy your letters, my friends, as well as your suggestions.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

We will be pleased to send you an autographed photo of Laura La Plante on receipt of 10c in stamps.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

develop the campaign for their particular industries.

"At the same time we reorganized and expanded our offices in foreign countries. Wherever possible we have placed commercial attachés in our embassies or legations. Into these positions we have fitted men possessed not only of business experience but of broad economic outlook, because if we are to participate in the stabilization and improvement of conditions in foreign countries we must know accurately what their situations are and what can be done for their improvement. Attached to the foreign offices has been a series of itinerant specialists in the different commodities.

"The problems of the commodity organization became automatically: First, to explore every part of the world for the possible expansion of the American market and to determine what goods could be advantageously sold there; second, to build up connections for American merchants in those localities; third, to set in motion a continuous stream of trade information for the various specialized industries from all sections of the globe. A fourth function has been of a service character through the erection of transportation, foreign laws and foreign tariffs divisions. Overriding all has been the essential quality of coöperation with the American manufacturer and exporter.

"Then, of course, came the task of distributing data and opportunity. As part of a bigger decentralization plan we established district offices in big centers like New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Seattle, Atlanta, Detroit, New Orleans and Boston. This brought service to the very door of the manufacturer.

"It is hardly necessary to demonstrate that this system has proved its value many hundred times over. One indication of its usefulness lies in the fact that, whereas the number of applications for information and assistance in foreign trade averaged only 700 a day in 1921, there are now 7000. Nearly 50 per cent of these inquiries are answered within twenty-four hours. Incidentally, the number of confidential trade circulars sent out last year was considerably over 3,000,000 as compared with 250,000 in 1922.

"Any appraisal of our oversea commercial activities must include the farmer's stake in them. Another of our major problems is to sustain our agricultural exports during the period of readjustment at home and abroad."

Balancing Farm and Factory

"The great increase in American agricultural production as the result of war stimulation has resulted in new problems. The only way out was to loan money to Europe with which to buy and thus to keep the stream of farm products moving as strongly as possible, to build up home consumption by maintaining high stability in employment, and to find new markets in South America and the Orient to take up the margin of slack created by these forces. We have had considerable success in all these directions. By and by our own increase in population will absorb our export surplus of food, but that will take time.

"We want to build up in the United States a proper balance between industry and agriculture. We must not develop our industries beyond our food supplies, but we should expand them so as to give our farmers the more advantageous home market. If there is any lesson that came out of the war it was the complete racial and national danger that arose from a dependence of great populations on oversea food supplies. If we allow our national economy to drive so that we shall have this dependence upon imports for certain essential food products, we shall be involved in a constant drain for enormous military expenditures to protect our necessary imports of food stuffs.

"One important but little-appreciated factor enters into the permanency of our foreign trade. It is elimination of waste in our industrial processes; not in the individual sense but collectively. Here is a further problem that the department has attacked.

"The whole program of waste elimination in industry—it is estimated that we are conserving $500,000,000 a year through improved business methods—has a thousand ramifications. It has involved vast improvements in our transportation, increased electrification, reduced periodic waves of unemployment due to booms and slumps, improved statistical services as to production and distribution, thereby minimizing hazard and speculation, encouraged economic research and generally simplified industrial procedure. All of it has tended to reduce the cost of production, make it possible for our manufacturers to pay high wages and at the same time lower prices."

Happiness in Prosperity

"This elimination of waste, with all its by-products of economy and efficiency, provides a sort of paradox which many would have denied as being within the realm of possibility. No man can inspect the average wage and average price of commodities in the United States today without admitting that it has been accomplished by a steady drive throughout American industry. It has a most profound bearing on our ability to meet foreign competition in the export trade, and on our capacity to maintain our domestic market against imports.

"We are not a nation of factories, railroads, locomotives or dynamos. We are a nation of human beings. The sole purpose of our efforts is to improve the happiness and comfort of every home in the United States, and thereby make that fundamental contribution from which must spring the finer flowers of life. The man who said that the higher development of civilization springs from poverty was untruthful. I have seen too many hungry people to believe that they improved morally or spiritually under poverty.

"Out of all that I have described I am convinced that we will hold our own in competition in manufactured goods everywhere. We can expand our export trade over long periods and thereby take in more imports. By doing this we will stabilize both agriculture and industry. In the permanency of our foreign trade lies the one great element for the perpetuity of our prosperity."

To round out this approach to the concrete activities and results of the foreign-trade-promotion service, it is necessary to visualize briefly a departmental organization which for practical purposes is the exact opposite of a bureaucratic structure. Though centralization must and does exist, there is also a highly fluid decentralization.

As Secretary of Commerce, Mr. Hoover is the apex of a pyramid whose base, figuratively, extends around the world. Putting it in another way, he is commanding general of an army of penetration with units everywhere. His chief of staff is Doctor Klein, who, as you will recall, is Director of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. The ramification radiates from this section. To continue the military parallel, where an army would have a quartermaster-general, a combat chief, a transport head and an intelligence coordinator, the bureau has four assistant directors, each in supervision of a branch of the work.

The first, in charge of O. P. Hopkins, handles accounts, files, personnel, administration, and sponsors the foreign-service division, which receives, checks and follows up all mail sent in by offices outside the United States. It deals, too, with the millions of home requests for data and trade openings. It also superintends the bringing out of the mass of publications of all sorts that are guideposts to our oversea commercial expansion. They range from the weekly magazine, Commerce Reports, and bulletins about trade conditions everywhere, to a Commercial Traveler's Guide to Latin America. Every conceivable aid to the exporter, including a standard book entitled Packing for Foreign Markets, emerges from this publishing mill. The last-mentioned book—it is typical of many—not only has a comprehensive text but shows the manufacturer, with pictures and drawings, just how to crate his product to meet the hardships of long transport and to withstand all climates. Its value is appreciated when I say that for years the universal complaint against our exports was that they were inadequately packed.

The second subsection, directed by Louis Domeratzky, brings us to the all-important intelligence domain. Here you have the regional allocation. There are three major divisions, namely, Latin American, European and Far Eastern. To them are attached the commercial attachés, trade commissioners, and likewise the itinerant investigators who search the globe for facts and conditions that can be capitalized in our exploration in alien lands. Just how these agents work, together with stories of their adventures, will be taken up in the next article.

Accessible Government Service

Third come the vital commodity divisions, which have a general director in the person of T. R. Taylor. Under this wing is the standardization committee, which has wrought the simplification of sizes, types and varieties to which Mr. Hoover referred in his interview. Transportation and communication are also dealt with in this department.

The fourth and last, which is headed by John Matthews, Jr., expresses decentralization because it controls the eleven district offices maintained by the Department of Commerce, and also the thirty-five cooperative offices where the departmental facilities are locally available through cooperation with a chamber of commerce. This nation-wide opportunity bureau, for such it is, which brings essential information literally to the elbow of the manufacturer, is Mr. Hoover's reply to the ancient plaint, "We cannot get next to a governmental department." It means that a small exporter in Chattanooga, Milwaukee or Columbus can call up an office in his own town and in ten minutes get the dope on trade conditions in Greece, India or Austria. Here, as elsewhere throughout the service, the short cut is always possible.

Under this fourth subdivision is grouped domestic commerce, which, comparatively, plays a small part in the larger movement of our sponsored trade turnover. Yet scarcely a decade ago it represented the bulk of the Department of Commerce activities. What was once the kite has become the tail.

The vast machinery for our oversea-trade promotion is revealed. We can now see how it works and what it does under many alien skies.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the foreign activities of the Department of Commerce. The next will appear in an early issue.

Yes! YOU DO NEED THESE CAPS on *every* tire valve

The little Schrader Valve Cap is one of the parts essential to car operation. It keeps dust and dirt from damaging the valve inside and forms an absolutely airtight secondary seal.

Air cannot leak through the tire valve if a Schrader Valve Cap is screwed down tightly by hand on each tire valve. Because it is a separate unit to be attached by hand, you can always see that it is on tight.

Schrader Valve Caps cost only 30c for a box of five. Schrader Products are sold by more than 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

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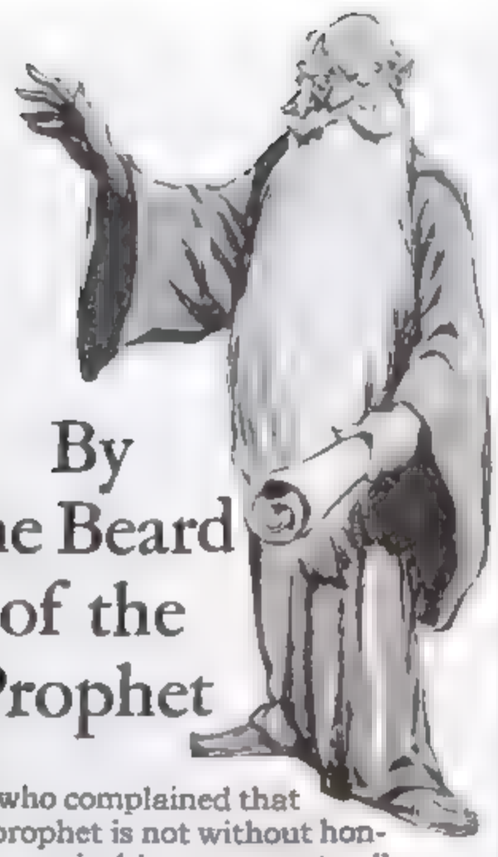
Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

TIRE VALVES – TIRE GAUGES



By the Beard of the Prophet

He who complained that "a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country," wasn't working with the Mennen line.

If you have been shaving for about ten years, you may recall my first prophecy that Mennen Shaving Cream would quickly bring about a revolution in shaving method.

Several million men prove every morning that I was right.

Then, some years ago, I told you about Talcum for Men. At that time, men classed talcum with rouge and lip sticks. But to-day, the custom is almost universal to rub on a velvety, soothing film of Talcum for Men, which protects and doesn't show white on your face.

Last year, I pulled my third prophecy. I said that if you would try Mennen Skin Balm, you would find it to be the most delightful and efficient after-shaving preparation that ever touched your face. Incidentally, it's great for chapped lips or roughened skin—as wonderful for hands as for the face. Antiseptic and astringent. Right now, to-day, Skin Balm has won national acceptance and its sales are amazing.

I am a good prophet—I admit it. But that's because I've had real products back of my prophecies.

Shaving Cream, for example. The instant your razor for the first time leans against a Mennenized beard, you know something has happened to said beard that never happened before. Its proud and rebellious wiriness has gone. It comes off gently and smoothly. That is dermutation.

Mennen Shaving Cream, Talcum for Men and Skin Balm are all results of scientific studies of the skin which have extended through two generations. They should be used together. They give the "Complete Mennen Shave," than which there "ain't no better."

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MY QUESTION CONTEST

Here is another chance to win a magnificent $50 traveling bag

Send in an answer (100 words or less) to the question below. Best answer wins the bag. Contest closes April 10. I am the judge.

Watch for next contest in an early issue.

The QUESTION:

For what special reason do you use talcum after shaving?

Mail your reply to The Mennen Company, *Jim Henry Contest*, 341 Central Ave., Newark, N.J.

WHEN MANKIND WAS YOUNG

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he shivered. Jovial-faced and corpulent, Red Bull, his father, stood fingering his reed pipe, patently enjoying his importance as sole musician, awaiting the signal to begin from old Rain Maker, grim and impassive in the center of the ring.

The dance commenced. With joined hands, the villagers began to circle round the Wise One, singing a plaintive song of invocation to a tune played by Red Bull, whose uplifted elbows were held by his neighbors. Round and round they went, singing with voices that choked here and there with the strangling awful suspense. Their song ceased. Old Rain Maker took it up as they still went, more and more quickly, round him. Beating time with a leafy wand torn from the just-felled sapling, he began to march around close to the circling dancers, chanting as he did so an immemorially traditional counting-out rime whose essential hocus-pocus, incomprehensibility, if not the actual primitive numerals mingled with it, survives still in the children's rime of "Eena, deena, dina, dus." At that final terribly significant word—mimed through centuries of generations by the children's emphasized "You—are—it!"—he struck smartly with his wand.

There was a woman's piercing shriek, and instantly, in a wild frenzied acclamation, a struggling girl was thrust irresistibly by every adjacent hand into the center of the ring. Wild Cherry peered, in an agony of apprehension, to see who it was; was instantly relieved. It was not Water Hen! It was Silver Birch, a pretty girl with, notoriously, many lovers. Would any of them rush forward? There was a pause of suspense, a fidgeting here and there in the re-formed circle. None did so.

The dance commenced again, the new Queen of the Spring cowering shiveringly, with terror-stricken, staring eyes, in the center of the moving circle. Once more the song of invocation was sung, once more old Rain Maker took up his chant, began to pace around the ring, beating menacingly with his fatal wand. Once more the dread suspense grew more and more acute as he approached the end of his rime. The wand passed over Wild Cherry—he felt his skin go damp and chill as the magically selective leaves swished past him—fell with a sharp tap on the young man next but one to him. Again there was a wild, joyous outcry as the newly designated King of the Spring was pushed into the center of the circle. He was a young man of the name of Boar Pig, known to have cast amorous glances at Silver Birch. He went now shamblingly, apparently dazed, toward where she crouched.

The villagers danced joyously around them both with wild exultant cries, hailing their new divinities, felicitating them, exhorting them to puissant care for the crops, bidding them flourish and be happy. Side by side within that swiftly whirling circle, the new King and Queen of the Spring stood, awkwardly holding hands, the elementary prototypes of all primitive royalty in their incarnation at once of the god and of the fortunes of the community—the germ, though this pair of dazed rustics knew it not, of a world-wide monarchical institution that would grow through thousands of years to a then-unimagined magnificence of real authority; from which gradually, through yet more centuries, "the divinity that doth hedge a king" should be whittled down to the divine right that at last cost Charles I his head. The dance came to an end. Old Rain Maker dragged forward a flabbily distended goatskin, poured from it into a wooden cup the fermented wine made from the barley, offered it to the chosen ones, together with two barley cakes. They ate and drank, and thus the divine life blood, the divine substance, of the barley spirit entered into them beyond doubt. The cup, refilled as often as it was drained, was passed round the ring of villagers, likewise piously devouring the special barley cakes they had brought with them, in communal participation. And then, as ritual demanded, the Divine Pair kissed.

It was a signal eagerly awaited by the young men and girls. It licensed all and sundry to a promiscuous kissing that was in fact incumbent on them, was part of the rite. Wild Cherry, evading the clutches of two or three excitedly laughing girls, ran straight to Water Hen. This was his opportunity, perceived with a suddenly thumping heart. In the torch glare he saw her face blush vividly red as he approached. And then, tremblingly, he kissed her—felt her, with a strange novel intoxication, trembling also as she gave her lips to his. He looked for a moment into the large trustful eyes that were the next instant hidden by the drooping long-lashed lids, felt her sway on her feet as—he scarcely knew how—she was close against him in his tight embrace while he kissed her again and again in a half-reverent, half-incredulous ecstasy. A boldness surged up in him. He murmured into her ear, fondly sweeping back her long dark hair so that his words should reach to its dainty shell, "Water Hen! Little Hen, I love you!" He felt her quiver as she turned her face up again to his, as she whispered shyly ——

For Wild Cherry the rest of that wild night of barbaric festivity was not real. It was a fantastic dream that was a background for a marvelous and abiding fact. Water Hen loved him! In that clearing of the great primeval forest, the villagers danced with grotesque jollity around an immense fire whose sparks went flying up, swarm chasing swarm, to the dark sky. He found himself dancing with them, Water Hen holding his hand, pressing it as they, too, capered and sang; and they were but shadows to him. Other girls, shouting with laughter as they ran in mock flight from the young men who pursued them, seized him, swung round him, kissed him, some of them, ere they darted away again. They had no substance for him. There was only one girl who really existed—the girl whose happy face was his to kiss, intoxicatingly, whenever he wished. In the center of that tumult, the Divine Pair, now arrayed both of them in robes of green leaves—forgetful of or resigned to their destiny under the influence of the cups of barley wine pressed on them every moment by the throng—laughed and danced and kissed also in reckless abandonment to this saturnalia. He no longer remembered them, in whispered exquisitely intimate talk with his beloved as they sat apart, boy and girl, holding each other's hands in the entrancement of first love.

Throughout the night the orgy continued: an orgy of drunkenness, of gluttonous feasting, of ribald freedoms unashamedly public. At last when the tree tops were already silhouetted against a sun-shot blue sky, the scattered disheveled couples reunited to form the ritually prescribed procession. Preceded by Red Bull, fluting melodiously on his pipe, a number of young men and girls carried the Maypole, gayly decked with garlands of wild flowers. Immediately behind it came the new King and Queen of the Spring, their human forms scarcely discernible under the vestments of green foliage that covered them from head to foot. In rear of them strode gravely, majestically, old Rain Maker the Wise One, grimly conscious of having once again brought to a successful conclusion the rite upon which the prosperity of the community directly depended. At his back followed, tumultuously, the remainder of the villagers.

Singing and dancing, with wild jubilant cries, they issued from the dark forest as the sun rose brilliantly in the clear eastern sky, gilding with its horizontal rays those barley fields whose fertility was now happily certain. And as they marched around them, they shouted to all the world, in joyous exultation: "The God and Goddess of Spring are risen again! The God and Goddess of Spring are risen again!" Zealous votaries rushed forward and, snatching up jars of water left for that purpose in the fields overnight, drenched the Divine Pair to the skin. Thus, surely, the rains would be sufficient, and the young green barley would not wither. They went onward, triumphantly, joyously, clamorously, shouting the gladness of this resurrection, down to the village, there to set up the garlanded Maypole, to eat and drink, to dance, to compete with one another in rustic sports, in a prolonged festivity that would only terminate with the light of day. And Wild Cherry, as he followed hand in hand with Water Hen in that wild train, felt that indeed there was magic in that bright, crisp-aired, happy morning.

It was the season of swings. In the lengthening summer evenings, between posts planted for the purpose among the huts of the village, men and women swung themselves diligently hour after hour, singing the while a song of invocation, of encouragement to the growing crops. The higher they swung, the taller the barley would grow. Thus, thousands of years later, the civilized community of ancient Athens would still maintain its swinging festival, although the original reason for it had long been forgotten. Thus, up to recent days, the peasantry of Europe which is still, under its thin veneer of modernity, essentially neolithic in its tenaciously if furtively held beliefs and customs, would swing—in Lithuania, in Greece, Italy and Spain—as a magical stimulant to the upthrusting grain. And the children who, miming their elders, have passed on as play through countless generations the rituals that were so desperately serious to their primitive ancestors, swung themselves likewise, with shouts of delighted excitement in the perilous rush through the air. The young men and maidens swung also, and they sang love songs to each other, the crude prototypes of those licentious ditties which so puzzled the Athenian philosophers at the Attic festival of swings.

So Wild Cherry swung Water Hen, her long dark hair streaming behind her, her beautiful face brightened by the thrill of vertiginous motion and by the ecstasy of his tenderly evidenced love for her. And as with strong hands he snatched her on the return, sent her flying forward with brown, bare, girlish legs outkicked, he sang a song to her that, with talent inherited from Red Bull, so clever to make music on his pipe even when he had drunk too much barley wine, he had found himself delightfully and almost involuntarily composing in the dark nights within his parents' hut when he could not sleep for thought of her. Was she not Water Hen, shyly quick to hide herself among the rushes of the river, slipping away in alarmed modesty, and answering not the amorous calls of men? Was she not warm and soft and timid, her heart fluttering like the heart of a bird under its feathers, as he who had caught her held her tight to his breast? Was she not beautiful and slim like a young tree in new leaf, her large dark eyes like the magic forest pools wherein one looked and left a part of oneself in the reflection? He would swing her as high as the sky, so that she might hang there as that one bright star that smiled upon lovers wandering in the first twilight, and then bring her back to his arms, to hold her fast and forever. Presently, with reeds brought from the stream, a nest should be thatched for her, and together they would dwell in it, and they would have many young ones, and their barley crops should grow so high that they would be hidden in them when they came to reap. Thus Wild Cherry sang to Water Hen as he sent her flying to and fro, singing loud amid the conflicting monotonous tunes of other swing songs as the entire

(Continued on Page 58)

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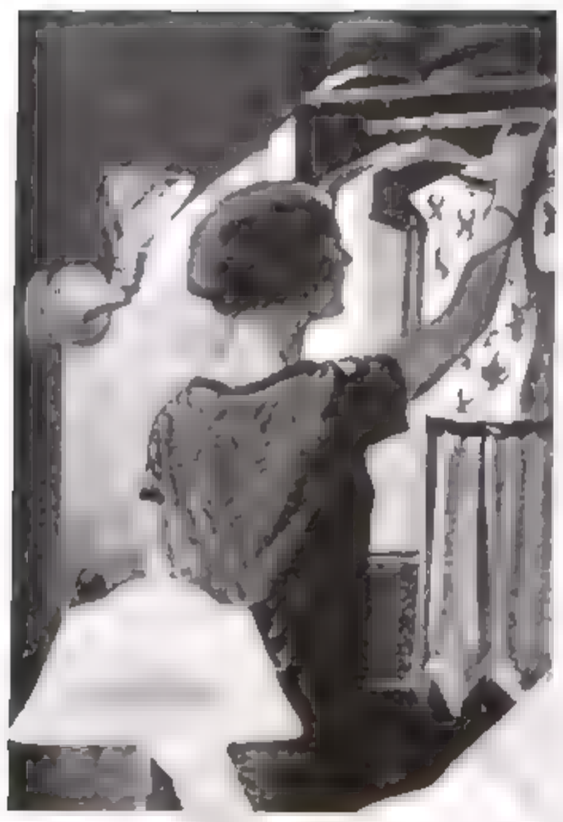

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The Handiest Light in the World

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village earnestly devoted itself to the essential rite.

And when they were fatigued with swinging, how wonderful it was to wander away from the village, to climb up the steep worn path to the plateau where, in the golden summer evening, the yellowish green crops undulated under the passage of the almost visible Corn Spirit and the scarlet poppies marked where had been strewn the fertilizing fragments of those Divine Lovers who had been slain. They went hand in hand, saying little, sighing sometimes in the brimming fullness of their emotion, communing chiefly by a mutual pressure of their interlocked fingers, while a late lark overhead sang for them the song that was in their hearts.

Often, however, they discussed hopefully, with pauses for kisses in between, wherein she turned her yearning young face mutely up to him, the practical arrangement of their future. Not yet could they be married, for not yet could they obtain one of the limited number of barley fields that were annually apportioned among the villagers. But at the next allotment of them, just prior to the plowing, they would make application for one, would appear—surely both Red Bull and Flit Mouse, Water Hen's widowed mother, would sponsor them—before old Rain Maker and ask to be admitted to the magic lot which decided the next year's owners.

That interview with the all-powerful old wizard was, indeed, an ordeal from which both shrank in secret dread; it was at least doubtful whether their parents could scrape together an adequacy of gifts for him. Red Bull was notoriously and unashamedly improvident, and Water Hen's mother was desperately poor, for who could forecast the autocratic caprices of the grim ancient one who held the village in terror of his very shadow? But there was no alternative—unless indeed Wild Cherry accepted the suggestion once timidly made to him by Water Hen and went to live in her mother's hut, there to learn the mysterious art of weaving and perhaps make enough cloth to exchange with the traders who occasionally passed through the village. Flit Mouse was favorable to their love; had even—so Water Hen once whispered to him—woven the strands of their two lives indissolubly together in a piece of cloth that Water Hen jealously guarded—a fact that gave them an immense confidence in the future.

But Wild Cherry shrank from this womanish occupation that would be a shame to him among the men. He was not a cripple to ply such a craft. His place was among the husbandmen who made the corn to grow and who drove the ox-drawn plows in the autumn and in the summer cut down, with a rong arm wielding the sharp stone reaping knife, the swaying corn. And Water Hen acquiesced, with a fond pride in him; talked, with imaginative optimism, of the field that would be theirs for their joint labors, marvelously delightful together, throughout the varying seasons of the year.

Often, too, coming back in the dusk, they would meet the Divine Pair—he who had been Boar Pig frequently drunk, his green-leaf chaplet cocked over one eye, and prone to beat Silver Birch, whose tears were, of course, a gratifying presage of sufficient rain—as they wandered aimlessly through the village which was at once their realm and their prison. They were proving a very efficacious pair of deities. Never did the crops promise to be so abundant as this year—a circumstance by some attributed to an unrestrainedly amorous and even wanton disposition manifested by the goddess who had been Silver Birch. The divinities of love and of the corn were not easily to be separately distinguished.

It was the season of harvest. In the barley fields close by the great oak forest the reapers bent down the grain-heavy heads of the yellow corn, severed them—leaving erect long stalks that would afterward be burned standing on the field—with a sharp cut of the slightly curved flint knife, tossed them into the baskets carried by the women who followed them. As they reaped they sang a doleful song mourning this splendid corn that they were obliged to slay, assuring it of a joyful and vigorous resurrection next year. When they spoke to each other, they used a strange special language, in which familiar objects were called by nonsense words or by their contraries, and refrained carefully from addressing each other by their specific proper names. Thus the possibly vengeful Corn Spirit would not be able to identify them.

And when at last they came to the last circumscribed patch of standing grain, no one of the reapers would cut it down, for the reaper of the last sheaf, of course, became intermingled with that last sheaf itself, which was the final refuge of the Corn Spirit and, thus personifying it, must equally, of course, be slain. It was traditionally right and proper, if only a passing stranger could be found, to seize him and tie him up in that last sheaf and then sacrifice him and the sheaf together; but passing strangers were wary on these occasions. So the reapers stood at a distance and skillfully hurled their sharp knives at it one after the other until the last stalk fell or until the lurking hare or field rat—into which the Corn Spirit had magically transformed itself—dashed away under a shower of everything that could be thrown. An occasion for much rough merriment, for shouts of rejoicing, was this cutting of the last sheaf.

From it was made a similitude of a human figure they called the Corn Mother—thousands of years later the Greeks would call her Demeter, and the Romans Ceres—which was borne triumphantly into the village at the head of the procession led by Red Bull with his pipe, wherein men, women and children joyously staggered under the big heavy baskets of grain. It was carried to the house of the Divine Pair, a divinity itself mystically almost to be confused with them, there to remain until next year's harvest, when this Divine Pair would have been replaced by another. They who had been Boar Pig and Silver Birch came to the threshold and showed themselves amid the acclamations of the throng. Both, to everyone's immense satisfaction—did it not make manifest that the spirit of the barley was potent within them?—were somewhat inebriated, their faces stupid under the chaplets of golden corn which adorned their heads. They lurched and stumbled as they obeyed, with dull docility, the ritual instructions given by old Rain Maker, grim and curtly terrible behind them, advanced into the crowd and took the corn figure, held it up between them as in some sort a symbol of their own divine efficacy, while showers of barley wine were sprinkled over them by enthusiastic worshipers.

Then followed the great joyous out-of-doors feast where no one in the village, however useless, went hungry. Red Bull invited the mother of Water Hen to sit and eat with them, and, drinking somewhat too freely of the barley wine with which the voices of all were boisterous, became so jovially convivial with her—a normally timid little woman—that Cistus Flower, his wife, at last turned on him in a scolding, jealous fury. Wild Cherry and Water Hen, however, were very happy. Was not this family party a public approval of their attachment? Red Bull pledged them with a drunken solemnity, spilling the barley wine all down the dirty tunic distended by his rotund figure. Pledge them he would, marriage was the happiest state in the world, even though Cistus Flower—he boggled a little to get the exact pronunciation of her name—should scold like a clucking hen.

And then the youths and maidens came rushing up to him, insisting on the music of his reed pipe for the dance that would last all night long under the great benevolent harvest moon. Wild Cherry and Water Hen whirled happily away in the tumultuous throng, privately ecstatic in this universal ecstasy. Life was wonderful.

It was the season of plowing and sowing. Low in the western sky at evening, the Pleiades, that constellation of six visible stars, from which a seventh was traditionally missing—maidens whose romantic fates had been for thousands of years a fertile subject for the story-tellers at the fireside—had given the signal, as they gave and still give it to all the primitive world. Now, on the barley fields from which the stubble had been burned, the women were urging and coaxing each the single precious ox that tugged the crude plow made from a conveniently shaped piece of tree, its clumsy one-way colter merely the sharpened wood, while the husbandmen pushed heavily at the upcurved single shaft. On other fields, where the operations were more advanced, men and women were sowing, and singing a melancholy lament as they sowed. They lamented for the fate of the young Corn Daughter, huddled away under the earth—the women quickly turned the sods over the seeds to protect them from the boldly swarming birds—to pass six months in the realm of darkness below.

Thus, as they sowed, thousands of years later, the Greek farmers would lament and mourn for Persephone, daughter of Demeter, held prisoner by dark Pluto but, on maternal intercession, permitted to return for a pathetically brief sojourn in the sunlight; thus the Latin agriculturist, sowing on the Campagna within sight of the gleaming marbles of ancient Rome, would grieve for Proserpine, daughter of Ceres; and thus the Egyptian peasant, depositing his seeds in the Nile mud, would wail for Osiris, dismembered by Set and henceforth reigning in the underworld, from which, however, he should be one day gloriously resurrected. It was all-important to cajole the sympathies of the somewhat uncertain divinities of Nature.

Wild Cherry and Water Hen plowed, alas, no field of their own. They had indeed appeared before old Rain Maker, in his dark hut awe-inspiring with many magical symbols. Red Bull, blinkingly stupid after his last night's potations, and Flit Mouse, fluttering and almost incoherent with nervousness, had accompanied them. Their gifts had been pitiful in their poverty, although Flit Mouse had worked many nights by the light of a stone lamp to weave the piece of cloth she presented. Old Rain Maker had scarcely deigned to look at them. Instead, he had fixed his piercing gray-browed sardonic eyes on the young pair. They had shivered instinctively under that unnerving gaze, been speechless in a sudden wave of indefinable but uncomfortable apprehension.

The old wizard had been quite courteous, even gentle in his elaborate refusal. This year, as they must well know, there were scarcely sufficient fields to satisfy all the heads of families that had legitimate and established claim to participation in the lot. After the time of sowing he was proposing to burn down more of the forest, to clear it for the new fields that the increase of population was making necessary. Next year they should certainly have a field. This year it was unfortunately impossible. And all the time as he spoke they had felt his eyes searchingly upon them, appraising them, it seemed, with some thought in his mind that they could not divine. They had been glad to escape from his dread presence, cherishing—with a squeeze of the hand to each other—that promise of next year in their present bitter disappointment. Water Hen had smiled bravely at her lover, fighting back the tears which brimmed in her large dark eyes. Red Bull, once safely out of hearing, had comprehensively cursed the avaricious old one. Fat Quail had got his son admitted to the lot, but he had given a cow; he, Red Bull, had wasted a pot of grain for nothing, his best pot—had invited Flit Mouse to come and drink with him. At that moment, however, Cistus Flower had appeared at the door of their hut.

And so now Wild Cherry pushed the heavy, clumsy plow for yet another season on Red Bull's field—a very bad one—and

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When You Buy a Used Car

The name on the dealer's door may mean more than the name on the radiator

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1 All used cars offered to the public shall be honestly represented.

If a car is suitable only for a mechanic who can rebuild it, or for some one who expects only a few months' rough usage on a camping trip, it must be sold on that basis. Each car must be sold for just what it is.

2 All Studebaker automobiles which are sold as CERTIFIED CARS have been properly reconditioned, and carry a 30-day guarantee for replacement of defective parts and free service on adjustments.

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1 Studebaker is the only One-Profit car in the quality field—the only car which has *all* bodies, *all* engines, *all* axles, *all* clutches, gear sets, springs, differentials, steering gears, brakes, gray-iron castings and drop forgings designed, engineered and manufactured by one organization. Therefore prices are down to bed rock.

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2 Studebaker facilities make possible Unit-Built construction. Since the entire car is designed and built as a unit, it functions smoothly and yields scores of thousands of miles of excess transportation.

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THE SIMONIZ TWINS
They work together

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Water Hen—thus proudly marking her status as his affianced—tugged and cajoled the stupidly recalcitrant ox. Red Bull, a gift pot of barley wine at his side, sat at the edge of the field and played for the benefit of all the doleful melodies appropriate to the occasion. Weep for the Corn Daughter gone down to the chill dark nether world!

But Wild Cherry and Water Hen did not weep. In their intervals of rest, and when they came back for another furrow, dragging the plow that would only function one way, they talked happily, eagerly of their own field that next year—that wonderful next year which would see their marriage—they would be plowing. Secretly their consciences misgave them for this sacrilege, but the temptation to imagine that happy future was too overwhelmingly great. Sometimes, however, in an access of remorse Water Hen intoned fitfully the ritual chant of lamentation, and Wild Cherry joined in. How sweet and simple was her voice! Thus, assuredly, the Daughter of the Corn Spirit herself would sing, melancholy on her way down to the dark realms. How he loved her as she tugged at the lumbering ox, the seed-hungry birds wheeling around her as though attracted by her beauty!

The seasons passed—the season of hoops when, until the fire festival of the shortest day, the men, women and children solemnly trundled hoops up and down the village, magically helping to bring round again the circle of the year; and then, after the day when that became ritually taboo, the season of whipping tops that incited the sun to come swiftly back to its splendor, their efficacy evidenced by the heat of their pegs when they were picked up. Thus, until the eighteenth century, English country villages kept a large town top for communal use in the winter, and bluff English mariners of that period, voyaging among the Indians, were astonished to see the aborigines vigorously whipping precisely such tops as were at home familiar. That also was a practice that terminated on its appointed day, even as, to this present year of grace, the English boy found spinning his top after Good Friday promptly has it confiscated by his scandalized companions.

In the long dark winter evenings Water Hen and her mother came to sit by the glowing fireside of Red Bull's hut, and they all—as the time of year demanded—with the utmost seriousness played cat's cradle together, entangling by magically efficient symbol the still weak sun and holding it up, lest it should fall feebly and forever into the darkness from which every morning it precariously escaped. Wild Cherry and Water Hen smiled artfully at one another as deliciously their fingers intertwined; none suspected the thrill it gave them. Happy evenings they were, evenings when they roasted chestnuts in the embers, evenings when sometimes Red Bull would exasperatedly bid Cistus Flower and Flit Mouse to cease their chatter of village scandal, would draw from his tunic his precious reed pipe, and to the accompaniment of his fluting birdlike notes they would all sing unaffectedly together. Sometimes, too, those songs would be suddenly hushed and they would listen in awe to the sounds coming from the house of the Divine Pair—the furious vituperations of him who had been Boar Pig and the shrill screams of her who had been Silver Birch. Then Red Bull would gravely shake his head, and Cistus Flower would mutter that the omens were bad—that the spring would be wild and stormy, with an alarming excess of rain.

It was not so, however. The spring awoke once more under mild blue skies against which the thick blossom of the thorn bushes was purely white. Once more the trees became misty with new leaf, and the dipping swift-darting swallows returned to build new nests under the eaves of the huts to which they brought good luck. On the patches of rough uncultivable turf the lambs of the few sheep owned by the village followed with wagging tail stumps after their mothers, practically intent on nibbling the sweet, new herbage. The banks of the steep path which Wild Cherry and Water Hen climbed daily to the barley fields were splendidly sun-bright with a luxuriance of yellow primroses, were gloriously purple here and there where the violets spilled themselves in thick and odorous masses. From the shrubs which bordered it, thrushes and blackbirds sang with passionate vehemence the pæan of mating time. High in the sky a lark reiterated it to all the world.

Wild Cherry and Water Hen sang, too, as with their heavy stone hoes they weeded diligently between the ranks of young green corn. They sang the song of the hoeing time, encouraging the shoots to come up and enjoy the warm bright sun. From the other fields the song of the other hoers came in a distance-softened chorus to their happy blended voices. Next year they would be hoeing, man and wife, in their own field, for old Rain Maker had been as good as his word, and in the winter months the forest had been pushed farther back; the last fire-blackened stumps had been eradicated from the rough ground that would be virgin to the plow in the autumn. They might even, if they were lucky, get one of these new fields when Rain Maker, after due incantation, drew the lots from the jar. But they were not covetous of so much; any field would satisfy them; any field that, giving them the status of independent food producers, would enable them to wed.

They talked endlessly of these wonderful days to come, rivaled each other in bright ideas that would make for each other's happiness. They plotted every interior detail of the thatched hut—they had already settled upon its site; it was near the stream that slid over little rocks in the vicinity of the village; convenient for Water Hen when she washed her clothes—which the entire community would assist in building for them on the occasion of their marriage. Many children they would have. Sometimes they discussed fancifully, in anticipation, the names they would give them, almost disputed, and then magnanimously insisted upon the other's selection; and Wild Cherry would teach them to play the reed pipe that he himself had learned to play almost as well as his father played it. It was understood, of course, that this musical faculty, inherited from Red Bull, should be divorced from the latter's excessive partiality for the barley wine; he promised Water Hen this solemnly. And their corn should be the best tended, should yield the most grain of all the village. It could not be otherwise.

Talking thus in the twilight, as they returned from hoeing, they stopped to kiss, tenderly, arms close-wrapped about each other, in an ecstasy of intermingled lives, to affirm to each other, though with rustic speech, once more and yet again that wonderful love which magically transformed the world, made it a place where only happiness was possible.

It was again the festival of the Divine Ones. All day, once more, the women had lamented for the Divine Pair that had been slain. All day, since that tragic dawn, the community had kept close within its huts, had fasted, had wailed and beaten the breast in a convincing display of grief. Once more old Rain Maker had led a hushed procession up to the forest, so furtively that none could say they had seen them going to find the new all-essential incarnations of the divinely renewing power of spring. Once more, in the fantastic glare of blazing torches, they had danced around the chosen sapling. Once more old Rain Maker had struck the first blow at it with his sacredly antique stone ax. Once more it had been felled, amid wild shouts of jubilation.

And now again old Rain Maker, the terrible Wise One, stood with the leafy wand he had stripped from it, in the circle that was forming for the final rite. His heart thumping, Wild Cherry stood next to Water Hen, felt her fingers tight upon his as he gripped her hand. If only this were over! His skin went cold and clammy as he glanced at old Rain Maker, grim and impassive; looked in vain for some hint of kindly preference that would absolve them from the fatal choice. The old wizard's eyes, expressionless under their gray brows, passed indifferently over them both. Of himself, of course, he had no preferences; he was but the vehicle, the agent of that principle of vegetation lodged temporarily in the leafy wand torn from the inherently divine sapling. It was the wand itself, obeying a fortuitous designation by that magic rune of numbers, which made the selection, inoculated irretrievably the person it struck with the principle of divinity. The fate might fall upon anyone; all were equally liable. A girl at the other side of Wild Cherry tried to speak to him; failed because of the choke in her throat. A hope leaped up in him. Perhaps it would be this girl who would be chosen! It could not be—it must not be—Water Hen! It was unthinkable, too cruelly impossible for perpetration. If only this were over! Water Hen smiled at him bravely, gripped his hand tightly, tightly.

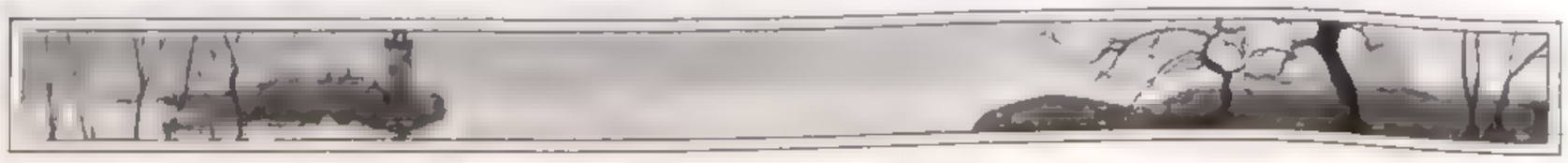
Old Rain Maker gave the signal and Red Bull breathed the first notes from his pipe. The ring of linked villagers began to circle round, singing the traditional chant of invocation. How brave Water Hen's voice was! He himself could scarcely utter a sound in the agony of apprehension that gripped him. Then he reaffirmed his courage. No. It could not be. Had not their lives been woven together in the magic cloth? It would not be. He was suddenly sure of it, with an immense confidence; commenced to sing himself as the ring went round faster and faster.

The song ceased with awfully abrupt suddenness, while the circular dance continued. Old Rain Maker had advanced with his wand, had begun to chant his fatal rime. Wild Cherry strove to anticipate his final position. He came close, passed by, yet far from that inevitable, irrevocable last word. The dance whirled round. Again he was near, beating with a swish of leaves as he chanted—terribly near the dreadful termination. Would they just miss him? With a sharp cry the wand came down. There was a shriek—and for a moment Wild Cherry did not realize that that shriek was Water Hen's. Then, brutally, she was torn from him, hustled into the center of the circle. He stared at her, dazed, for a moment as she stood there, her eyes wild with horror—stared, paralyzed, and then, with a great heartbreaking cry, he rushed to join her.

There was a moment's awed silence before Red Bull, at the stern command of the old Rain Maker, could produce a trembling, toneless note from his pipe. And then, with wild, joyous cries felicitating them, the dance once more circled madly round them where they stood embraced.

All this happened ten thousand years ago, where the ruins of immensely later Roman colonists now stand majestic in their decay, in an Arcadian Golden Age which for millenniums seems to have known no thought of war.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of stories by Mr Austin. The next will appear in an early issue.



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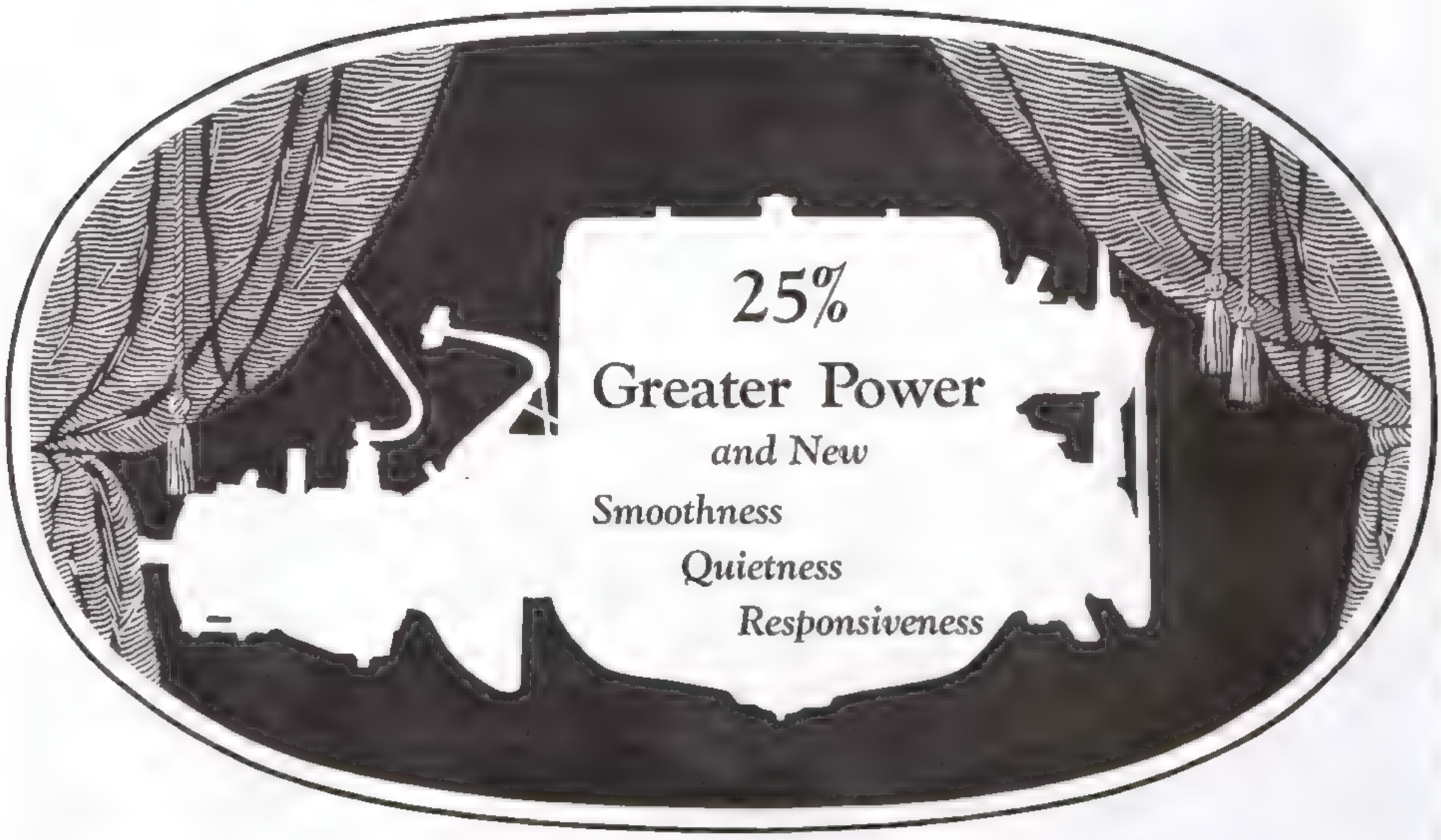

Announces the New
"Enclosed Car" MOTOR

Now Nash has solved the problem of providing power, speed, acceleration, quietness and long life, in a passenger car engine from a standpoint entirely new to the industry.

Reversing general engineering custom which developed the motor to the open car standard of needs, Nash has created a motor which endows the closed car with a radically new type of performance.

Larger—and with 25% more power—this new Nash "Enclosed Car" motor gives to a Sedan the brilliant "liveness" and sparkling responsiveness that have hitherto identified the finest kind of touring car action.

In all those qualities dear to your heart—*smoothness, quietness and flexibility*, thru the entire range of speed and power—Nash has literally re-created former standards.

The thoroughly remarkable "pick-up" of this new "Enclosed Car" motor is vividly evident when you realize that it flashes from standstill to peak-speed in 23% less elapsed time than before.

Yet it is so economical that consumption of fuel has not been increased one iota.

And the design is such that with normal usage you may expect the mileage to mount well up into five figures before you give the motor the slightest thought beyond ordinary care in changing oil.

A Good Appearance starts from The Seat of Success

Trade Mark

Step in a barber shop—and you will take a step toward SUCCESS

The barber's chair is "the Seat of Success"—essential to good appearance

A good appearance helps win success for men; but good clothes are only a part of good appearance. The effect of the finest suit has often been spoiled by a poor shave or unkempt hair.

Go to your barber today! When you come out shingled, shampooed, shaved and shined—then it's HEADS UP!

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Your barber applies it properly to the heads of successful men every day. He'll tell you that Koken's Tonique De Luxe combines the best qualities of both tonic and hair dressing. And it's refreshing, too

PERPETUAL CALENDAR

We will send you an attractive Perpetual Calendar made of metal and [illegible] with [illegible] A [illegible] while addition to any office. Send for yours [illegible]

3¢ in stamps.

KOKEN COMPANIES
Saint Louis

FORTY YEARS OF MELODY

(Continued from Page 44)

The following year Mr. Mark again visited my office, but with a different scheme. He said he had two dozen penny slot machines.

By dropping a penny into the machine a popular song could be heard from a wax record. I could not see, I told him, how he could make any money out of a penny a throw, but he said that if he could get a lease on a corner store next to my building, which was on the main street, he could clean up a small fortune. I called on the landlord and told him that the gentleman was O. K.

He obtained the lease, installed the machines, and it was a success from the start. He sold out in six months' time to a Chicago syndicate for a very large sum.

Ten years later he came into my office in the Columbia Theater Building, New York. He was accompanied by Max Spiegel, who was then connected with the Columbia Amusement Company. They had already built the foundation for the Strand Theater, but were short of money to continue and asked me to put $10,000 in the venture. I told Mr. Mark that I did not care to become a theatrical manager or proprietor of a theater, as I had my hands full attending to the publishing business.

I wish now that I had had the foresight to go into it. The theater was built, and again Mr. Mark and Mr. Spiegel came to see me, saying that the theater was ready, but that they were at a loss to know what to put in it.

"We have received," said Mr. Mark, "from several well-known theatrical managers offers for a lease for a term of years."

They asked me what I thought of the idea.

I told them, "I know you will laugh at me, but if I owned that theater there is only one thing I would turn it into and that's a moving-picture theater. It would be the only one on Broadway and you would clean up a fortune."

"Who can we get to manage it?" said Mark.

"I have just the man you want. He is from Milwaukee, and he ran pictures in the Alhambra Theater with great success. He is now managing Moss' Regent Theater, One Hundred and Sixteenth Street and Seventh Avenue. Let's take a run up there tonight and I will introduce you to him." This we did.

This manager was Mr. S. L. Rothapfel, otherwise known as Roxy. They met the next day in my office, where they came to terms. Mr. Rothapfel said, "I will accept it under one condition, and that is that you give me a free hand. I want to furnish the interior of that theater in my own way; I also want to engage a big orchestra and put on shows entirely different from anything that has been done before."

Mr. Mark said, "Go as far as you like and I will stand back of you."

At the Motion-Picture Exposition

The result was that Mr. Rothapfel made the Strand Theater a great success. He also made the Capitol Theater the talk of the town. He was the first to engage for motion-picture theaters orchestral conductors of national reputation. Every man was a high-priced soloist. Hugo Riesenfeld, the popular musical conductor-composer-manager of the Rialto and Rivoli theaters, who has done so much to make these places of amusement the great successes they are, has also done a great deal for the popular song of the day. He inaugurated a novelty called "Classical Jazz," by taking and arranging a popular song in such a manner that it was a little gem and a delight to the audience. This has become one of the big hits of his musical programs at these theaters.

In the year 1910 the first motion-picture exposition was held at the Grand Central Palace. All the well-known motion-picture producers engaged booths where leading stars and entire companies were on exhibition. Naturally the people flocked there to see them.

Harry Reichenbach, who by the way had been around the world several times, was at that time publicity man for the Famous Players and had charge of their booth. He asked me to come to see him. I took in the show, which was very interesting, as there were stars from the Kalem, Lubin, Biograph, Vitagraph, Essanay, Universal and Jesse L. Lasky Famous Players companies. Harry escorted me from booth to booth, introducing me to the various motion-picture stars, who included Earl Williams, Kathlyn Williams, Mary Pickford and others.

Coming back to Harry's booth, he introduced me to a ministerial-looking gentleman with iron-gray hair.

Harry said, "Mr. Belasco, I want you to meet a friend of mine, the gentleman who wrote After the Ball."

New Movies From Old Songs

Mr. Belasco shook hands with me cordially, and said, "I certainly feel gratified to meet the man who wrote that charming song. How it thrilled me when I first heard May Irwin sing it. Do you know, it would make a beautiful photoplay. Why don't you try to write a scenario around it?"

After I returned home that night I decided to take his advice and write a scenario, which I did. Then my troubles began. I called up Daniel Frohman, who was then producing pictures, and made an appointment with him. I met him at his office above the Lyceum Theater and explained what I was after—to sell the scenario.

He said, "All right, Mr. Harris, read it to me."

I did, and then he said, "The story is very well written and has some very good punches; but you have a scene there of a den of crooks, and I doubt whether the public will stand for anything like that in pictures."

"But, my dear Mr. Frohman," said I, "if you show goodness, you should show a contrast; if you show love, you should show the opposite; otherwise you have no story."

"That is all right," said Mr. Frohman; "in a play you can take liberties, but you can't in a picture."

Therefore the deal fell through.

I sent the scenario to the Universal Company and it came back with a polite note saying it would not do for pictures. It went the rounds of all the other companies, but to no avail; back it came. History was repeating itself.

One afternoon a few months later, Pierce Kingsley, who was connected with the William B. Steiner Photoplay Company and was directing pictures at the time, came to see me and said he was looking for a story that would fit Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon. His company had placed them under contract for a picture at a very large salary. I sprang After the Ball on him and he said he would show it to Mr. Steiner and give me an answer within a few days.

The next morning he came up very much excited and said, "Steiner likes the story very much."

We immediately signed a contract for the picture. When the picture was on the market I decided to use my song hits and turn them into scenarios. I tackled Always in the Way, which was made into a five-reel photoplay by the Dyreda Picture Company, featuring Mary Miles Minter, and it went over with a bang. I followed it with a new song I had just written entitled When it Strikes Home. I submitted the scenario to Lewis J. Selznick, at that time president of the World's Film Corporation, who after reading it said it was not strong enough for pictures. I thought otherwise and told him so.

He said, "Well, if you feel that way, why don't you make it yourself?"

"I will," said I.

No doubt Mr. Selznick thought I was joking, but it was no laughing matter with me at the time. I was in dead earnest, as I had confidence in that song story and I felt it would make a good photoplay.

I said, "Suppose I do make it and finance it, what arrangements can I make with you for distributing it?"

He said, "When the picture is completed, and if I like it, I will pay you the money you have expended upon it, also your price for the story; and after the picture has been released and money received, we will split fifty-fifty." This was done.

B. S. Moss, the vaudeville theater owner, who was also making pictures at that time, had just finished making Elinor Glyn's Three Weeks. He had an office in the building where I was located, and I called on him and asked him who had made his picture. He told me the Kinemacolor Company, which had an open-air studio at Whitestone, Long Island, was making it. He said they were very fine people to deal with, especially the president, Mr. Barnard. He advised me to go to see him, which I did.

Mr. Barnard said, "Young man, you are entering into a dangerous game, and I don't like to take your money until I give you full information regarding the great risk you are taking in making motion pictures. Once you start at it, you have got to finish. If you get cold feet and stop in the middle of it, all the money you have expended will be lost. There is no return. Furthermore, you must have a good story, full of punches and heart interest, and a good title."

I listened to him and then asked him if he would give me a little time and listen to my story. I read to him When it Strikes Home. He told me he considered it a splendid story and that he would be pleased to make the picture.

A Picture That Struck Home

I was introduced to his director, Mr. Perry N. Vekroff, to whom I handed the story, and he wrote the continuity. In the cast were Grace Washburn, Edwin August and Muriel Ostriche. The picture was finished in four weeks' time.

A picture was being made at the Whitestone studio by the Kinemacolor Company at this time for the Shuberts, and was being supervised by Edward Davidow, their brother-in-law. Mr. Barnard asked him to come into the screen room and see a picture they had just finished entitled When it Strikes Home. Mr. Davidow was so impressed with it that he told Lee Shubert about it.

Mr. Shubert said, "If it is as good as you say, why not book it for a week's run at the New York Hippodrome?"—at that time under the Shubert management.

I was very much surprised when I received a telephone call from the house manager of the Hippodrome asking me to furnish him with stills—photos of the characters of the picture—as well as some of the scenes.

I asked him whether he had not made a mistake. He said he had not, as the Shuberts had told him the photoplay was When it Strikes Home, by Charles K. Harris. I informed him that he would have to call upon Mr. Selznick, of the World's Film Corporation, as they were the distributors of this picture.

A half hour later I received another telephone call, this time from Mr. Selznick, who said, "Harris, see what I have done for you! I have booked your picture at the Hippodrome at a very good figure."

"But, my dear Selznick," said I, "you have not even seen the picture."

"That's all right," said he; "bring over your bills and I will give you a check."

(Continued on Page 64)

They Broadcast Their Remarkable Experiences

How thousands corrected their ills — found vitality undreamed-of — through one simple food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of vitality and energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time; they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. D-4, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"I HAD been in perfect physical condition. I was so strong that I could take a man of 210 pounds and lift him over my head. Suddenly I became ill with constipation and digestive troubles. I suffered also from disagreeable skin eruptions. I bought Yeast cakes and began eating them. Now indigestion, constipation and skin eruptions are gone. I cannot express the good that Fleischmann's Yeast has done me."

EDWIN L. HEDBERG, Beltsville, Md.

"YEARS in fire salvage work had taken toll of my vitality. My stomach was affected; indigestion threatened to become chronic. A friend insisted I give Fleischmann's Yeast a trial. I did so. My attacks of indigestion became less frequent—then disappeared entirely. Yeast seemed to tone up my whole system."

WILLIAM CURRAN, Indianapolis, Ind.

"I AM a Russian noblewoman, refugee of the Revolution. I reached Canada, a complete nervous wreck. I had no interest in life. I decided to try Fleischmann's Yeast Cakes. I ate three cakes daily. First came new interest and energy, then calm. Now I can appreciate the royal gift of life. I make a deep Russian bow to Fleischmann's Yeast."

ANNA DE LOZINA-LOSINSKY, Toronto, Canada

RIGHT

"I WAS not exactly sick but I was tired and listless, no appetite, eyes dull, my skin sallow and unattractive. Neglect to keep my system in condition led to constipation. Then I began eating Fleischmann's Yeast. After six weeks I was in love with life. I ate whatever I pleased, was never bothered with constipation. My eyes and complexion improved. Each day finds me on my toes."

LILLIAN HOFFMAN, Rochester, N. Y.

THIS famous food tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation. You will find many delicious ways of eating Fleischmann's Yeast on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—with a little salt or just nibbled plain from the cake. Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals.

What's back of the edge of your Razor Blade?

SUPERFICIALLY, one might think that the very edge of a razor blade was all that mattered in shaving. But the blade *behind* the edge—the body of metal of which it is a part, and which supports it—is every bit as important.

The Ever-Ready Blade (A) is a staunch and rigid piece of steel which is ground to a scientifically correct bevel *edge*—an edge that is microscopically keen, but marvellously strong and durable.

The blade is given additional rigidity by a "backbone" of heavy gauge metal. The diagram (A), above, shows the husky construction of an Ever-Ready Blade, while (B) is a cross section view of an ordinary "wafer" blade.

The Ever-Ready Blade is keener and retains its keenness longer. If you have been enduring poor shaves just from force of habit, now is the time to switch to this super-keen Ever-Ready Blade in the Ever-Ready Razor.

Ever-Ready Razors and Blades are sold everywhere

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION
Brooklyn, N. Y.

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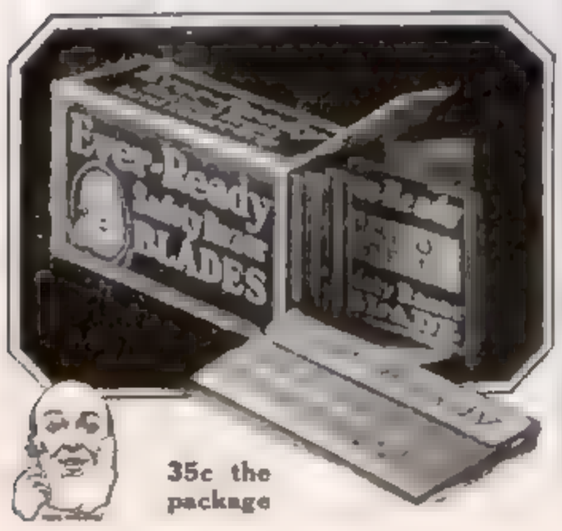

35c the package

(Continued from Page 62)

I did, and true to his word, he gave me a check in full for the amount I had paid out, as well as the price for my story.

The picture opened at the Hippodrome and was the sensation of the bill; in fact, Mr. Selznick told me it was the best picture they had at that time. It held the record until they made Trilby with Clara Kimball Young.

Some months later I received a telephone call from the W. H. Hodkinson Producing Company, of New York, for an original story suitable for Miss Irene Castle. I had just completed a stage play, Don't Weaken, in collaboration with Adeline Hendricks, which was accepted by the company for Miss Castle, who renamed it Slim Shoulders. It opened at the Capitol Theater, New York, and was acclaimed by all critics as one of the best photoplays Miss Castle had ever appeared in. I also wrote a song to fit the title, which was played throughout the picture and added a great deal to its success.

On the evening I attended the opening of Slim Shoulders at the Capitol Theater there were two young girls seated just ahead of me. They had fortified themselves with a box of chocolates and had settled down for a good time.

One of them, looking over the program, remarked that the story was written by the same fellow, Harris, who wrote those mushy love songs.

"You know, Mabel," said she, "they're all about breaking hearts, lovesick girls and dying mothers."

"Is that the guy?" said the other. "Gee, it must be some bum picture we are going to sit through tonight!"

After the picture had been shown, a gentleman and his wife, seated beside the girls, proved to be neighbors of mine. The gentleman turned, saw me and said, "Hello, Harris, allow me to congratulate you. This is the best picture I have seen in a long time."

I saw the girls nudge each other and smile and smile. For the rest of the performance quiet prevailed.

Apropos of pictures, I recall that when I was making When it Strikes Home, my first picture, the newspapers casually mentioned it. One noon at the Lambs Club a young actor who at that time was making quite a hit asked me to give him a chance to appear in one of my pictures, saying that he was very anxious to go into that line of the profession.

I kidded him and said, "My dear boy, you have not the physique for a motion-picture actor. You should be tall and handsome. You are not the type at all."

Turning Down Mr. Fairbanks

"Harris," said he, "I am sure I can make good. I am willing to start at seventy-five dollars a week; also willing to sign with you on a five-year contract."

"Nothing doing," said I.

The young man was Douglas Fairbanks, today one of the biggest stars in motion pictures. I surely calculated wrong that time.

During the run of the photoplay, After the Ball, in the East, a young man rushed into my office and asked me whether I could furnish an artist to sing After the Ball between the reels of the picture, which was playing at his theater located not far from Broadway. He said he was the manager, and as he was a new man in the business he was trying to make good.

I told him I was very sorry, but that we were not furnishing any singers at that time, but said, "I'll tell you what I will do. I will come over myself and say a few words to the audience if that will help you out."

"I would rather have a good singer," said he.

"Well," said I, "would you not rather have the author of the song and the man who wrote the story?"

"Are you Mr. Harris?" asked the young fellow.

"Yes," said I.

"You would not come over there."

"Why not?"

"You are too busy."

"That makes no difference," said I. "What time is your first show over?"

"At 9:15."

"Well," I said, "I will give you a bunch of title pages of all my latest songs, including After the Ball, also a photograph of myself, which you can display outside the theater on a billboard, announcing the fact that the author will be present Monday night at the second show."

Protection From the Audience

Monday morning at nine o'clock it was raining pitchforks. The young man was waiting in my office to see me. My secretary asked him what he was waiting for and he said he wanted to know positively whether Mr. Harris was going to appear that night. My secretary informed him that if Mr. Harris gave his word he would appear.

A few minutes before the first showing of the picture I was greeted by the manager. The house was packed from pit to dome and I asked him confidentially what sort of people patronized the theater. He said the majority of them were Jews, with a smattering of Italians and some negroes. The gallery, he said, was one of the toughest in the neighborhood, but that he had me well protected, having placed four strong-arm men in the gallery to see that they did not throw things on the stage and that he also had several men walking to and fro in the aisles to see that there was no disturbance. Not very encouraging, but I made up my mind to take a chance.

As I faced the audience I wondered who would throw the first object. Nevertheless, I started bravely with:

"Ladies and gentlemen, when my pictures appeared in Broadway theaters I was offered $1000 to make personal appearances, which I refused. But when a young Jewish boy, starting out as manager of a motion-picture theater and wanting to make good, came to me and put his cards on the table, I decided to help him out, and here I am." I shall never forget the outburst of enthusiasm from all parts of the theater. I glanced up at the gallery and said, "Boys, can you hear me up there?" I was answered with "Sure! Go ahead," and "Shoot, you're all right!" Then I said, "Say, boys, don't be ashamed to sit upstairs in the gallery for ten cents. I sat up there many a time; in fact, shined boots to pay my way to the gallery. If you will do the same, be honest, work hard, you will all be able to sit downstairs like your folks." You could see the old people in the orchestra nudge one another and say, "You are right, Mr. Harris, you are right." I then went into several little episodes of the hardships I had gone through.

Quaking Aspens

When I finished my talk and walked down the aisle I was almost mobbed by the audience, who crowded around me, patting me on the back, all eager to shake hands with me for the heart-to-heart talk I had given them. There had not been the least bit of disturbance.

There is a trick, often played on a music publisher, which I am glad to see is now disappearing, owing to the efforts of the Music Publishers Protective Association and the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers.

A writer would frequently sell a song to one publisher and then sell it again to another. This happened to me while publishing in Milwaukee. A well-known writer brought me the manuscript of a song. I gave him a substantial advance and a royalty contract. After the song was printed and I had advertised it in the dramatic papers, I was surprised to receive a letter from M. Witmark & Sons, New York, asking me to discontinue publishing this song, as they had a prior claim. They sent their Chicago representative to see me with the original copyright. When I looked at the copyright I saw it was dated six months ahead of mine. I was compelled to destroy the plates and copies and discontinue the number immediately.

Probably the hardest job a judge and jury ever have is to decide a case of song plagiarism. I have been called with Victor Herbert and Jerome Kern to decide whether two songs are similar or not. Few judges are musicians; some can scarcely tell one note from another and are very candid in saying so. The same goes for the jury. My advice is, and always has been, to a publisher who thinks his composition has been stolen, to try to settle the case out of court.

As a rule, composers are very temperamental, as I have found in my forty years of experience. They are just like children and will fly off the handle at the least provocation.

As soon as a new hit appears on the market they compare it with one of their own compositions, and if there is any similarity in melody they rush into court. The publisher, who is the owner of the copyright, is compelled to go to court and spend time and money in defending what is often a hopeless case. The composer perhaps even himself has unconsciously used that same melody at some time or other. Often an air is taken from some old forgotten song written years ago, or it may be the strain of an old opera he has heard which still rings in his ears.

Plagiarizing Pinafore

Tunes are often written that sound alike, two brains having conceived the identical melody. It seems almost an impossibility, but nevertheless it is a fact.

I recall that many years ago I wrote a song called School Bells. I sent for my arranger to put it in manuscript form for publication. After I had sung the song over for him he started to laugh.

He said, "Stop a moment, C. K. You cannot use that melody."

"Why?" said I.

"My boy, you will be the laughingstock of the country. The entire chorus of that song is taken from a selection in Pinafore."

And he played the tune on the piano. I found that what he said was true. It seemed that a week before I had attended a juvenile performance of Pinafore, and naturally one of the tunes lingered in my memory.

There is no composer living today, in my estimation, who can stand up and say his song is strictly original. It would be folly to do so. I have written more than 500 songs and I would not be surprised if I had incorporated in a great many of them a strain of some forgotten tune. The peculiar part of it all is, the popular song that always makes a hit is the tune that sounds familiar, as people wonder where they have heard it before. To this I will say it is harder for a composer who doesn't play or

(Continued on Page 66)

The Perpetuation of Excellence

The craftsman who wins a reputation for Excellence must regard this as merely the first step of his journey. Excellence is not an end but a beginning. It imposes a ruthless obligation to continue to excel. The true leader meets this responsibility squarely · · · He "carries on" · · · He proves his title to Excellence by remaining true to his standard throughout the years · · · To millions of motorists the world over, Excellence in starting, lighting and ignition equipment means Remy. The Remy Standard is Excellence and Remy craftsmen will never depart from this standard · · · They regard its perpetuation as an inviolable trust.

REMY

STARTING MOTORS, LIGHTING GENERATORS,
IGNITION SYSTEMS AND KLAXON HORNS FOR MOTOR CARS

The REMY Standard is Excellence

(Continued from Page 64)

read a note to lift another's melody than it is for a composer who is a real musician. The latter can play over a great many of the old opera scores and appropriate a melody. This has been done time and time again.

In 1924 the music publishers were again called upon to protect their rights in the copyright bill of 1909. It was attacked by the motion-picture companies as well as by the radio corporations, which wished to eliminate one of the main sections of the bill, whereby they could get the right to use copyrighted music without giving compensation.

Once again a committee of prominent authors and song writers went to Washington. It was headed by the president of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers, Mr. Gene Buck, as well as E. C. Mills, chairman of the Music Publishers Protective Association, together with their attorney, Mr. Nathan Burkan, and Mr. E. C. Rosenthal, general manager of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers.

Two bills were introduced, one by Senator Dill and another by Congressman Newton, both bearing on the same subject and objectionable to the authors and composers.

The National Press Club of Washington entertained us at their club. In return, Mr. Gene Buck, our president, requested every member of the composing fraternity present to play or sing one of his own compositions. I shall never forget when the club members called for Victor Herbert. They surprised him by procuring a cello from a local theater. This was Herbert's favorite instrument. It was handed to him and he had quite a job tuning up. When he started to play his last beautiful song, A Kiss in the Dark, the instrument got out of tune, which embarrassed him very much. Suddenly he turned to Gene Buck and said, "This is a rotten fiddle; take it away."

Too Old for Pancakes?

The entertainment lasted until early next morning. Many senators and congressmen attended, including Senator Dill, Senator Copeland and Congressman Newton, who all enjoyed the entertainment immensely.

While I am on the subject of Victor Herbert, I recall an incident while taking lunch at the Lambs Club. I ordered some wheat cakes, and they had just been brought in by the waiter, when I felt two arms around my shoulders. Glancing up, I saw Herbert smiling down on me, and pointing to the cakes he said, "Don't eat those things, C. K.; they are not good for your stomach."

"What is the difference so long as they agree with me?" said I.

"Charlie, you and I are getting too old for pancakes."

"That reminds me, Victor," said I; "I have some bad news for you."

Both Victor and I had attended as pallbearers many recent funerals of our best-known writers, among them Lew Hirsch, Rennold Wolf, Gustav Kerker, Glen McDonough and Aaron Hoffman.

"Who is it this time?" asked Victor.

I said, "Poor Teddy Morse."

Victor was shocked and said, "When did he die?"

"Last night," said I. "His funeral will be Wednesday at ten o'clock."

He walked away to another table to join other friends. I do not know what possessed me, but before I left the club I walked over to his table.

The Death of Victor Herbert

Placing my arms about his shoulders, I said, "Victor, take my advice and don't eat a sandwich; it will give you indigestion."

He smiled and said, "Charlie, I can eat nails."

When I returned to my office an hour later, I received a phone call from E. C. Rosenthal, manager of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers, instructing me as secretary of the association to send out notices of the death of Victor Herbert.

The following Wednesday I attended Theodore Morse's funeral at ten in the morning and Victor Herbert's at one o'clock the same day.

Victor Herbert's epitaph should be, "He never wrote a vulgar line." He had lived to see, what was so dear to his heart, the copyright bill favoring the composers left on the statute books unchanged.

The publishers, after moving uptown, were paying the singers all kinds of money to sing their compositions, with the result that the publishers were trying to outbid one another for the services of these singers. Business was in chaos. Something had to be done, otherwise the publishing of popular music would be swept away. The publishers were being held up not only by the singers, whom you could hardly blame for accepting the money, but by orchestra leaders, who also were receiving pay from the publishers to play their compositions. The publishers were flooded with benefit tickets from nearly every association connected with the theatrical business, from the scene shifters, ushers, electricians and treasurers, who were giving balls and entertainments and selling tickets for them. Thousands of throw-aways were being printed up continually by the publishers for amateur shows given by baseball and athletic clubs, which asked for printed throw-aways to advertise their organizations. This amounted to thousands of dollars. The publishers were in a quandary, because if one did not accede to these demands another would.

This went on until in sheer desperation a few of the big publishers called a meeting to see if something could not be done to stop the awful waste. The first meeting was held at the Hotel Astor, and resulted in the formation of a society called the Music Publishers Protective Association. Officers were elected and rules formulated. Our first manager was Maurice Goodman, attorney of the B. F. Keith interests. After his resignation, Pat Casey was made general manager. Owing to the fact that Pat had been appointed manager of the Vaudeville Managers Protective Association, and as he did not think he could give his entire time to our association, we were compelled to accept his resignation. In his place we engaged E. C. Mills, who has remained manager of our association for the past seven years.

One of our important rules is that no singers are to be paid under any circumstances for the singing of songs of any publisher belonging to the association, and this has been strictly adhered to. All throw-aways and advertising graft are entirely eliminated.

Another wonderful object achieved by the association is the Copyright Bureau of Titles. Once a publisher sends his title for registration, no other publisher can use that same title, which does away entirely with the conflicting of titles as heretofore. It has been Mr. Mills' ambition, which no doubt will soon be realized, that all lawsuits that crop up between the publishers shall be settled by the association instead of indulging in expensive litigation.

A better feeling also exists at present among the publishers, owing to the association. Meetings are held three or four times a month. Publishers learn from one another and swap ideas, telling their troubles, and this teaches them what to avoid. The publishers have found that an interchange of ideas brings good results, for if one publisher is successful, there is no reason why the other should not be.

Let the Best Song Win

The intense rivalry which existed in Tin Pan Alley has been almost eliminated. The music industry is run on a better business basis. Publishers do not disparage one another's songs as heretofore. The slogan at the present time is Let the Best Song Win.

CONCLUSION

And now, kind friends, you who have followed me through my forty years of melody, I hope you have had as much enjoyment in reading it as I had in writing it. And if my simple home-loving ballads have brought just a bit of sunshine into your lives, I shall feel I have not lived my life nor spent my efforts in vain.

Author's Note: In the second installment of my reminiscences, published in the issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST for December 26, I stated that Miss Laura Burt was one of the supporting company in A Trip to Chinatown when that play was running at the Bijou Theater. Miss Burt was never a member of that company. I used her name by mistake for that of Miss Laura Bigger, who played the part of the widow in the above production.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh and last of a series of articles by Mr. Harris.

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Only ATKINS Cross Cut Saws are packed with "The Blue Stick" to preserve the original sharpness and set of every tooth.

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Look for the ATKINS name on the blade of the finest saws any dealer can sell you, for cutting wood, stone, bone or metal. Ask for our folders "Saws in the Home", "Saws in the Shop" or "Saws on the Farm."

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Leading Manufacturers of Saws for Every Use, Saw Tools, Specialties and Machine Knives
INDIANAPOLIS, U. S. A.

ATKINS
SILVER STEEL SAWS

TAKE THE WITNESS

(Continued from Page 48)

"That's fine, Jim," Mr. Knott commented with sarcasm. "Now give us the sad, sad story of her demise, and while we are all weeping the case will be submitted to the jury."

"She wasn't dead, Mr. Knott. She pulls off a front-page divorce about every three years. If I had cut in I'd probably have been just one more headline. That would have hurt pretty bad, Mr. Knott, coming from the real, original Annie. This one doesn't make much difference. Every man wants to make a plumb fool of himself over a girl at least once, but I grew up a wise little alley rat. So I just cut loose and did it over this one, Mr. Knott. Now I'm ready to pay the damages."

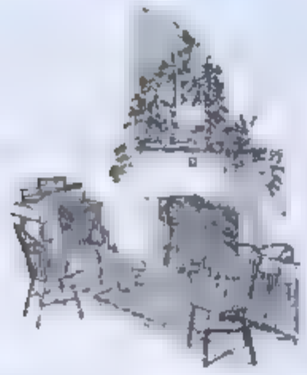
"That's all, Jim," said Judge Bledsoe, and Mr. Knott echoed, "That's all."

Miss Mae Belle Stanton tilted her pretty head at precisely the angle that had sent her photographer into ecstasies of admiration. Jim Blocker hastened into the corridor to light a cigar. Opposing counsel conferred in whispers over the division of time for argument. The foreman of the jury looked at his watch. His Honor felt in a pocket for his glasses. An hour or so later he said, in concluding his charge, "You are the sole judges of the facts, but the law you will receive from the court and be governed thereby. Mr. Sheriff, take the jury."

And Mr. Sheriff did so, looking very solemn and important. Twenty minutes later he brought them back, stringing along single file. The foreman handed the verdict to the clerk, who opened it very deliberately, cleared his throat, glanced around the room to see that everyone was giving undivided attention, and then read. Miss Mae Belle Stanton was awarded damages in the sum of one dollar.

"Well," she said to her embarrassed attorney, "he made a monkey out of you. Our contract was to split fifty-fifty, so you owe me four bits." While Mr. Knott gasped and stared at his astonishing client she walked around the attorneys' table and said, "Jim, you're all right. I'd like to pay for dinner this evening and part friends. You ought to have told me about Annie."

Jim Blocker shook his head vigorously to indicate that he disagreed. "No," he finally said, "that would have spoiled it. Kid, I was having the time of my life when you set fire to my doll rags. The game is over. Tonight I'm going to a prize fight."



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Plumbing Fixtures

NO THOROUGHFARE

(Continued from Page 32)

"Son, Dave's the sheriff and I'm his deputy. Leave it to us, kid. If you'll take my advice you'll stick to your job and let other folks stick to theirs." He swung his car, waved his hand. "And lay off this Ruble customer," he called. "He'll spread you again."

"Is that so?" Sam challenged, but Bat was beyond hearing and his defiance fell on the empty air, and he moved back to his own machine, adding Bat to the list of those who seemed combined to irritate him. He was, as he drove back through Lonesome and on toward Sunday Cove, in a more and more embittered mood. But the young man was not sufficiently analytical to understand that this mood arose as much from a sense of guilt as from any other source; he could not be expected to guess that his own feeling that Millie was right in calling him a fool had anything to do with his anger toward her, toward Lin, toward Bat Brace, toward the whole hostile and misunderstanding world.

He got back to the garage to find himself involved in a new altercation with Millie. She was, when he appeared, filling the gas tank of a machine; and he drove past and turned into the garage.

A moment later she followed him, said bitterly from the doorway, "It's time you got back."

"Well, I'm back," he reminded her. "I hope you're satisfied."

"Whose car is that?" she demanded.

"Mine."

"Yours?"

"Yes, mine." Their very tones were venomous.

"Where'd you get it?"

"Bought it."

She trembled with fury.

"Well, I hope you can manage to give a few minutes of your valuable time to your job," she said with biting politeness.

Sam, gaining composure from her discomposure, looked idly about the garage.

"Don't seem to be anything for me to do," he remarked.

"If you'd stay here there would be," she said. "Two cars have been in with flat tires and had to mend them themselves, and one to have some grease, and one with bands to tighten. And everybody that passes wants gas, till I can't get a minute for my cooking."

"Where's Buck?" Sam asked.

"Gone off for a ride," she said harshly.

"For a ride?"

"That Sloughter stopped here," Millie explained, choking with her own rage at these menfolk of hers. "Said he wanted pa to try out the car he was driving, see whether it was a good buy. Buck went off without asking me, and I've been turning customers away ever since."

Sam laughed. "A lot Buck knows about testing a car," he commented.

Millie glared at him.

"I suppose you know more."

"I should tell a man," he agreed; and he was left, chuckling, in possession of the field, when she went into the house again. She came out by and by to call him to dinner, and they ate in a moody silence. Buck had not returned, and Millie's only comment was a bitter word.

"I'm all through waiting dinner for the pair of you," she said.

Sam was glad to escape to the garage again. Customers came and went; he had small tasks to engage his time, and he did not even know when Sloughter deposited Buck at the door of the house and drove away again. Sam would have liked a word with Sloughter, if he had seen the man; he was in a truculent mood, anxious to confront his enemies, and he already counted Sloughter his enemy. But the other came and went, and Buck went into the house and did not at once appear; and Sam worked on obliviously.

Toward mid-afternoon, however, Buck came into the garage. He wore, this dull and lifeless hulk of a man, a curious importance; and Sam saw Millie on his heels, saw her stop in the shed door to listen and to watch. Buck came in and he approached Sam; and Sam perceived a certain weight in the moment and wiped his hands on a piece of waste, wondering what was to come. He looked at Buck and Buck averted his eyes and turned aside, but Millie spoke to him from the door.

"Go on, pa," she commanded.

Buck, thus heartened, swung to Sam again.

"Sam," he said truculently, "what you been up to?"

Sam's posture relaxed. Another cross-examination, then; Millie working through her father. He thought it faintly surprising that Millie should delegate the task. She was usually self-sufficient enough. He grinned derisively.

"Who wants to know?" he countered.

Buck straightened himself in a posture of absurd dignity.

"You been annoying my customers," he said soberly.

Sam looked at him more intently; and upon what he saw, moved closer, till he was face to face with the other man. Buck's eyes were inflamed; the other had been drinking. His breath was heavy with tobacco, raw coffee, disguising odors. And Sam grinned at him and winked faintly.

"Why, Buck!" he said chidingly.

Buck colored nervously.

"I can't stand that, Sam," he said blusteringly. "Can't have a man around here losing trade for me. You ain't been tending to your work either. Off chasing around. I'm going to let you go."

Sam stood very still and his cheeks flamed.

"You're firing me?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir," said Buck. "You're fired."

Sam laughed. "You can't fire me," he exclaimed scornfully. "You can't get along alone here. You don't know anything about cars."

Millie said from the doorway, "He'll keep you if you tend to business, Sam."

Sam looked at her and his temper rose.

"Oh, he will. That's your doing, Millie."

"I don't know about that," Buck said doubtfully. "I'd made up my mind to fire you, but Millie tried to make me say I'd keep you if you'd stick to the shop."

"Sloughter talk you into it, did he?" Sam demanded. "What do you get out of it, Buck?"

"If you'll tend to business I'll make him let you stay, Sam," Millie urged. "That's all he wants."

Sam was choking with hurt and anger.

"Thank you kindly," he said derisively. "But I've wasted enough of my time around here."

"Of course, if you want to go ——"

"I've got another job offered," he assured her. "You don't need to feel sorry for me."

"Brought it on yourself, Sam," Buck said uncertainly.

Sam whirled on him fiercely.

"Oh, shut your head!" he exploded, glad to find vent for his feelings.

Buck waved a large hand.

"That's enough," he announced. "That ends it."

Millie offered a last word.

"Have some sense, Sam. They're just making a fool out of you."

His throat ached and he had a sudden appalling fear that he was going to cry. Her eyes were so pitifully hurt, yet so proud too. He wished to hurt her as he himself was hurt.

"They can make anything they want to out of me," he blurted; and then for fear his eyes would fill, swung aside, and into that little room fashioned from a disused horse stall which had been, these two or three years past, his home.

When the door was shut behind him, he stood a moment listening, and he heard Buck go mumbling back into the house, and he heard Millie come across the garage toward him slowly. But before she reached the door she stopped, and turned, and so withdrew again. And Sam's chin hardened bitterly. He began, with some ostentatious noise, to get his things together; and when by and by he carried his belongings out to his car Millie had disappeared.

He would go, he decided, to the Delemay farm; they needed a man there. And it was with a certain sense of satisfaction that he took his shotgun and bestowed it in the car. Decided to buy, at the store in the village, some buckshot shells for this weapon. He was ready in this moment to fight an army, heedless of his own wounds.

He would have driven away without a word to Buck or to Millie, but Millie came out when he started his car, came to the side of the machine. She had money in her hands.

"Here's what's due you, Sam," she said.

He took it without comment, nodded.

"Good-by," he told her.

"Good-by!" she echoed; and he backed out of the garage while she stood watching him go. His eyes were smarting when he swung at last away along the road.

IX

SAM came to the Delemay farm in the late afternoon, came in disconsolate mood, rather sorry for himself, willing to be comforted. His lacerated ankles were sore and painful; his jaw ached reminiscently; and his heart was bruised by Millie's anger and by Buck's ingratitude. Sam had no illusions about Buck, about the motive behind that man's action. Sloughter must have worked upon him; Sloughter, actuated by a feeling that Sam was in his way. This realization gave Sam some comfort; it amused him to think that he had irritated the rich man, that he annoyed the other as a mosquito may annoy one who wishes to sleep.

He did not this afternoon devote any particular thought to the effort to look deeper into Sloughter's affairs. His reflections were rather concerned with himself and with the injustices which he thought had been done him. And he had, too, other things to think about. The car, this new acquisition of his, failed to display the docility which had been the habit of that other machine so largely the product of his own hands. Usually such small annoyances as the car imposed upon him would have served merely to awaken his interest, rouse in him that zeal and eagerness which made him so excellent a mechanic. But today he was in no mood for tinkering; and when the car skipped and popped he got out and drained the carburetor rebelliously; and when it continued to miss on at least one cylinder, he cleaned and replaced the spark plugs in morose mood; and when a front tire went flat, he rummaged under the front seat and found repairing materials and patched it with hard words mumbled under his breath.

He had, when this last mishap occurred, left the main road behind him and turned into that little used highway barred by the No Thoroughfare sign. The trestle which bore this sign was not in place today; it stood neglected at one side of the road, as though the pretense that the road was disused had been abandoned. Sam did not even remark it as he passed it by; thought of it only after he had gone a mile or so through the sand flats among the low scrub oak and crossed the first bridge and begun to climb the little ridge beyond. Then the tire flattened and he got out to fix it; and the spot where he alighted had something reminiscent in it. He remembered then that here or hereabouts he had that morning seen Bill Stackhoe on the road ahead of him; that Bill had later disappeared.

He remembered this circumstance with peculiar force, because when he went into the village to get the buckshot shells which now rested in the car beside his shotgun, the storekeeper had told him that Stackhoe was gone.

"Took the afternoon train yesterday," the man explained in response to Sam's question. It had occurred to Sam that he would like to talk to Stackhoe, to relate to him these curious occurrences which, in themselves not particularly weighty, were by very numbers gaining in importance in his eyes.

So he had asked after Bill; and the storekeeper had said, "Gone. Took the afternoon train yesterday."

"Guess not," Sam objected. "I saw him this morning, walking along the back road."

The other shook his head. "Seen him get on the train myself," he insisted. "He told me he was gone for good; said he might be back next year."

Sam did not repeat his protests, but he was more and more sure that it had indeed been Stackhoe whom he saw; and this puzzle was added to the others which perplexed him. While he patched the tube, he recalled the matter, questioned his memory, assured himself that Stackhoe was here on the road this morning. But why should Stackhoe, that large and sleepy man, be cloaking his movements in mystery. He was not in himself a mysterious figure; yet Sam, thinking back, began to recall conversations between Stackhoe and the sheriff which he had overheard; which, seen in retrospect, seemed to have worn a hidden meaning not apparent in their words. As though, it seemed to him, the two men understood one another.

But when the tube was repaired and inflated and the car ready to proceed once more Sam put the matter from his mind, looking forward now to seeing Peg and Nell again, anticipating the sympathy which he expected them to give him. And when at length he drove into the farmyard and alighted, he limped a little, to remind them that his ankles were sore. No one appeared to welcome him; and this piqued the young man, so that he hesitated for a moment. Then he caught a glimpse of one of them at the kitchen window; and then first Nell and after her Peg came through the door out on the kitchen porch, the dogs boiling out behind them. Even the Airedale, dangling his wounded leg, joined in the rush to welcome Sam; and the small Scottie bounded high to lick his hand and Lady smothered him with lapping kisses.

He went toward the two girls a little doubtfully, perceiving in their manner less than their former easy welcome; and he spoke to them with some diffidence.

"How-do?" he said.

Nell smiled faintly. "My, but we're glad you've come, Sam. Did you just come to see us?"

Sam grinned awkwardly.

"Come to strike you for a job," he explained.

"A job?"

"I got fired," he told them; and Peg exclaimed in quick sympathy:

"Oh, Sam, was it our fault? Keeping you here last night."

"Did Millie fire you?" Nell demanded "I'll bet she did."

He shook his head; abruptly told them the story.

"I guess Sloughter's bothered at my hanging around. He got me fired," he explained. "While I was away today he came and took Buck for a ride and gave him a drink and talked Buck into letting me go."

Nell shook her head, laughing a little.

"Millie's the boss around there," she insisted. "He wouldn't do that without her consent."

"She wanted me to stay," he said carelessly. Too carelessly. He had sudden memory of the sorrow in Millie's eyes; of the scalding tears so near the surface of his own.

"Said I could stay if I'd quit coming in here." (Continued on Page 72)

A year ago we said

"Goodbye, buggy wheels . . . here's Budd-Michelin!"

That was a prophecy . . . based on good sound sense.

It was natural to believe that the manufacturers and public would not be satisfied with modified buggy wheels on the automobile, when a new all-steel wheel *designed specifically for the automobile* was offered.

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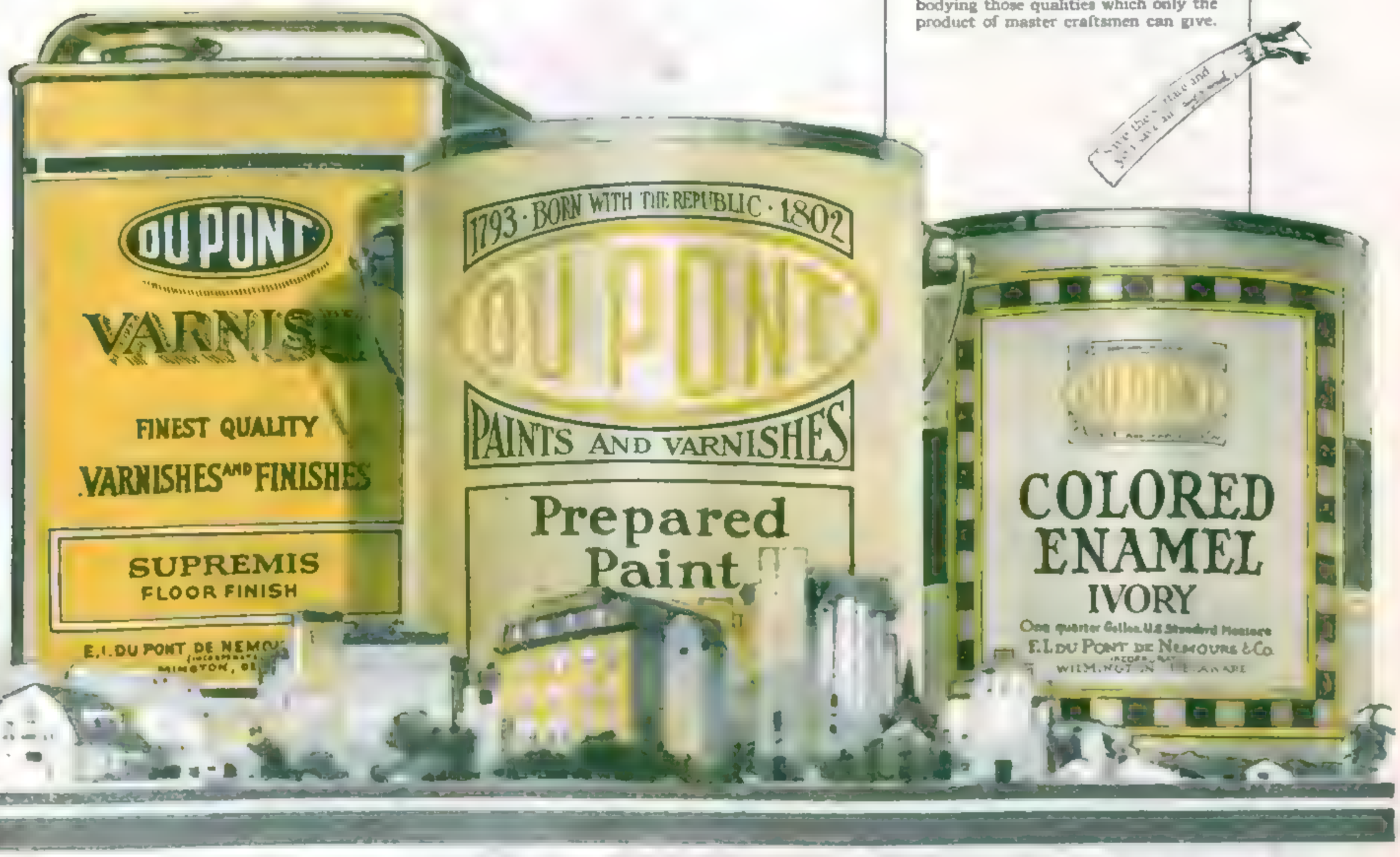

A DU PONT FINISH for EVERY SURFACE

From the most famous hotel of the old South

—a gift to the great hotels of today

What memories its very name awakens! What magic it has for all those men who know the story of this country's notable hotels!

"Overton's Folly," it was called down South in Civil War times, after the man who built it. In those days years ago it seemed far too pretentious, far too gorgeous. But the splendors of its colonnade, of its stately rotunda are rarely mentioned today.

It is the dining room of the Maxwell House in Nashville that has brought it lasting fame. Gray-haired southern gentlemen, who remember the banquets and balls of long ago, love to tell you about this stately old room.

Throughout all the southern states the Maxwell House was celebrated for its delicious food, and above all for its coffee.

What this old southern hotel has given America today

For years a special blend of fine coffees, wonderfully rich-bodied and mellow, was served at the Maxwell House. Wherever its distinguished patrons went, they carried with them to their homes the memory of this coffee.

First in the South, then in the North and West, the families who cared most for the good things of life have taken steps to secure Maxwell House Coffee for their own tables.

And now at the great Hotel del Coronado, at Coronado Beach, California, it is this same blend that is served to the exacting people who gather there from all sections of the country. After thorough tests of many coffees, including the one that had been used for twenty years, Mr. Mel S. Wright, the manager, recently selected Maxwell House Coffee out of all others. This is the gift of the fine old hotel in Nashville not only to the Coronado, but also to many other leading hotels of today. Among those that use this blend exclusively are the Maryland Hotel in Pasadena, California, the Hotel Oakland in Oakland, the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo, Japan, and the Young Hotel in Honolulu.

And this same blend of fine coffees that delighted the guests of the old Maxwell House is now on sale in sealed tins at all better grocery stores throughout the United States.

Your first taste of its rare flavor will tell you why it has become so celebrated—why it has pleased more people than any other coffee ever offered for sale. Give your family its smooth richness and mellow fragrance. Ask your grocer today for one of the blue tins of Maxwell House Coffee. Cheek-Neal Coffee Company, Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York, Los Angeles.

Throughout the old South, the Maxwell House was celebrated for its coffee

At the great Hotel del Coronado at Coronado Beach, California, Maxwell House Coffee is today served exclusively

The "crack" American liners plying between California and Hawaii are owned and operated by the Los Angeles Steamship Company. Maxwell House Coffee has been selected for the dining saloons of their entire fleet

For the beautiful Maryland Hotel in Pasadena, California, (left) Maxwell House Coffee has been chosen out of all others

The Oakland Hotel at Oakland, California, (below) is another one of the celebrated hotels of today using Maxwell House Coffee

"Good to the last drop"

Throughout the entire world the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo, Japan, is noted for its marvelous cuisine. Here, too, Maxwell House Coffee is now served exclusively

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

TODAY—*America's largest selling high grade coffee*

(Continued from Page 68)

"I knew it," Nell agreed delightedly. "Sam, she's wild about you. She's jealous of us; that's the trouble with her."

"I told her you needed someone to fetch your stuff in," Sam retorted, flushing to the ears.

Peg spoke regretfully. "I'm sorry we got you into trouble."

"Bound to happen sometime," Sam assured her. "But I thought maybe you'd like me to chore around here."

"You've got a new car," Nell cried; and Sam explained how that had come about, and they inspected the machine. "It's ever so much better than your old one, isn't it?" Nell suggested.

Sam might curse the contrary thing himself, but he would not betray it to others.

"Runs sweet as a bird," he agreed.

Peg was looking into the rear seat.

"Is that your gun?" she asked.

"Got all my stuff there," he agreed. "I moved out. Thought you might need me here; and it don't do any harm to have a gun around a place as lonesome as this is."

"Can you shoot it?" Peg asked; and Nell added quickly:

"Because we might have some shooting for you to do, Sam. Or I'd do it myself. I'd love to." There was a ferocity in her tone which Sam found amusing.

"Who you going to shoot?" he asked.

"A friend of yours," Nell told him; and she and Peg looked at one another, and Peg said quietly:

"Let's go into the house. I'll tell you about it, Sam."

"Bring your things in," Nell added. "We want you to stay, don't we, Peg? I can't sleep without a man in the house after this."

"Yes," Peg nodded. She smiled at Sam. "Unless your terms are too high."

"I've got a kind of feeling something's due to happen here," Sam confessed. "Whatever you want to pay me."

"You see," Nell explained, while they moved, laden, toward the kitchen door. "You see, that chauffeur, that Lin Ruble—is that his name?—he came here today."

Sam colored eagerly. "When was that? I was looking for him today."

"About noon."

"I was down at Sloughter's about then, looking for him. He must have been here then. What did he want?"

Nell looked at Peg, then said tempestuously, "He just wanted to annoy us. He was—beastly, Sam. Came smirking in; drove right into the yard and blew his horn, and Peg thought it was you, and ran out and saw him in the car there."

She added more slowly, "I was away, down in the woods, but I came back when I heard his horn. And when I got here, he was talking to Peg, and grinning at her."

"What'd he want?" Sam insisted.

Peg answered him. "I think Mr. Sloughter sent him," she explained. "He said so. He told me his name was Ruble and that Mr. Sloughter had sent him in to see if I'd changed my mind about selling. He said Mr. Sloughter told him to come in every day and see me and ask me." She hesitated a moment, then added, "He said he was going to enjoy it, hoped I'd never sell, so he'd have an excuse to come in every day. And asked me to take a ride with him. And —— Oh, was just annoying in various ways."

Nell giggled a little. "I saw, when I got here," she explained, "that Peg was furious. And a little frightened too. Weren't you, Peg?"

"I wasn't afraid of him," Peg insisted.

"Just the same, you were glad to see me," Nell reminded her.

"So was he," Peg said laughingly. "He hardly paid any attention to me after you came, Nell. You stole him right away from me. Little thief!"

Nell laughed softly.

"It doesn't help any to be mad with a man," she said wisely. "I gave him kind words. Kind words are more than coronets, Peg. You know he was beaming in no time."

"Like a cat with a mouse," Peg said bitterly.

"I was frightened out of my wits," Nell agreed. "But I didn't give him the satisfaction of seeing."

"What did he say?" Sam demanded truculently.

"Well," Peg explained, "he said this was a lonely place, and some girls would be afraid to be here; and he said he'd seen some rough-looking men in the woods around here during the summer. He said he'd come and see us sometimes in the evening, so we needn't be afraid, and that he'd look out for us and bring a friend of his to help him. And he said he knew where to get some good gin, and he'd bring some limes. And he asked us to go to a dancing place with him tonight, or tomorrow night, or the next." She hesitated, considering. "You know the sort of thing, Sam. I hated him."

"I'd like to see this Ruble come around while I'm here," Sam declared. "I'd like to run into him."

"He looks fearfully strong," Nell confessed. "And he's taller than you, Sam."

"I'll whittle him down to my size," Sam promised. He added in some perplexity, "I'd like to know what's going on around here. There's something mighty funny."

"Oh, I know that," Nell cried abruptly. "I've been telling Peg." She made a little gesture of bravado. "I'm a detective, Sam. A dry agent." She laughed softly. "Can you imagine that—me a dry agent? But I've found out all about it, the whole dark and bloody plot."

Peg smiled. "Nell's convinced they are all bootleggers," she explained.

"I'm not convinced," Nell corrected. "I know." She extended her hands, palms upward, and clenched them tightly. "I've got them just like rats in a trap," she said dramatically, and Sam and Peg laughed at her. "Come and see for yourselves," she invited. "I'm certainly going."

"You are not," Peg told her. "Don't be absurd. It's a good thing to mind your own business sometimes, Nell."

Sam broke in. "What are you talking about?" he demanded.

Nell laid a finger to her lips.

"Sh! Not a word. Tonight at midnight, at the old mill. Then it can be told."

"Tell him, Nell," Peg advised. "Be sensible for a moment."

"Woman," Nell protested, "I was never more sensible in my life."

"Say," Sam insisted, "I don't get any of this. What's happened anyway?"

Nell smiled, touched his arm lightly.

"There, Sam," she exclaimed. "I didn't mean to tease you. You see ——" She hesitated. "I told you—yesterday, wasn't it?—that we were trying to find a nice pool along the brook to bathe in. Down in the woods somewhere. Peg has explored some and so have I. But it's awfully thick and tangled and hard to get through. Then this morning I started out—thank goodness the dogs didn't follow me. Whisk wanted to, but he was so pitiful with one leg dangling that I made him stay at home. And instead of following down the brook, I went through the pine woods below the house where it's easier walking; and I swung along the side of the hill and came to the brook farther down than we had ever gone before. And I found just what we want, Peg; the most beautiful spot. An old gray birch tree on one side, hanging over the water; and pines on the other, and all around; and the water falls over a ledge about three feet high, and the pool is twenty or thirty feet long with a sandy bottom, and three or four feet deep, I should think, and a rippling little shallow at the lower end." She laughed softly. "I went in the water all by myself there; and a red squirrel scolded me terribly; and two or three little birds played around very politely, pretending not to see me at all. A squirrel is no gentleman."

Peg saw Sam's color; and she said quietly, "Go on, Nell."

"I did go on," Nell agreed, with a nod. "After I'd bathed, I wanted to see the rest of the brook. And it comes into a larger stream, Sam; sluggish black water."

"That's Blood Brook, I guess," Sam agreed. "Runs down into the river."

"Well," Nell continued, "I followed it up for a way and I came to an old mill. It hasn't been used for years, I should think, and there's nothing left of the dam except some old timbers all covered with moss. And just before I came out of the bushes there I heard someone call. A man!"

She paused dramatically; and they listened without words.

"So," she said, "I stayed where I was, very small and still; and I peeked out, and there were two men there. I'd never seen either of them before. And they were putting planks across on the timbers of the old dam, making a kind of bridge out of it; just laying them on, but carefully, so they wouldn't slide off. And I couldn't hear everything they said, but I heard one of them say something about a truck and the other one said it would be there about midnight. And after a while they crossed and went into the old mill; and I could hear them doing something in the cellar of it, or down underneath somewhere. And then I got a little frightened, so I came away."

Sam considered this in silence.

But Peg said gravely, "I don't see anything in that. Do you, Sam?"

"I'm going down there tonight and watch them again," Nell retorted. "I'm going to find out what's going on down there, and if they're bootleggers I'm going to make them give me a case of gin or I'll betray them to the clutches of the law!" She made a gesture full of melodrama.

"You stay here," Sam suggested. "I'll go down."

"We'll none of us go down," Peg retorted. "It's none of our affair."

"I'm going myself," Nell insisted. "You can come with me if you want to, Sam. But I'm certainly going."

"You're ridiculous," Peg warned her. "You're just asking for trouble." And Sam allied himself with her in the effort to dissuade Nell from taking any part in the adventure.

They came to no immediate conclusion. The afternoon drew on; Peg and Nell got supper; and still they argued, no one of them yielding ground. The sun set; darkness wrapped the house, drawing its black veil just outside the windows. And they washed the dishes and put them away, and fed the dogs.

And Peg said thoughtfully, "We mustn't take the dogs. They'd make a noise, give us away."

Nell pounced so alertly upon this indication of weakening that Peg had no chance to intrench herself again. Thus by midevening they found themselves determined upon the enterprise, concerting their plans. Nell was sure she could lead them through the woods to the mill.

"We daren't use a flash light after we get down there," she agreed, "but we can for a while, and it's easy walking through the pines."

Sam said wisely, "If there's anything going on down there, they'll have an eye on the house. We've got to pretend to go to bed." He added abruptly, "I'm going to run my car into the barn and sleep by it, and I'll take my gun. Don't want them getting away with this car the way they did the other."

"We'll pretend to go to bed," Nell agreed. "Put out the lights and everything; and then start out very carefully."

They proceeded, in the end, to the performance of this plan. Sam housed his car, and with blankets from the house made himself a bed upon old hay in the barnloft. The girls went to their rooms, presently put out the lights; and Sam waited in darkness in the barn till by and by they came to him through the shed. The dogs they left in the shed, latching the doors securely.

Nell whispered, "I've the flash light, Sam. Shall I turn it on?"

"I'll look around outside," he replied. "Make sure there's no one around. Then I'll come back for you here." He picked up his gun, but Peg made him put it aside again.

"I won't have you take that," she insisted. "It might get us into trouble. This whole thing is foolish enough as it is, but that would make it serious."

Nell agreed with her.

"This is just a lark, Sam. Don't be dramatic."

So Sam allowed himself to be persuaded; and he came back at last to report that all seemed clear. They went out through the door of the disused tie-up and down the pasture lane, and so came presently along a ruined stone wall to the cover of the woods. There was starlight enough so that they could discern each other's figures; and Sam saw that the two girls wore knickerbockers, were accoutered for such a tramp as this one was. Then the pines received them; they moved through a ghostly shadow full of other shadows, more intense, which seemed to waver about them; and Nell, at first confidently in the lead, fell back to take Sam's hand; and they kept contact thus, Sam in the middle, the girls on either side, going cautiously, stumbling now and then over fallen branches or bowlders, slithering in the loose needles which covered the ground, sliding down the steeper declivities. And now and then they ventured to use the light in smothered flashes, cupping its beam, directing it upon the ground at their feet. And to Sam the moment was amazing and incredible and strangely thrilling; such a moment as had come to him before in dreams. He dramatized it in his thoughts and a curious elation sang in his veins.

Nell seemed to have caught something of the same infection. Peg held his hand dispassionately, impersonally, as though it were a staff she leaned upon; but Nell's fingers within his were alive, moving, carrying many messages of warning, of admonition, of encouragement. Peg was like another man, but Nell was very feminine; and once, when she whispered some word in his ear, Sam caught the fragrance of her hair.

A wind was stirring the tops of the tall trees above their heads; and Sam was grateful for this, since it filled the wood with sounds which covered the sounds they made in their advance. Once, off to their right, a tree fell crashingly; and Peg stood very still, and Nell huddled against him while he told them what it was they heard. And a little later, since the wind was from that quarter, he heard the far rumble of a truck's engine.

"It's coming," he told them. "In the old road. On that high land between the two bridges, by the sound."

Nell only panted "Hurry," and they went more swiftly on.

Thus they came at last near the old mill; and they were warned of its nearness by a glimpse of light through the lower growth of alder and birch and willow along the stream ahead of them. Through this they made their way; and they lay at last side by side, behind an old log which hid them, with only a thin screen of bushes in front of them and between them and the mill. They were just in time; they could hear the truck coming slowly through the wood, and Sam realized that it must be following an old wood road from the abandoned farm beyond the Delemay place. Peg peered intently through the leaves in front of them, but Nell pressed close against Sam's side, and even the intense curiosity which the scene in front of him inspired could not make him forget that she was so near.

Yet what he saw was worth consideration. Three lanterns had been fixed in such positions that they lighted the rude bridge constructed on the timbers of the old dam; and Sam could see the fresh yellow color of the planks laid there. Two men were waiting, near one of the lanterns, and the headlights of the truck picked out their figures against the darkness behind them. Sam remembered that he had seen one of these men in the village a week or so before, the

(Continued on Page 75)

*An example of what can be done by having a floor that plays a part in the decorative scheme. Notice how simple furnishings give a rich and distinctive effect through the use of this patterned linoleum—*GOLD SEAL INLAID, *Belflor Pattern* No. 2047-5.

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(Continued from Page 73

other's figure was unfamiliar. But when the truck came to a halt, Ruble himself dropped from the front seat, and another man behind him.

And then Sloughter emerged from the obscurity of the shadows beyond; and Sam heard Ruble report to him, "Saw the lights go out. That kid from the garage is there, but they've been in bed over an hour."

He could not hear Sloughter's reply, but his hair prickled with desire to make for Ruble here and now. Only the fact that Peg was here beside him, and Nell so near, held him where he was. Then the men began to work with a smooth and orderly system, unloading the truck, taking from it oblong boxes which Sam recognized as cases of whisky, carrying them across the bridge and into the old mill. And Sloughter at one side watched with silent attention as the work went on.

Nell linked her arm through Sam's.

"There!" she whispered triumphantly, her lips at his ear.

The hour lost all reality for Sam; it was so far outside the borders of experience that he forgot himself, forgot the impossibility of the situation itself, forgot everything but the girl at his side.

"Wasn't I right all the time?" she demanded, her breath on his cheek.

"Sure were," he confessed, without turning his head; and she asked softly:

"What did you say?"

He turned then to repeat his words; and she leaned toward him so that her hair was in his eyes, her ear against his lips. To his own immense astonishment and inordinate delight he had, a moment later, kissed that warm and listening ear.

And he felt her faintly shiver with laughter, and he heard her say reproachfully, "Why, Sam!"

Yet even while delight gave way to consternation, she relented. "There!" she exclaimed, and kissed him on the mouth while he lay passive, too astonished to respond. He was upon the mountain top.

Then he whirled and sprang to his feet, grappling in wild panic with something which sprawled across him; and he heard a quick excited bark. Lady, the setter; Lady who had somehow escaped and followed them here, and who now barked her delight at finding them again. Nell and Peg were up, too, and Sam flung a glance behind him and saw that the men by the mill had abandoned their tasks of the moment, were staring toward the bushes where they lay.

Instantly Sloughter shouted some command, and the others sprang that way; and Sam and Nell and Peg, stumbling and scrambling, fled desperately into the darkness among the pines, while Lady, delighted with this sport, bounded hinderingly before them and behind.

As they ran they could hear the hoarse shouts of the pursuing men.

x

THE minutes that followed seemed to Sam interminable; filled at first with anxiety and desperate haste, then with bewilderment, and with pity and fury paralyzed by fear, and with long weariness and waiting and conjecture. They ran at first, these three, directly from the old mill and downstream through the tall pines, aimlessly and driven only by the hot necessity of escape. And they ran in a darkness to which their eyes, used to the lantern light by the mill, were long in accustoming themselves; so that they blundered into trees and over bowlders and through patches of miry soil where they sank to their knees. Sam had dropped the flashlight in the first moment, the first leap backward into the cover of the forest; but even if he had kept it, to use it would have been to betray them to those who pursued. As it was, the fugitives had some slight advantage. They might have chosen to run anywhere within a quarter of the circle. The brook, following at this point a course almost directly southerly, cut them off on one side; the men behind blocked them from going north; but they were free to follow the brook or to swing away from it and up the steeper slopes. And the pursuers, not sufficiently numerous to cover all the territory, had to choose their path, waste time in tracing the way the fugitives had gone. Thus from the first Nell and Sam and Peg gained; and Lady, who had betrayed them, bounded at their heels and betrayed them again and again by barking with delight at this game which to the dog's mind they seemed to play.

Now and then the wood thinned a little and some light from the stars sifted through the tree tops. They were able to discern the pillars of opacity which were the trunks of the trees, and as their eyes became used to the light, they avoided contact with these obstacles. But they could not see the ground, and they were forever tripping and falling, and Sam dropped back now and then to help one or the other of the girls to arise. He himself fell more than once, painfully, but his hurts did not penetrate the armor of excitement which he wore. He scarce knew he felt them. The two girls were, however, not so insensible, weakened rather than stimulated by their danger; only fear lent them speed and agility and endurance. Peg, seeing how Lady continually revealed the direction they had taken, had the wit to try to send the dog away. She bade Lady go home; she commanded her to go back; she cried out to her to be still. And at last, these resources failing, she urged the dog to turn upon their pursuers, seeking to arouse in the gentle beast some combative ardor, some understanding of the necessity of protecting her mistress in this moment.

Behind, the men shouted back and forth through the wood, now and then at a loss, again and again recovering the trail. And when they had been perhaps five minutes in flight, Nell fell heavily upon one knee and cried out that she could not move, and begged the others to go on; and the pursuers must have come upon them there, but somewhere on the slope above and to the east a man shouted:

"Here! They've gone this way."

Neither Peg nor Nell heard this cry, but Sam heard it, and his attention fixed upon it even while he tried to get Nell on her feet again. The circumstances seemed to him perplexing; for they had not gone that way, and he who cried out must know it. Must therefore be their friend. Sam heard his voice again and again, receding in that direction; heard the others also swing that way with questioning calls, heard the pursuit go blundering up the hill. He and Peg between them got Nell to her feet and led her on, and Nell, the first exquisite pain slackening, was able to help herself a little.

But Lady bounded before them and barked; and Peg cried despairingly, "Oh, Lady, Lady! Go get them, Lady! Sic 'em, Lady!" And flung a directing hand back and up the hill toward their pursuers.

Sam, holding Nell, his arm about her, his senses swimming with the delight of clasping her so closely, exclaimed, "Make her go! Get rid of her, or they'll catch us sure."

"Go on, Lady," Peg insisted. "Sic 'em, Lady girl!"

Nell gasped, "I'm better. I can go faster now."

"Hold on to me," Sam urged.

"Sic 'em, Lady! Back there!" Peg cried.

Lady seemed to begin at last to understand; she made a cast backward through the wood, hesitated as though to have her instructions confirmed, and then as Peg still commanded, the dog bounded along their back trail to meet the pursuit which once more was swinging after them. Nell was managing to run again now; and Sam could hear her breath whistle through her teeth as she stifled the pain of her hurt; and his head was swimming with pity for her and blazing with fury at the men behind him. He thought of stopping to meet these men, to check them, hold them back, cover the escape of the two girls; he was ready for any high emprise. But when he would have done so, Nell held his arm.

"No, no, Sam," she insisted. "Stay with us. Don't leave us here."

They heard, somewhere behind them, Lady barking; her shrill tones cried out warning and defiance. And somebody shouted in consternation; and then the three fugitives were frozen by the cracking note of a shot which came muffled through the wood. And upon the heels of the shot Lady's bark changed its note; became fraught with pain; became a piteous yelp. A series of long-drawn, shrilling cries; one of those sounds which can never be forgotten when once it has been heard.

"They've shot her!" Sam cried; and Peg thrust past him.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "She's terribly hurt." And she called aloud, "Lady! Come in!"

But Lady's pitiable outcries ended, drowned by the staccato of two more shots in quick and conclusive succession. And upon their heels only silence followed; and Nell, clutching at Sam's arm, sobbed:

"They've killed her. The beasts have killed her, Sam."

Sam freed himself from her grasp, and Peg asked him steadily, "Where are you going, Sam?"

"I'm going to get them," Sam said grimly, "for that."

Peg stopped him. "No, Sam. Come away."

"They can't do that and get away with it," he insisted.

"You've got us to take care of, Sam," she reminded him.

Furious though he was, what she said had yet such weight with him that he obeyed her; they moved away more slowly through the wood. And by and by the sounds of the pursuit behind them became more remote; and once Sam heard a long shrill whistle, like a signal, far back near the mill; and thereafter they heard the pursuers no more at all. Yet they did not linger near, but pushed on, and swung at last up the hill, working slowly toward the farm.

They had to go very slowly, with many pauses for rest, for Nell was suffering. Her knee had received such a blow that it scarce functioned; she walked only with great difficulty and pain. And since there seemed no longer need for haste, they paused now and then to allow her to lie down and rest for a little before going on. In one such pause as this Sam heard somewhere below them a sound he could not identify; a recurrent sound, regular and monotonous. He thought it like the sound of oars in quiet rowlocks; yet there could be no oars within hearing range. There were no boats on Blood Brook. That stream, though it was wide and indolent, easily enough passable for craft of proper design, yet had in it nothing to attract the adventurer except in the fall when gunners sometimes sought ducks there. And the river, where a boat might properly be, was beyond hearing distance from this spot where at the moment they were resting. Yet he called the attention of the others to the sound and they agreed that it was in fact much like the creak of muffled oars.

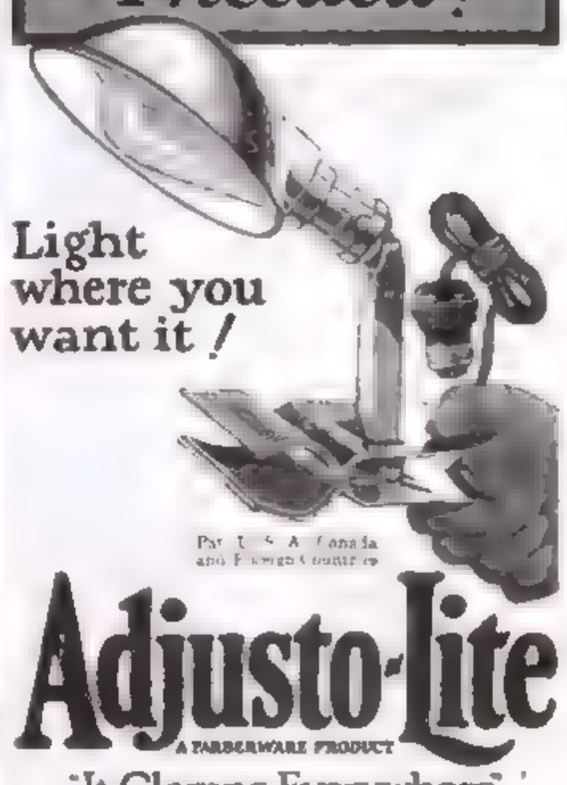
And again Sam thought he heard the clash of a car's engine running in second gear; and he was sure he heard the truck work its way back along the wood road and away from the mill. And these matters brought to his mind the curious circumstance that someone had, at a moment critical for them, diverted the pursuers. His lively imagination began to run upon many conjectures; but Peg was so distressed by the death of Lady, and Nell so miserable with her own hurt, and these two were each so much concerned with comforting the other, that Sam did not intrude his thoughts upon them.

Only when they came, after a long time, to the foot of the old orchard below the farm, he said warningly, "You two better stay here while I look around."

"Why?" Peg asked. And Sam said quickly:

"They likely know it was us down there; and they've been watching us; and they

They'll all say: "Just what I needed!"



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A casserole you will be proud to put on your table.

The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circulation Mgr.* W. ROGERS *Editor* WILL ROGERS

Improving on History

I just finished hearing a Politician, one of the Washington Boys, talk on Abraham Lincoln. The only thing I could picture in common between him and Lincoln was that they had both been in Washington. When a Politician ain't talking about himself he is talking about Lincoln. Lincoln has had more Public men speak of his good qualities, and fewer copy any of them, than any man America ever produced. His famous address was only about two hundred words long. No Politician has ever been able to even copy his briefness. In fact, that is the last one of his qualities they would try to copy. Lincoln said more in those 200 words than has been said in the entire City of Washington in the last 10 years. And here is a quality that no historian or speaker has ever brought out before: At the completion of the Gettysburg Speech, he wisely refused one of Grant's Cigars, and borrowed a sack of "Bull" Durham from an ex-Southern private, got on his Mule and went back to Washington.

Will Rogers

P. S. There will be another piece here in a few weeks. Look for it.

Another "Bull" Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them.

More of everything for a lot less money. That's the net of this "Bull" Durham proposition. More flavor—more enjoyment and a lot more money left in the bankroll at the end of a week's smoking.

maybe sent someone up here to watch for us to come home. We don't want to run into them blind."

"I wouldn't be a bit afraid of them, if it wasn't for this darned knee," Nell said truculently. "Men that will kill a dog like Lady are just cowards, that's all."

"Well, I'm afraid of them," Sam said honestly. "I'd just as soon have a gun in my hand when I run into them. And I don't want to have you two to look out for. You stay here while I hunt around."

"Be careful, yourself," Peg advised. "There's no reason why you should get hurt either, Sam."

"I'll look out," he promised her, "if you'll stay here." And when they agreed, he left them in the shadow of the old stone wall, and himself moved off circuitously among the trees, going quietly, keeping under cover, swinging along the slopes till he was beyond the house before turning up toward the road.

When he came to the road at last and saw a car standing in the shadows there, a hundred yards or so above the house, he was almost elated at this discovery, confirming as it did his anticipations. He grinned with satisfaction; and he had a momentary impulse to cripple the car, or to get in and drive it away. Then shook his head. Better to leave it where it was. Those who had come in it would presently grow discouraged with their vigil and depart; they must be left free to go. Or perhaps, better still, he could persuade the two girls to come here and get them into the machine, and so bring them safely to the outer world again. While he stayed, considering, he heard the muffled barks of Hoot, the Scottie, still prisoned in the shed, his small legs unequal to the leap that had given Lady, through an open window, at once freedom and a glorious end. The men were prowling there, Sam thought; and he drew back and returned more swiftly to where he had left Nell and Peg.

They were gone and he had at this a momentary qualm of fear till Peg whistled softly from the coverts within the wall; and he found them together there, waiting for his report. But when he suggested that they all three make their way to the car and so to safety, both demurred. Peg pointed out the danger in the plan.

"We'd have to go along the road," she reminded him, "and they may be watching it, or the truck may be there, or the men might catch us at the car. We can stay here; they'll not look for us, and if they do, it won't do them any good. No, Sam, I think we're better where we are."

And Nell added vehemently, "I don't propose to run away."

Thus they determined at last to remain where they were till dawn.

"It can't be very long," Nell reminded them. "I think we've been out here for hours." And they settled themselves to wait. It was that hour of the night when the blood runs sluggishly; and they all felt the chill in the air, and so huddled together in the lee of a bowlder, and Peg massaged and bound Nell's knee, easing the pain. They talked softly together; and as the night winds slackened and fell lifeless, they lowered their tones more and more till they spoke in whispers. And Sam found it difficult to believe in the reality of this experience, found it incredible that he should be here. He had dreamed such dreams as this: he never saw a lovely girl without imagining himself engaged for her sake in some bold knight-errantry. This was a rôle which he had loved to play. Sam's mother, a woman already too old when his memory first captured her for any freshness or beauty and too weary to show even to her son any great affection, had never taught him the ways of tenderness. Nor was Millie ever inclined to soothe and comfort him. Even when she ministered to him, her tone was one of chiding and her words were all reproof. Thus in the gentler ways Sam's life had been a barren one; only in his imaginings had he found the thing he craved. Yet here, in the cool early summer night, Nell's head lay against his shoulder and her hand was in his, and when presently she slept her body seemed to melt against his own with many little movements of adjustment; and Peg, beyond Nell, seemed also to lean toward him as though the pressure of the darkness thrust them closer together. And she too must presently have slept a little, for Sam sensed the relaxation in her posture. He himself was cramped and aching from long immobility, yet dared not ease his pains for fear of waking Nell. A moment to be treasured, never to be ended by his will.

Yet it had, perforce, to end. A little before dawn, in the still hush, Sam heard that waiting car start and climb the shoulder of Old Bald and so depart; and he felt sure the way was clear for their return to the house. But Nell and Peg still slept, and he waited their awakening. The darkness paled; across the upper sky came strands and floods of blue and then of a warmer color; and behind Old Bald the sun rose and its rays shot through the clouds high above them, even while the slope where they were was still deeply shadowed.

Of the two girls, it was Peg who first awoke; and with sleep still heavy in her eyes she looked about, and discovered Sam and Nell; and remembrance came. Nell lay so closely in Sam's arms, and Sam's weary head bent so gently above Nell's brown hair that Peg smiled a little at the sight of them; and then into her smile came faint disquiet and regret.

She said softly, "It's morning."

Sam nodded. "I heard the car drive away," he confessed, "but I didn't want to wake you."

She considered his posture.

"You must be frightfully cramped," she suggested sympathetically; and Sam's cheeks burned while he replied.

"Not to notice," he insisted. "Let her sleep. Her knee's hurt bad; and it's going to bother her today."

Peg moved her head in grave assent. But after a moment she said soberly, "Sam, I saw you kiss each other last night. Just before —— Down by the mill."

Sam could not speak, but Nell murmured sleepily from his arms, "I don't care, Peg. Sam's a nice boy."

"Awake, Nell?" Peg asked quietly. "How does your knee feel?"

"Frightful," Nell murmured. "But you mustn't scold Sammy, Peg."

Peg smiled a little. "I'm not going to scold him," she promised. "But you both know you're—on dangerous ground. Nell, you know better; you need to be scolded. But you always would play with a nice boy. But, Sam, be sensible, won't you? Nell's a good friend of mine; perhaps because I know her weaknesses. But she shouldn't let you kiss her."

"I kissed him," Nell insisted mischievously. "He didn't kiss me; he just kind of bit my ear." She shivered a little, happily. "Didn't you, Sam?"

Peg made a little gesture of distress.

"I don't mean to preach. But it isn't playing the game, Nell. Sam, you're nice as you can be, but you know you'll never see Nell any more, don't you? That kiss just happened. Don't go pinning dreams on it, Sam, will you? You're too sensible a boy."

"I'll kiss my Sam if I want to," Nell protested; but Sam met Peg's eyes and his own were wide, full of something like awe. He had a curious sense that he had never seen Peg before. He had thought Nell charming, but in this moment she began abruptly to seem to him a little silly; a little frivolous; faintly insincere. Peg was not silly or insincere; she so obviously meant to be friendly and to be kind. The normal man, who instinctively desires to be treated like a boy, finds no aspect of a woman so charming as that of the friendly and affectionate adviser. Also, Nell, though she was obviously awake, still lay in his arms; and while this posture had, so long as she slept, a certain charm, it became when she was wakeful merely bold and indiscreet. And his arm was aching. Unconsciously he moved to ease this ache; and

(Continued on Page 78)

Ford

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THE planetary transmission was developed as the simplest, most direct and reliable means of speed control for light cars. While this type costs more to build, its advantages far outweigh other considerations. Your car is more flexible in traffic—with starts, stops and speed changes made faster and more easily. Complete control through foot pedals makes it unnecessary to remove your hands from the wheel. Gears are constantly in mesh, preventing the possibility of stripping. The transmission, therefore, stands harder abuse; there are no costly replacements. Ford economy methods alone make it possible to build this superior transmission into Ford cars, yet keep Ford prices the lowest ever offered.

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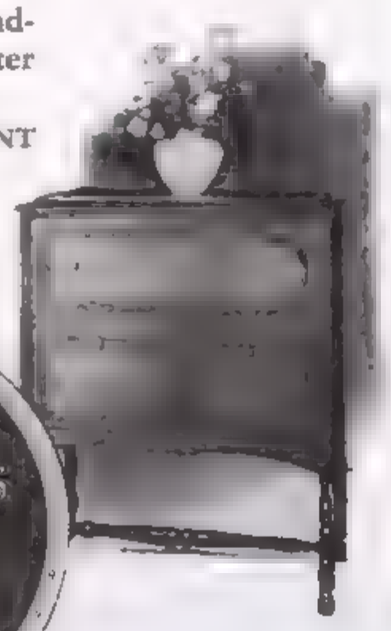
He says:

"THE Pooley Radio Cabinet is approved for Atwater Kent Radio because of the design and quality of Pooley cabinet work and because of the tone qualities of the Pooley built-in floating horn. Both meet the standards we set and maintain for Atwater Kent Receivers and Speakers."

(Signed) A. ATWATER KENT



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There are three ways you can identify a Pooley Radio Cabinet

1 By the name "Pooley" on the arm rest
2 By the tone qualities of its built-in floating horn
3 By its beauty and craftsmanship

THE POOLEY COMPANY
1656 Indiana Avenue Philadelphia, U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 76)

Nell perforce sat up and began to smooth her hair, and Sam said soberly to Peg.

"Yes, ma'am, I see what you mean."

Peg smiled approvingly. "Then there's no harm done, and as long as you understand, Nell may kiss you as often as she chooses and you may do the same for her."

"I didn't mean anything," he said humbly. "It just happened so."

Nell cried reproachfully, "Why, Sam!" She drawled his name in a fashion most provocative; but he said gravely:

"I'm sorry for it, Nell. I didn't mean anything."

Nell made a little grimace at her friend.

"Peg, you're atrocious," she declared. "Just when I get a nice boy interested in me, you always spoil it." She laughed at Sam. "I know what will happen now. You'll become her devoted slave. They always do, after she's given them some sisterly advice. And I'll be left out in the cold." She shivered. "I am cold," she confessed. "I want to get back to a fire."

"They've gone," Sam agreed, glad of a turn in the conversation. "At least I heard the car drive away."

It did not occur to any of them that against the certainty of their return an ambush might be laid. They went slowly up the slope through the orchard, among the old apple trees run to suckers, decayed, broken down by loads borne in fruitful years; and they came to the house through the pasture and the lane, and through the tie-up into the barn. Nothing in the barn had been disturbed; Sam found his gun where he had left it, and with it safely in his hands felt able to confront a dozen enemies. Hoot welcomed them in the shed, bounding frantically about their knees; and in the kitchen, Whisk, the Airedale, still nursing his hurt, wagged a stumpy tail by way of greeting, without removing himself from the couch where he lay. Sam got a fire going, and while Nell examined her bruised knee gingerly, Peg started coffee. Sam tried to help Peg, humbly attentive, not wholly because of his new appreciation of the beauty and strength which dwelt in her as from a sense of discomposure at the sight of Nell, her knickerbockers unbuttoned at the knee and turned upward, her leg exposed.

She perceived his embarrassment and called to him, "Sam, come and feel my knee and see if you think anything's broken." But Sam hesitated uncertainly, and Peg said, "I'll come."

Nell made a grimace at her.

"Never mind," she retorted. "I'm sure it's quite all right—if Sam won't come."

They had thus far given little talk to their adventure of the night; but now, while they cooked breakfast and ate, the conversation turned that way. Peg was quiet, her thoughts evidently occupied with Lady.

"I should like to go down and find her, and—bury her," she suggested. "I don't like thinking of her just lying there."

"I always thought of bootleggers as rather interesting; thought I'd like to know one," Nell declared. "But I think these are mighty unpleasant bootleggers, don't you, Sam?"

"They must know we saw them," Sam reminded them.

"I wonder what they will do about us," Peg suggested. "I should think it would worry them. And—I wonder if Mr. Sloughter is in with them at all."

"He was there," Sam reminded her. "Didn't you see him?" But neither Peg nor Nell had recognized Sloughter, so that Sam began to doubt his own eyes. He was, nevertheless, sure of Lin Ruble, and said so.

"And I'd seen one of the others around the village," he continued. "I'd know him again."

Nell shivered. "Wonder what they'd have done if they'd caught us," she exclaimed.

"Darned if I know," Sam rejoined. "I'm glad they didn't, just the same." He added abruptly, "They're apt to come up here today. Maybe you'd rather get out of here?"

"Let's go and report them," Nell suggested. "People that would kill a dog."

Peg shook her head. "It's none of our business," she suggested. "Lady was my dog. But we had no business down there; and probably, now that they know we've seen them, they won't come any more."

They began to consider the meaning of the activities they had witnessed; and Sam's knowledge of the countryside coupled with Peg's inductive faculty led them at last to the belief that the liquor was being floated down Blood Brook and across the river.

"The officers are stopping a lot of stuff at the bridge," Sam explained. "And there ain't another bridge for thirty miles. That's probably the way of it."

He asked whether either of them had seen the man whose false advice had led their pursuers astray. They had heard the shout, but neither knew the voice nor saw the man. So they knew no more than Sam did.

"I was thinking it might have been Dave Budd's deputy," he said. "Bat Brace. I was telling him about things in here yesterday, and I kind of thought he'd be in."

But he could not bring himself to believe that it had been Bat's voice he heard; nor had he the fullest confidence in Bat's good intent.

"Wan't him," he agreed at last.

They could not guess who it might have been. It did not occur to Sam to think of fat Bill Stackhoe in this connection. In the perplexing cloud of minor mysteries with which he found himself surrounded, he had forgotten that large man with the singular ability to listen while he seemed to sleep and sleep while he seemed to listen. He was, furthermore, more than half convinced that Stackhoe had in fact left the locality; had never fully credited the evidence of his own eyes in that respect.

Their talk led them to no conclusion. Nell was bitter against those who had killed Lady, but she had no really zealous desire to destroy mere bootleggers. Peg was inclined to mind her own affairs. Sam suggested reporting the matter to Sheriff Budd or to his deputy, but he got no agreement from them.

The two girls were very sleepy; and after breakfast Nell went to lie down and Peg to write in her notebooks for a while in her room. Sam spent the ensuing hour tinkering with his car, which the watchers in the night had left unharmed. He was thus engaged when he heard another machine coming down the hill; and he came around the house to discover Bat Brace just alighting from his car beside the road.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Picks you up *instantly!*

—when you feel "all-in"

A new Swiss "pick-up" drink for busy people . . . peps you up at once in a healthy natural way

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Do you have "let-downs" during the day . . . . times when your mind and body turn logy and drowsy—in spite of yourself?

Seven out of ten people do. Thus they are handicapped by slowed-down energy and lack of pep!

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Now modern science offers you a *natural* means to keep you "hitting on all six"—every minute of the day. A way that picks you up almost instantly. Both mentally and physically.

It is a delicious new food-drink called Ovaltine. Not an artificial stimulant. But a quick building-up beverage. Doctors advise it.

Thousands of successful people everywhere now drink Ovaltine regularly at home. In their offices. At soda fountains. It rejuvenates. It sets tired minds a-sparkle. We urge you to make a 3-day test.

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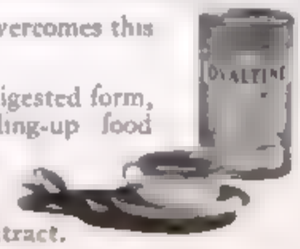
Drink a cup or glass of Ovaltine whenever you feel low or nervously tired. See how quickly it picks you up. There is a new zest to your work—to all your daily activities.



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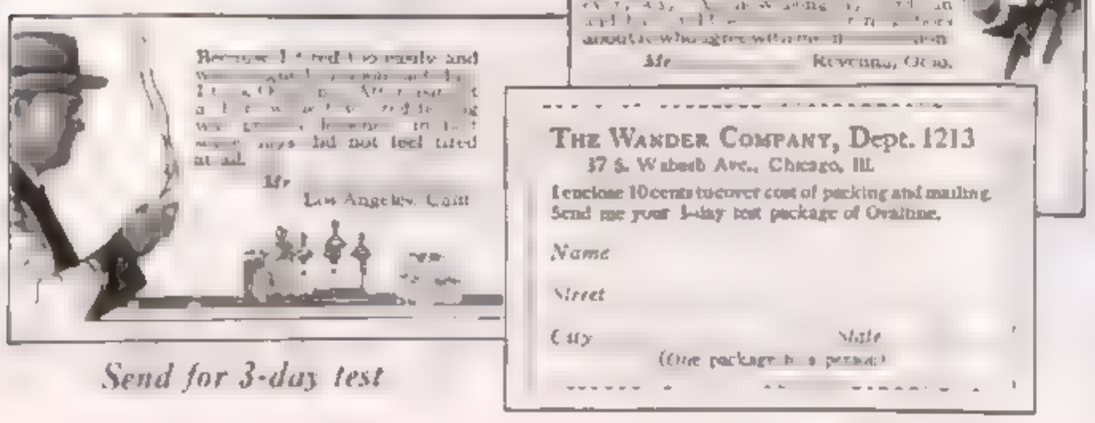

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I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.
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City *State*
(One package to a person)

DIAMOND CUFF LINKS

(Continued from Page 16)

links in place when he paused. He had looked forward to the day so long that now, when it was at hand, he was almost afraid to enjoy it. For, once he wore the cuff links and grew used to them, what would he have to look forward to? After all, he reflected, this is a commonplace day, an ordinary Wednesday. Why waste the sensation on a day like this? Wearing his new suit would afford him pleasure enough for such a day. It struck Quinby that it would afford him more pleasure if he saved the debut of his perfect links for a more festive and important occasion. He put them back in their box.

When Quinby entered the office that morning, looking spruce in his new attire, Miss Nelson, glancing up by chance from her typewriter, saw him and smiled. He returned the smile. Quinby had been aware of Miss Nelson for some time. Looking up from his sixes and nines, he had more than once found himself gazing at her neat blond head as it bent over her machine while she nimbly typed letters. Until that day he had never ventured to do more than bow to her. But today a new confidence was in him. He was not just Quinby, a clerk; he was Quinby, possessor of a perfect pair of diamond cuff links. So he found an opportunity to pass her desk, and to say that he thought it would be nice if she would lunch with him. She said she thought it would be very nice. They had lunch together.

They discovered a mutual interest in the same motion-picture star, and Miss Nelson let it be known that she made a rice pudding rather well. When Quinby asked if he might call, that privilege was not denied him. Indeed, it happened that Miss Nelson was doing nothing particular the following evening. She would be glad to see him at her parents' home somewhere in Brooklyn.

When Quinby was changing his collar and shirt to make his call next evening, he took out the diamond cuff links from their box. A fitting occasion for their initial wearing had arrived. He was about to make his first call on a girl for whom he felt a strange exalted emotion, which, Quinby decided, must be love. He had dreamed of her the night before, as presiding over a tidy flat full of chintz and near mahogany, and making a rice pudding against his homecoming.

He fingered the diamond cuff links. Would it be wise to wear them tonight, after all? Reasons for not doing so presented themselves to him. She might not like him, and their romance might be dashed to earth that very first night. After that he would hate the cuff links, he knew, for they would be associated with a tragic experience. Then, too, it might look as if he were trying to dazzle her with his diamonds, and, he fondly hoped, he was going to be able to do that with his personality. No, tonight was not the night for the diamonds. Another time, when he knew her better; on his fifth call perhaps. He put them away.

On his fifth call on Miss Nelson, Quinby did not wear the diamond cuff links. He considered doing so. Surely the occasion was important enough. On that night he planned to ask Miss Nelson to marry him. High hope alternated mercurially with cold doubt. It seemed unlikely that she, so wonderful, could care about him: and yet she had let him kiss her good night when last he called on her. He weighed the cuff links in his hand. They would be a distraction. He did not want her to think about anything but him and the serious question he intended asking her, if his nerve held out. He put on his ten-cent links, went to her home, proposed and was accepted.

Quinby debated for a long time whether he should wear his diamond cuff links on his wedding day. He did not. It struck him that on wedding days people are not very much interested in the cuff links of the bridegroom. Those perfect links deserved a special day, all their own, with no competition. He would save them, postpone the thrill of wearing them.

He did not wear them to the office the morning after his first son was born, although he was tempted to. He did not wear them the day he was promoted to be chief clerk at a larger salary. He did not wear them the day he was elected high and worthy scribe of his lodge.

Quinby knew that once he had eaten his cake, he wouldn't have it in prospect. For years he had looked forward to the day when he should wear the cuff links. He did not propose to toss that day away lightly. When fits of despondency pressed on him, as, now and then, they did, he pulled himself out of them by saying, "Well, I have the day I wear my diamonds to look forward to."

One morning, in his mirror, he noticed that his hair was beginning to get markedly gray. This saddened him for a moment. Then he brightened.

"Tomorrow," he said, "I'll wear the diamond cuff links." He thought no more of his graying hairs.

It was cold that day, with an edged wind. When Quinby came out of his office at dusk, sleet was slanting down. The rushing wind whipped the sleet against him. He bent his head and hurried for the Subway.

Next morning when he woke his throat felt raw, and there was a throbbing pain in his chest. He felt weak and giddy when he tried to stand up. His wife made him stay in bed. She sent for a doctor. The doctor said Quinby had pneumonia, a bad case.

All day he lay in bed, his mind foggy, a numbness on his body. Late that night, when his wife had gone from the room, a little strength flowed back into him. He knew then what would cheer him, what would help him in his fight. Unsteadily, he got out of bed and with faltering feet crossed the room to his dresser. He took out his best shirt. Then from a special locked drawer he took the velvet box. He was finding it hard to breathe. He stumbled back to his bed, sat down, opened the box. He took out the diamond cuff links, held them so they sparkled in the light. Struggling for breath, he tried, with fingers that seemed made of ice, to put them into the buttonholes. He wanted to call out, but had no voice. He wanted to tell them that his last wish was to be buried in the diamond cuff links. He could not even whisper. He lifted the shirt to pull it over his head, but the effort was too much for him, and he fell back on the bed. That was how they found him.

"He knew he was going to die, I guess," said his brother Fred to his brother George. "He was putting in those links to show he wanted to be buried in them."

"Maybe," said George. "But it seems a shame to waste them like that. They look like real diamonds. Wonder where he got them. They're worth something, those links. Too bad to put them where they'll never be seen."

"Guess maybe you're right."

So they buried Quinby in the ten-cent links.

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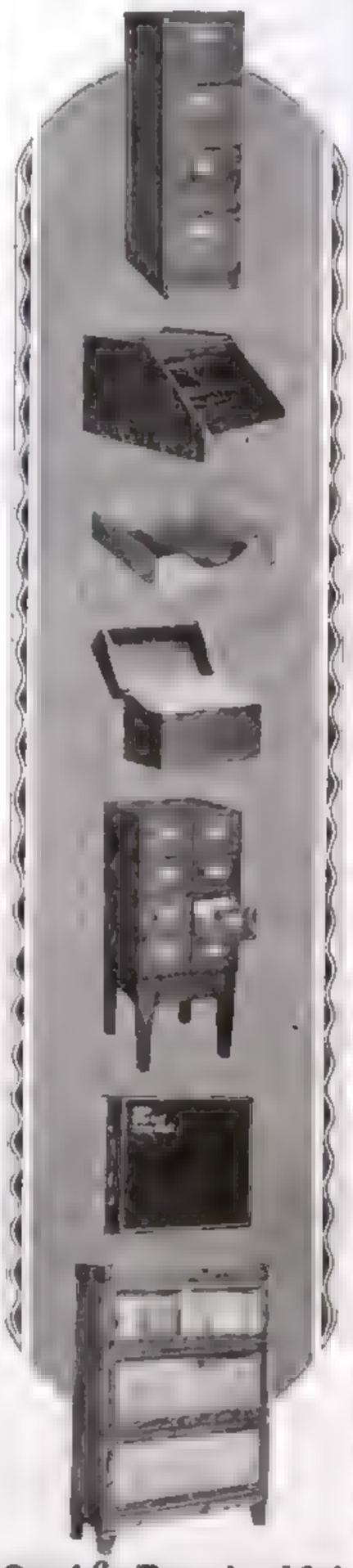

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U. S. A.—A SESQUICENTENNIAL INQUIRY INTO THE STATE OF THE STATES

(Continued from Page 17

The thinly populated state's resources
Are sagebrush, silver, wool and quick divorces.

Land of my boyhood, dearly loved New Hampshire,
Today the motor tourists, making camp, shirr
Their eggs beside your every pool and torrent
And scatter cans and other things abhorrent!

In countless mills and factories, New Jersey
Produces cottons, rubber, silk and kersey.
Her fruits excel; and in her marshes murky
Grow cranberries for all the nation's turkey.

Our dictionaries do not rime "New Mexico,"
Says Doctor Vizetelly, famous lexico.
But in her hills the miners dig turquoises
While mountain lions make unpleasant noises.

Let census takers magnify New York!
For immigration, aided by the stork,
Has made her concentrated population
The largest in the swiftly growing nation.

The tarheel commonwealth, North Carolina,
Is noted for its store of turpentine, a
Commodity employed by varnish makers.
Tobacco occupies her central acres.

By dint of toil, the fields of North Dakota
In high-grade wheat exceed the normal quota.
Reformers there at times have raised the dickens,
As sportsmen do among her prairie chickens.

The Buckeye State, magnificent Ohio,
Has raised a host of statesmen dear to Clio.
Let no one try to steal a jot of fame from
The region that my people also came from!

Upon the healthful winds of Oklahoma
The sprouting oil well spreads its glad aroma.
Along the roads, imperiling her voters,
Her plutocratic redskins speed their motors.

Where once in grandly wooded Oregon
The noble savage put his war rig on,
With referendums now the statesman grapples
Or catches mammoth trout or raises apples.

Her hills provide the mills of Pennsylvania
With iron, coke and kindred miscellanea.
Her brawny sons, according to their liking,
Are sometimes digging coal and sometimes striking.

Diminutive and water-cleft Rhode Island,
That citadel of buckwheat-cake-and-pie land,
Produces jewelry in great variety,
But not what's worn in Newport's high society.

The old Palmetto State, South Carolina,
Can grow a tea as good as that of China.
Her cotton's fine; her climate being tropical,
The yearly crop of ice is microscopical.

If cloudy days are rare in South Dakota,
The people do not mind it one iota.
Her Indians, of many leading branches,
Are working farms and running cattle ranches.

There grow upon the hills of Tennessee
The oak, the pine, the gum and hemlock tree.
The people still are mainly Celt and Saxon
And always vote for Gin'ral Andrew Jackson.

As big as France and Greece, tremendous Texas
May well be called our country's solar plexus.
Her cotton makes our shirts and—maybe—collars;
Her crops are worth above a billion dollars!

Beneath the cloudless sky of lofty Utah
The tourist views the grand plateau in mute awe.
The Mormon masterpiece is Salt Lake City,
And if you haven't seen it, more's the pity.

The mountain dike that runs through green Vermont
Is like a sleeping labyrinthodont.
In March among the tree-clad hills of [illegible]te,
They boil the sugared maple sap and can it.

Had brave Æneas looked upon Virginia,
He never would have bothered with Lavinia,
And Rome would not have risen, proud and beany,
Which would have been too hard on Mussolini.

In Puget Sound, the state of Washington
Has waterways and ports excelled by none.
The pines of Maine to hers are merely splinters,
And mildness marks her summertimes and winters.

The Appalachian realm of West Virginia
Is quite as large as Holland plus Sardinia;
Her gas flows free, her oil as freely bubbles,
And she has had her share of mining troubles.

New social projects ever seek Wisconsin,
The state that notions find a quick response in;
And though she's felled her woods that once were legion,
She cans more peas than any other region.

The sheep flocks climb the trails of proud Wyoming;
The cowboy rides the range from dawn to gloaming;
The Yellowstone abounds in furry creatures
And geysers, gulphs and other circus features.

The wide expanse of half-explored Alaska
Is quite a distance north of Lake Itaska.
Her peaks are high, and some of them volcanic:
Her bears would give the Hagenbecks a panic.

In mild, pineapple-redolent Hawaii,
The seas are sapphire blue, the peaks are skyey;
And surf boards, hula skirts and ukuleles
Are advertised in all the leading dailies.

The planters raising cane in Porto Rico
For Cuban sugar do not give a fico!
This garden spot where Nature ever smiles
Was won for us by gallant General Miles.

Sts. Thomas, John and Croix, the Virgin Islands
Of well-protected bays and noble highlands
With all their archipelago were Denmark's,
Till made our own by diplomatic pen marks.

That narrow strip, the Panama Canal Zone,
(Which we, as fellow countrymen of Cal's, own,)
Is utilized in shipping Yankee notions
Between our two consolidated oceans.

In Guam, Samoa, Wake, the Philippines,
The Midway Isles and suchlike tropic scenes,
Beneath the palms the natives warble solos
And never cut each other up with bolos.

So here you have a layer cake or sandwich
Epitome of all our mighty land, which,
In spite of drawbacks, present, old and recent,
I think, upon the whole, is pretty decent.

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with Jack Holt and Esther Ralston.
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—and eighteen more to turn Spring into Fall

IN 1926 November will have nothing on May. The custom in the past has been to show you the best pictures in the Fall and let Spring and Summer take the rest. But this Spring no fewer than 30 great Paramount Pictures are being released.

They are far greater shows than any ever released before in Spring months.

In fact, during 1926 there will be great Paramount Pictures week in and week out—an investment of unprecedented size, even for Paramount, resulting in brilliant productions constructed by the foremost directors, luxuriously presented, often with several stars, and the cast itself glittering with the stars of tomorrow.

This is based on your appreciation of great pictures in Spring and Summer just as much as Fall. You've never had them before from any source to anything like the extent that Paramount will give them to you this year. *For example:*

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This is the true story of a trouper's life, showing you all the glamour of life on the variety stage, both behind the scenes and in front. Tom Moore is the song and dance man, and Bessie Love charlestons in the most authoritative manner. Harrison Ford, Norman Trevor and George Nash head a great cast.

When you see this picture you will realize why, as a play, it was so popular in New York; and why so many film companies bid for the right to screen it.

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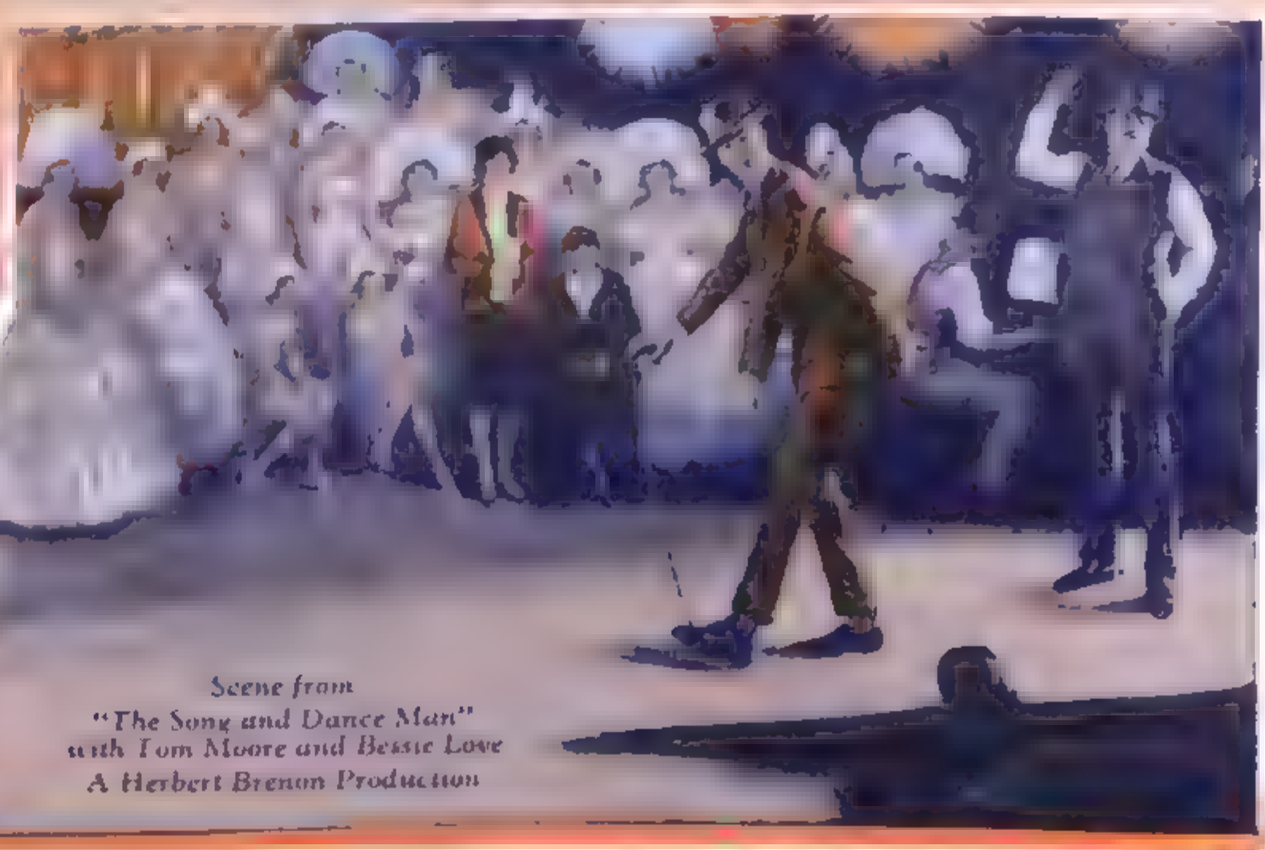

Scene from
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TRADE MARK
Paramount Pictures

The Trade Mark of Romance

Paramount Pictures

THE TREASURE HUNT

(Continued from Page 7)

"Where the hell is your tail light?" he called furiously.

"You ought to know," said Tish calmly. "Somewhere in your engine, I imagine."

Well, it seemed that everyone had been following us, and no one except the Smith boys apparently knew where to go from there. And just then a policeman came out of the bushes and asked what the trouble was.

"Ichthyosaurus," said Tish absently. "'Water, water, everywhere, nor any drop to drink. Two twos are four, though some say more, and ——'"

"Don't try to be funny with me," he said. "For a cent I'd take the whole lot of you into town for obstructing traffic. You've been drinking, that's what!"

And just then Aggie sat up in the back seat and said, "Drinking yourshelf! Go on, Tish, and run over him. He'sh a nuishance."

Well, I will say her voice was somewhat thick, and the constable got on the running board and struck a match. But Tish was in her seat by that time, and she started the car so suddenly that he fell off into the road. As the other cars had to drive around him, this gave us a certain advantage; and we had soon left them behind us, but we still had no idea where to go. Matters were complicated also by the fact that Tish had now extinguished our headlights for fear of again being molested, and we were as often off the road as on it.

Indeed, once we brought up inside a barn, and were only saved from going entirely through it by our dear Tish's quick work with the brakes; and we then had the agony of hearing the other cars pass by on the main road while we were backing away from the ruins of a feed cutter we had smashed.

We had also aroused a number of chickens, and as we could hear the farmer running out and yelling, there was nothing to do but to back out again. Just as we reached the highroad a load of buckshot tore through the top of the car, but injured nobody.

"Luckily he was shooting high," said Tish as we drove on. "Lower, and he might have cut our tires."

"Luckily!" said Aggie, from the rear seat. "He'sh taken the crown out of my hat, Tish Carberry! It was nish hat too. I loved my little hat. I ——"

"Oh, keep still and go to sleep again," said Tish. "'Water, water, everywhere, nor any drop to drink. Two twos are four, though some say more, and i-n-k spells ink.'"

"So it did when I went to school," said Aggie, still drowsily. "I-n-k, ink; p-i-n-k, pink; a ——"

Suddenly Tish put her foot on the gas and we shot ahead once more.

"Schoolhouse of course," she said. "The schoolhouse by the water tower. I knew my subconscious mind would work it out eventually."

III

UNFORTUNATELY, we were the last to get to the schoolhouse, and we had to witness the other cars streaming triumphantly down the road as we went up, shouting and blowing their horns. All but the Simmonses' sedan, which had turned over in a ditch and which we passed hastily, having no time to render assistance.

Miss Watkins, the school-teacher, was on the porch, and as we drew up Tish leaped out.

"Pterodactyl!" she said.

"Warm, but not hot," said Miss Watkins.

"Plesiosaurus!"

"The end's all right."

"Ichthyosaurus!" said Tish triumphantly, and received the envelope. Aggie, however, who had not heard the password given at the Ostermaiers', had listened to this strange conversation dazedly and now burst into tears.

"There'sh something wrong with me, Lizzie!" she wailed. "I've felt queer ever since we started, and now they are talking and it doesn't sound like sensh to me."

It was some time before I was able to quiet her, but Tish had already received the second password, or sentence, which was "Prevention is better than cure, ting-a-ling," and was poring over the next clew.

"Always first in danger, always last to go,
Look inside the fire box and then you'll know."

I still think that had she taken sufficient time she could have located this second clew easily and without the trouble that ensued. But finding herself last when she is so generally first had irritated her, and she was also annoyed at Miss Watkins, it having been arranged that the last car was to take her back into town.

"Mr. Ostermaier said the clew's in town anyhow. And he didn't think the last car would have much chance, either," she said.

"Who laughs last laughs best," said Tish grimly, and started off at a frightful speed. Miss Watkins lost her hat within the first mile or two, but we could not pause, as a motorcycle policeman was now following close behind us. Owing to Tish's strategy, however, for when he attempted to come up on the right of us she swerved in that direction and vice versa, we finally escaped him, an unusually sharp swerve of hers having caught him off guard, so to speak, and upset him.

Just when or where we lost Miss Watkins herself I have no idea. Aggie had again dozed off, and when we reached the town and slowed up, Miss Watkins was gone. She herself does not know, as she seems to have wandered for some time in a dazed condition before reaching home.

But to the hunt.

I still think our mistake was a natural one. One would think that the pass sentence, "Prevention is better than cure, ting-a-ling," certainly indicated either a pharmacy or a medical man and a doorbell, and as Tish said, a fire box was most likely a wood box. There being only two doctors in the town, we went first to Doctor Burt's, but he had already retired and spoke to us from an upper window.

"We want to examine your wood box," Tish called.

"Wood box?" he said, in a stupefied voice. "What do you want wood for? A splint?"

"We're hunting treasure," said Tish sharply. "'Prevention is better than cure, ting-a-ling.'"

The doctor closed the window violently; and although we rang for some time, he did not appear again.

At Doctor Parkinson's, however, we had better luck, discovering the side entrance to the house open and finding our way inside with the aid of the flashlight. There was only one wood box on the lower floor, and this we proceeded to search, laying the wood out carefully onto a newspaper. But we found no envelopes, and in the midst of our discouragement came a really dreadful episode.

Doctor Parkinson himself appeared at the door in his night clothes, and not recognizing us because of our attire and goggles, pointed a revolver at us.

"Hands up!" he cried in a furious tone. "Hands up, you dirty devils! And be quick about it!"

"'Prevention is better than cure, ting-a-ling,'" said Tish.

"Ting-a-ling your own self! Of all the shameless proceedings I've ever ——"

"Shame on you!" Tish reproved him. "If ting-a-ling means nothing to you, we will leave you."

"Oh, no, you don't!" he said, most unpleasantly. "Put up your hands as I tell you or ——"

I do not now and I never did believe the story he has since told over the town—that Tish threw the fire log she was holding at his legs. I prefer to credit her own version—that as she was trying to raise her hands the wood fell, with most unfortunate results. As a matter of fact, the real risk was run by myself, for when on the impact he dropped the revolver, it exploded and took off the heel of my right shoe.

Nor is it true, as he claims, that having been forced out of his house, we attempted to get back in and attack him again. This error is due to the fact that, once outside, Tish remembered the revolver on the floor, and thinking it might be useful later, went back to get it. But the door was locked.

However, all is well that ends well. We had but driven a block or two when we perceived a number of the cars down the street at the engine house, and proceeded to find our next clew in the box of the local fire engine.

The password this time was "Prohibition," and the clew ran:

"Just two blocks from paradise and only one from hell,
Stranger things than truth are found in the bottom of a well."

The Smith boys had already gone on, but we were now at last on equal terms with the others, and as the sleep and the cold night air had by now fully restored Aggie, Tish called a consultation.

"So far," she said, "the Smiths have had the advantage of superior speed. But it is my opinion that this advantage is an unfair one, and that I have a right to nullify it if opportunity arises."

"We'll have to catch them first," I observed.

"We shall catch them," she said firmly, and once more studied the clew.

"Paradise," she said, "should be the Eden Inn. To save time we will circumnavigate it at a distance of two blocks."

This we did, learning later that Hell's Kitchen was the name locally given to the negro quarter, and once more Tish's masterly deciphering of the clew served us well. Before the other cars had much more than started, we espied the Smiths' stripped flivver outside the Gilbert place, and to lose no time drove through the hedge and onto the lawn. Here, as is well known, the Gilberts have an old well, long disused, or so supposed. And here we found the Gilberts' gardener standing and the Smith boys drawing up the well bucket.

"Give the word and get the envelope," Tish whispered to me, and disappeared into the darkness.

I admit this. I admit, too, that, as I have said before, I know nothing of her actions for the next few moments. Personally, I believe that she went to the house, as she has stated, to get the Gilbert cook's recipe for jelly roll; and as anyone knows, considerable damage may be done to an uncovered engine by flying stones. To say that she cut certain wires while absent is to make a claim not borne out by the evidence.

But I will also say that the Smith boys up to that moment had had an unfair advantage, and that the inducing of a brief delay on their part was not forbidden by the rules, which are on my desk as I write. However ——

As Mr. Gilbert is not only prominent in the church but is also the local prohibition officer, judge of our surprise when, on the well bucket emerging, we found in it not only the clews but some bottles of beer which had apparently been put there to cool. And Mr. Gilbert, on arriving with the others, seemed greatly upset.

"Hawkins," he said to the gardener, "what do you mean by hiding six bottles of beer in my well?"

"Me?" said Hawkins angrily. "If I had six bottles of beer, they'd be in no well! And there aren't six; there's only four."

"Four!" said Mr. Gilbert in a furious voice. "Four! Then who the dev——" Here, however, he checked himself; and

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as Tish had now returned, we took our clews and departed. Hawkins had given us the next password, which was "Good evening, dearie," and the clew, which read:

"Down along the lake front, in a pleasant place,
Is a splendid building, full of air and space.
Glance within a closet, where, neatly looped and tagged,
Are the sturdy symbols of the game they've bagged."

Everybody seemed to think it meant the Duck Club, and in a few moments we were all off once more except the Smith boys, who were talking loudly and examining their engine. But Tish was not quite certain.

"These clews are tricky," she said. "They are not obvious, but subtle. It sounds too much like the Duck Club to be the Duck Club. Besides, what symbols of dead ducks would they keep? I've never seen anything left over but the bones."

"The feathers?" Aggie suggested.

"They wouldn't keep feathers in a closet. And besides, there's nothing sturdy about a feather. What other large building is on the lake front?"

"The fish cannery," I said.

"True. And they might keep boards in a closet with the outlines of very large fish on them. But the less said about the air there the better. However, we might try it."

Having made this decision, as soon as we were outside of Penzance we began once more to travel with extreme rapidity, retracing for some distance the road we had come in on, and thus it happened that we again saw the motorcycle policeman with his side car. He was repairing something and shouted angrily at us as we passed, but we did not even hesitate, and soon we arrived at the fish cannery.

None of the others had apparently thought of this possibility, and when we reached it there was no one in sight but a bearded watchman with a lantern, sitting on a barrel outside. Tish hopefully leaped from the car and gave him the password at once.

"'Good evening, dearie.'"

But the wretch only took his pipe out of his mouth and, after expectorating into the lake, replied:

"Hello, sweetheart. And what can I do for you?"

"Don't be impertinent," said Tish tartly. "I said 'good evening, dearie,' as a signal."

"And a darned fine signal I call it," he said, rising. "Let's have a look at you before the old lady comes along with my supper."

"I have given you the signal. If you haven't anything for me, say so."

"Well, what is it you want?" he inquired, grinning at us in a horrible manner. "A kiss?"

As he immediately began to advance toward Tish, to this action on his part may be laid the misfortune which almost at once beset us. For there is no question that had it not discomposed her she would never have attempted to turn by backing onto the fish pier, which has been rotten for years. But in her indignation she did so, and to our horror we felt the thing giving way beneath us. There was one loud sharp crack followed by the slow splintering of wood, and the next moment we were resting gently on some piles above the water, with the shattered framework of the pier overhead and the watchman yelling that the company would sue us for damages.

"Damages!" said Tish, still holding to the steering wheel, while Aggie wailed in the rear. "You talk of damages to me! I'll put you and your company in the penitentiary if I have to ——"

Here she suddenly checked herself and turned to me.

"The penitentiary, of course!" she said. "How stupid of us! And I dare say they keep the ropes they hang people with in a closet. They have to keep them somewhere. Speaking of ropes," she went on, raising her voice, "if that old fool up there will get a rope, I dare say we can scramble out."

"Old fool yourself!" cried the watchman, dancing about. "Coming here and making love to me, and then destroying my pier! You can sit there till those piles rot, far's I'm concerned. There's something queer about this business anyhow; how do I know you ain't escaped from the pen?"

"My dear man," said Tish quietly, "the one thing we want is to get to the penitentiary, and that as soon as possible."

"Well, you won't have any trouble getting there," he retorted. "I'll see to that. Far's you're concerned, you're on your way."

He then disappeared, and one of the piles yielding somewhat, the car fell a foot or two more, while Aggie wailed and sneezed alternately. But Tish remained composed. She struck a match, and leaning over the side inspected the water and so on below us.

"There's a boat down there, Lizzie," she said. "Get the towrope from under Aggie and fasten it to something. If we can get down, we'll be all right. The penitentiary isn't more than a half mile from here."

"I slide down no rope into no boat, Tish Carberry," I said firmly.

But at that moment we heard the engine of a motorcycle coming along the road and realized that our enemy the policeman had followed us. And as at that same instant the car again slipped with a sickening jar, we were compelled to this heroic attempt after all.

However, it was managed without untoward incident, Aggie even salvaging the flask of blackberry cordial. But the boat was almost filled with water, and thus required frantic bailing with our hats, a matter only just accomplished when the motorcycle policeman came running onto the pier.

Whether the watchman had failed to tell him of the break or not, I cannot say, but we were no more than under way when we heard a splash followed by strangled oaths, and realized that for a time at least we were safe from pursuit.

Wet as we now were, we each took a small dose of the cordial and then fell to rowing. Tish's watch showed only ten o'clock, and we felt greatly cheered and heartened. Also, as Tish said by way of comforting Aggie, the license plates on the car belonging to Mr. Stubbs, it was unlikely that we would be further involved for the present at least.

IV

OWING to the fact that the cars still in the hunt had all gone to the Duck Club, the brief delay had not lost us our lead, and we proceeded at once, after landing near the penitentiary, to the gate. Our halt there was brief. Tish merely said to the sentry at the entrance, "'Good evening, dearie.'"

"The same to you and many of them," he replied cheerfully, and unlocked the gate. We then found ourselves in a large courtyard, with the looming walls of the building before us, and on ringing the bell and repeating the phrase were at once admitted.

There were a number of men in uniform, who locked the grating behind us and showed us into an office where a young man was sitting at a desk.

I had an uneasy feeling the moment I saw him, and Aggie has since acknowledged the same thing. Instead of smiling as had the others, he simply pushed a large book toward us and asked us to sign our names.

"Register here, please," was what he said.

"Register?" said Tish. "What for?"

"Like to have our guests' names," he said solemnly. "You'll find your cells all ready for you. Very nice ones—view of the lake and everything. Front, show these ladies to their cells."

Aggie gave a low moan, but Tish motioned her to be silent.

"Am I to understand you are holding us here?"

"That's what we're here for. We specialize in holding, if you know what I mean."

"If it's that fish pier ——"

(Continued on Page 88)

I *mine* these shingles

What Kind of Asbestos Roofing?

This chart will help you decide

Kind of Building	Type of Asbestos Roofing	Brand or Trade Name
Small buildings	Slate surfaced asbestos ready roofing or hexagonal asbestos shingles	Hexagonal roofing No. 70 rigid asbestos shingles—appropriate colors
Dwellings $3,000-$7,000	Hexagonal asbestos shingles	No. 70 rigid asbestos shingles—appropriate colors
Dwellings $7,000-$25,000	Hexagonal or rectangular asbestos shingles	No. 70 rigid asbestos shingles or colorblende—appropriate colors
Dwellings $25,000 upwards	Rigid asbestos shingles—rectangular	Rough texture colorblende — five tone, brown with or without red or gray accidentals
Factories, shops and mills—monitor and sawtooth roofs*	Asbestos ready roofing or asbestos built-up roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Ready or Asbestos Built-up Roofing
Flat roofs—all buildings*	Asbestos built-up roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Built-up Roofing
Skeleton frame buildings—standard or excessive temperature or condensation conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing	Johns-Manville Transite Corrugated Asbestos Roofing and Siding

*Note—Industrial buildings call for expert advice. A roofing expert is available at all Johns-Manville Branches.

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JOHNS-MANVILLE
Asbestos Roofings

(Continued from Page 86)

"Is it the fish pier?" the young man asked of two or three men around, but nobody seemed to know.

Tish cast a desperate glance about her.

"I may have made a mistake," she said, "but would it mean anything to you if I said 'Good evening, dearie'?"

"Why, it would mean a lot," he said politely. "Any term of—er—affection, you know. I'm a soft-hearted man in spite of my business."

But Tish was eying him, and now she leaned over the desk and asked very clearly:

"Have you got a closet where, neatly looped and tagged,
You keep the sturdy symbols of the game you've bagged?"

Suddenly all the guards laughed, and so did the young man.

"Well, well!" he said. "So that's what brought you here, Miss Carberry? And all of us hoping you'd come for a nice little stay! Jim, take the ladies to the closet."

Well, what with the accident and the hard rowing, as well as this recent fright, neither Aggie nor I was able to accompany Tish. I cannot therefore speak with authority; but knowing Tish as I do, I do not believe that Mrs. Cummings' accusation as to what happened at this closet is based at all on facts.

Briefly, Mrs. Cummings insists that having taken out her own clew, Tish then placed on top of the others a number of similar envelopes containing cross-word puzzles, which caused a considerable delay, especially over the Arabic name for whirling dervishes. This not, indeed, being solved at all, somebody finally telephoned to Mr. Ostermaier to look it up in the encyclopedia, and he then stated that no cross-word puzzles had been included among the clews. Whereupon the mistake was rectified and the hunt proceeded.

As I say, we did not go with Tish to the closet and so cannot be certain, but I do know that the clew she brought us was perfectly correct, as follows:

Password: "All is discovered."

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"'Most anywhere else," said she.
"Behind the grille is a sweet young man,
And he'll give my clew to me."

We had no more than read it when we heard a great honking of horns outside, and those who had survived trooped in. But alas, what a pitiful remnant was left! Only ten cars now remained out of twenty. The Smith boys had not been heard from, and the Phillipses had been arrested for speeding. Also Mr. Gilbert had gone into a ditch and was having a cut on his chin sewed up, the Jenningses' car had had a flat tire and was somewhere behind in the road, and the Johnstons were in Backwater Creek, waiting for a boat to come to their rescue.

And we had only just listened to this tale of woe when Mrs. Cummings sailed up to Tish with an unpleasant smile and something in her hand.

"Your scissors, I believe, dear Miss Carberry," she said. But Tish only eyed them stonily.

"Why should you think they are my scissors?" she inquired coldly.

"The eldest Smith boy told me to return them to you, with his compliments. He found them in the engine of his car."

"In his car? What were they doing there?"

"That's what I asked him. He said that you would know."

"Two pairs of scissors are as alike as two pairs of pants," Tish said calmly, and prepared to depart.

But our poor Aggie now stepped up and examined the things and began to sneeze with excitement.

"Why Tish Carberry!" she exclaimed. "They are your scissors. There's the broken point and everything. Well, if that isn't the strangest thing!"

"Extraordinary," said Mrs. Cummings. "Personally, I think it a matter for investigation."

She then swept on, and we left the penitentiary. But once outside, the extreme discomfort of our situation soon became apparent. Not only were we wet through, so that Aggie's sneezing was no longer alleviated by the clothespin, but Tish's voice had become hardly more than a hoarse croaking. Also, we had no car in which to proceed. Indeed, apparently the treasure hunt was over so far as we were concerned. But once again I had not counted on Tish's resourcefulness. We had no sooner emerged than she stopped in the darkness and held up her hand.

"Listen!" she said.

The motorcycle was approaching along the lake road, with that peculiar explosive sound so reminiscent of the machine gun Tish had used in the capture of V—— during the war.

It was clear that we had but two courses of action—one to return to the penitentiary and seek sanctuary, the other to remain outside. And Tish, thinking rapidly, chose the second. She drew us into an embrasure of the great wall and warned us to be silent, especially Aggie.

"One sneeze," she said, "and that wretch will have us. You'll spend the night in jail."

"I'd rather be there thad here any day," said Aggie, shivering. However, she tried the clothespin once more, and for a wonder it worked.

"He'll hear by teeth chatterig, I'b certaid," she whispered.

"Take them out," Tish ordered her, and she did so.

How strange, looking back, to think of the effect which that one small act was to have on the later events of the evening! How true it is that life is but a series of small deeds and great results! We turn to the left instead of the right and collide with a motorbus, or trip over the tail of an insignificant tea gown, like my Cousin Sarah Pennell, and fall downstairs and break a priceless bottle of medicinal brandy.

So Aggie took out her teeth and placed them in her ulster pocket, and tied her scarf over her mouth to prevent taking cold without them, and later on ——

However, at the moment we were concentrated on the policeman. First he discovered and apparently examined the boat on the shore, and then, pushing and grunting, shoved his machine past us and up to the road. There he left it, the engine still going, and went toward the penitentiary, whistling softly and plainly outlined against the lights of the cars outside. A moment later Tish had led us to the motorcycle and was examining the mechanism by the aid of the flashlight.

"It looks easy enough," she said in her usual composed manner. "Lizzie, get into the side car and take Aggie on your lap—and hold on to her. I wish no repetition of the Miss Watkins incident."

We watched for a short time, hoping the policeman would go inside, but he was talking to the Cummingses' chauffeur, who seemed to be pointing in our direction. Seeing then that no time was to be lost, Tish hastily adjusted her goggles and pulled down her hat, and being already in knickerbockers, got quickly into the saddle. With the first explosion of the engine the motorcycle officer looked up, and an instant later began to run in our direction.

But I saw no more. Tish started the machine at full speed, and to a loud cry from Aggie we were off with a terrific jerk.

"By deck's broked!" she cried. "Stop her! By deck's broked!"

Her neck was not broken, however, I am happy to say, and the osteopath who is attending her, promises that she will soon be able to turn her head.

How shall I describe the next brief interval of time? To those who have ridden in such fashion, no description is necessary; and to those who have not, words are inadequate. And, in addition, while it was speedily apparent that we were leaving our pursuers behind—for the Cummingses' car followed us for some distance, with the policeman on the running board—it was also soon apparent that our dear Tish had entirely lost control of the machine.

Unable to turn her eyes from the road to examine the various controls, an occasional flash of lightning from an approaching storm showed her fumbling blindly with the mechanism. Farmhouses loomed up and were gone in an instant; on several curves the side car was high in the air, and more than once our poor Aggie almost left us entirely. As the lightning became more frequent we could see frightened animals running across the fields; and finally, by an unfortunate swerve, we struck and went entirely through some unseen obstacle, which later proved to be a fence.

However, what might have been a tragedy worked out to the best possible advantage, for another flash revealing a large haystack near by, Tish turned the machine toward it with her usual farsightedness and we struck it fairly in the center. So great was our impact, indeed, that we penetrated it to a considerable distance and were almost buried, but we got out without difficulty and also extricated the machine. Save for Aggie's neck, we were unhurt; and the rain coming up just then, we retired once more into the stack and with the aid of the flash again read over the clew:

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"'Most anywhere else," said she.
"Behind the grille is a nice young man.
And he'll give my clew to me."

"Going?" said Tish thoughtfully. "'Most anywhere else'? There's no sense to that." The hay, however, had brought back Aggie's hay fever, and as sneezing hurt her neck, she was utterly wretched.

"There's a heap of sedse," she said in a petulant voice. "Bost adywhere else would suit be all right. Ad if you're goig to try that dabbed bachide agaid, Tish Carberry, I ab dot."

"If you must swear, Aggie," Tish reproved her, "go outside, and do not pollute the clean and wholesome fragrance of this hay."

"I'd have said worse if I knew adythig worse," said Aggie. "And bebbe this hay is wholesobe, but if you had by dose you would't thig so."

"Grille?" said Tish. "A nice young man behind a grille? Is there a grillroom at the Eden Inn?"

But we could not remember any, and we finally hit on the all-night restaurant in town, which had.

"'Most anywhere else' must refer to that," Tish said. "The food is probably extremely poor. And while there we can get a sandwich or so and eat it on the way. I confess to a feeling of weakness."

"Weakdess!" said Aggie bitterly. "Thed I dod't ever wadt to see you goig strog, Tish Carberry!"

It was owing to Aggie's insistence that Tish test out the mechanism of the motorcycle before any of us mounted again that our next misfortune occurred. So far, when one thing failed us, at least we had been lucky enough to find a substitute at hand, but in this instance we were for a time at a loss.

It happened as follows: As soon as the rain ceased, Tish, flashlight in hand, went to the machine and made a few experiments with it. At first all went well, but suddenly something happened, I know not what, and in a second the motorcycle had darted out of our sight and soon after out of hearing, leaving our dear Tish still with a hand out and me holding a flashlight on the empty air. Pursuit was useless, and, after a few moments, inadvisable, for as it reached the highroad it apparently struck something with extreme violence.

"If that's a house it's docked it dowd," Aggie wailed.

But as we were to learn later, it had not struck a house, but something far more significant. Of that also more later on.

Our situation now was extremely unpleasant. Although the storm was over, it was almost eleven o'clock, and at any time we expected to see the other cars dashing past toward victory. To walk back to town was out of the question in the condition of Aggie's neck. Yet what else could we do? However, Tish had not exhausted all her resources.

"We are undoubtedly on a farm," she said. "Where there's a farm there's a horse, and where there's a horse there is a wagon. I am not through yet."

And so, indeed, it turned out to be. We had no particular mischance in the barn, where we found both a horse and a wagon, only finding it necessary to connect the two.

This we accomplished in what I fear was but an eccentric manner, and soon we were on our way once more, Aggie lying flat in the wagon bed because of her neck. How easy to pen this line, yet to what unforeseen consequences it was to lead!

As we wished to avoid the spot where the motorcycle had struck something, we took back lanes by choice, and after traveling some three miles or so had the extraordinary experience of happening on the motorcycle itself once more, comfortably settled in a small estuary of the lake and with several water fowl already roosting upon it.

But we reached the town safely, and leaving Aggie, now fast asleep, in the rear of the wagon, entered the all-night restaurant.

V

THERE was no actual grille to be seen in this place, but a stout individual in a dirty white apron was frying sausages on a stove at the back end and a thin young man at a table was waiting to eat them.

Tish lost no time, but hurried back, and this haste of hers, added to the dirt and so on with which she was covered and the huskiness of her voice, undoubtedly precipitated the climax which immediately followed. Breathless as she was, she leaned to him and said:

"All is discovered."

"The hell you say!" said the man, dropping the fork.

"I've told you," she repeated. "All is discovered. And now no funny business. Give me what you've got; I'm in a hurry."

"Give you what I've got?" he repeated. "You know damn well I haven't got anything, and what I'm going to get is twenty years! Where are the others?"

Well, Tish had looked rather blank at first, but at that she brightened up.

"In the penitentiary," she said. "At least ——"

"In the pen!" yelped the man. "Here, Joe!" he called to the person at the table. "It's all up! Quick's the word!"

"Not at all," said Tish. "I was to say 'All is discovered,' and ——"

But he only groaned, and throwing off his apron and grabbing a hat, the next moment he had turned out the lights and the two of them ran out the front door. Tish and I remained in the darkness, too astonished to speak, until a sound outside brought us to our senses.

"Good heavens, Lizzie!" she cried. "They have taken the wagon—and Aggie's in it!"

We ran outside, but it was too late to do anything. The horse was galloping wildly up the street, and after following it a block or two, we were obliged to desist. I leaned against a lamp-post and burst into tears, but Tish was made of stronger fiber. While others mourn, Tish acts, and in this case she acted at once.

As it happened, we were once more at Doctor Parkinson's, and even as we stood there the doctor himself brought his car out of the garage, and leaving it at the curb, limped into his house for something he had forgotten. He was wearing a pair of loose bedroom slippers, and did not see us at first, but when he did he stopped.

"Still at large, are you?" he said in an unpleasant tone.

"Not through any fault of yours," said Tish, glaring at him. "After your dastardly attack on us ——"

"Attack!" he shouted. "Who's limping, you or me? I'm going to lose two toenails, and possibly more. I warn you, whoever

(Continued on Page 93)

RADIOLA 30 is an eight-tube Super-Heterodyne, with enclosed loop, and the remarkable new RCA cone loud speaker built-in. It also contains a power amplifier for the speaker, and a device that does away with *all* batteries, and operates the set on any 60 cycle, 110 volt A.C. lighting circuit. Absolutely complete, ... $575

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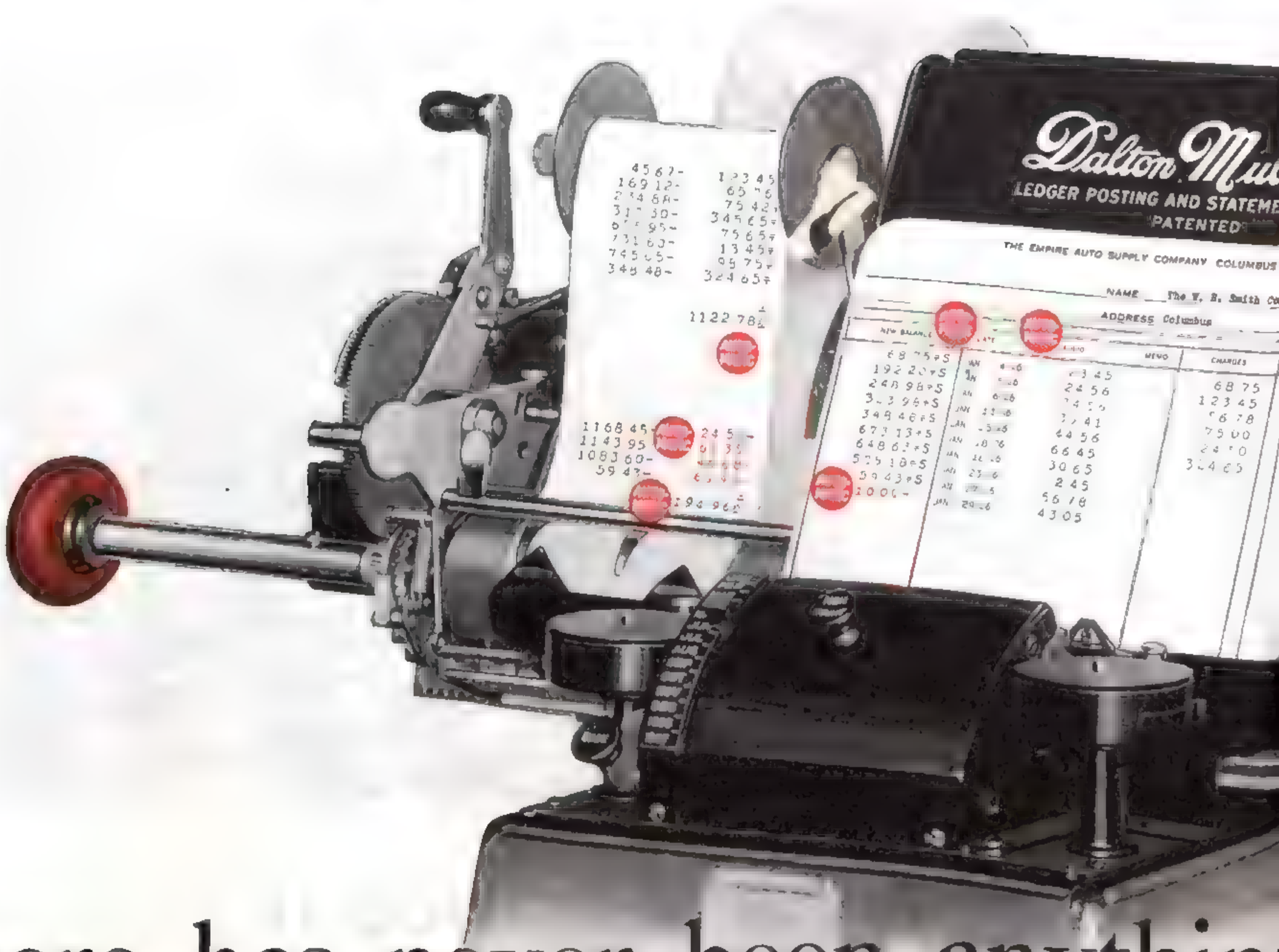

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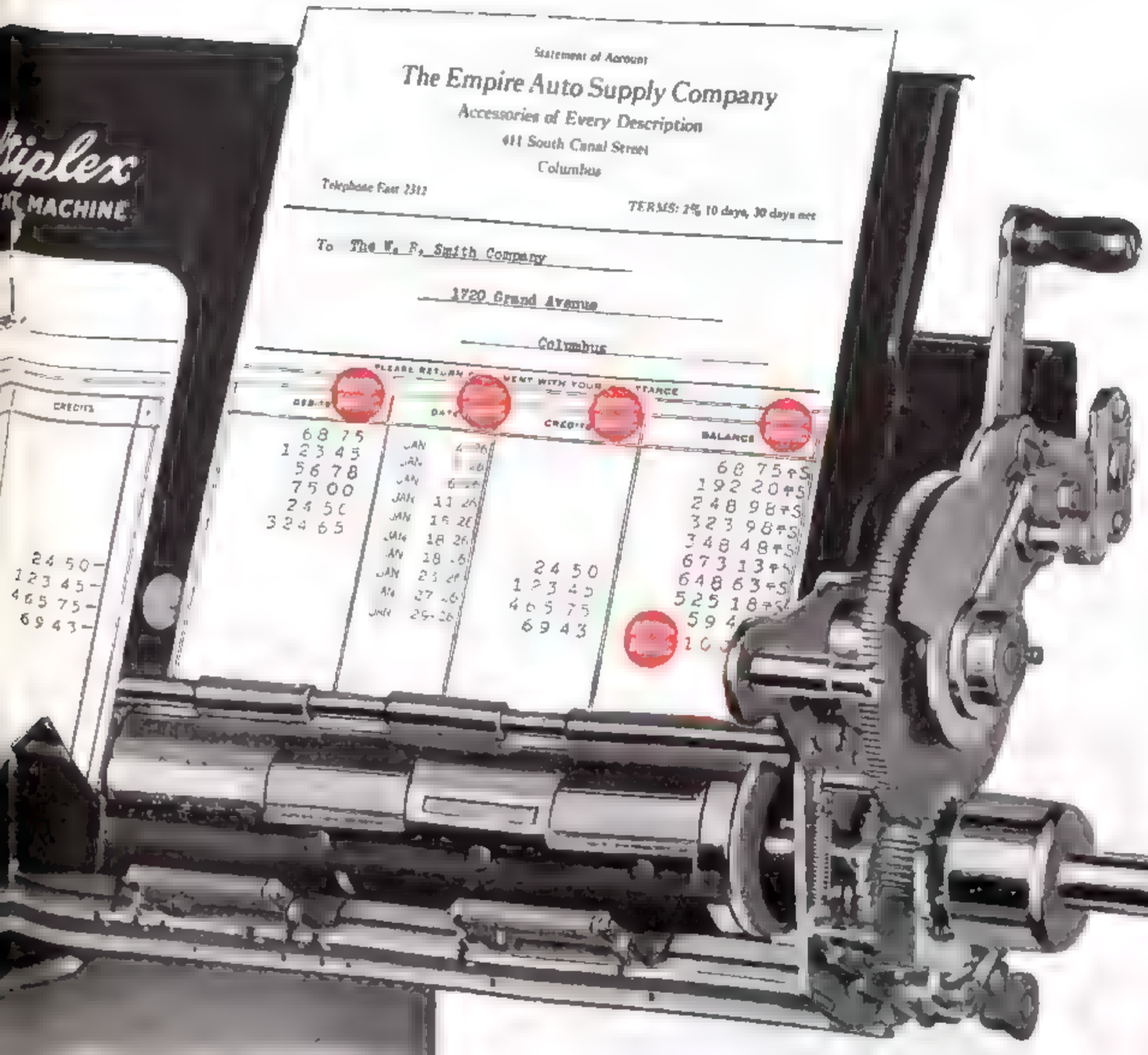

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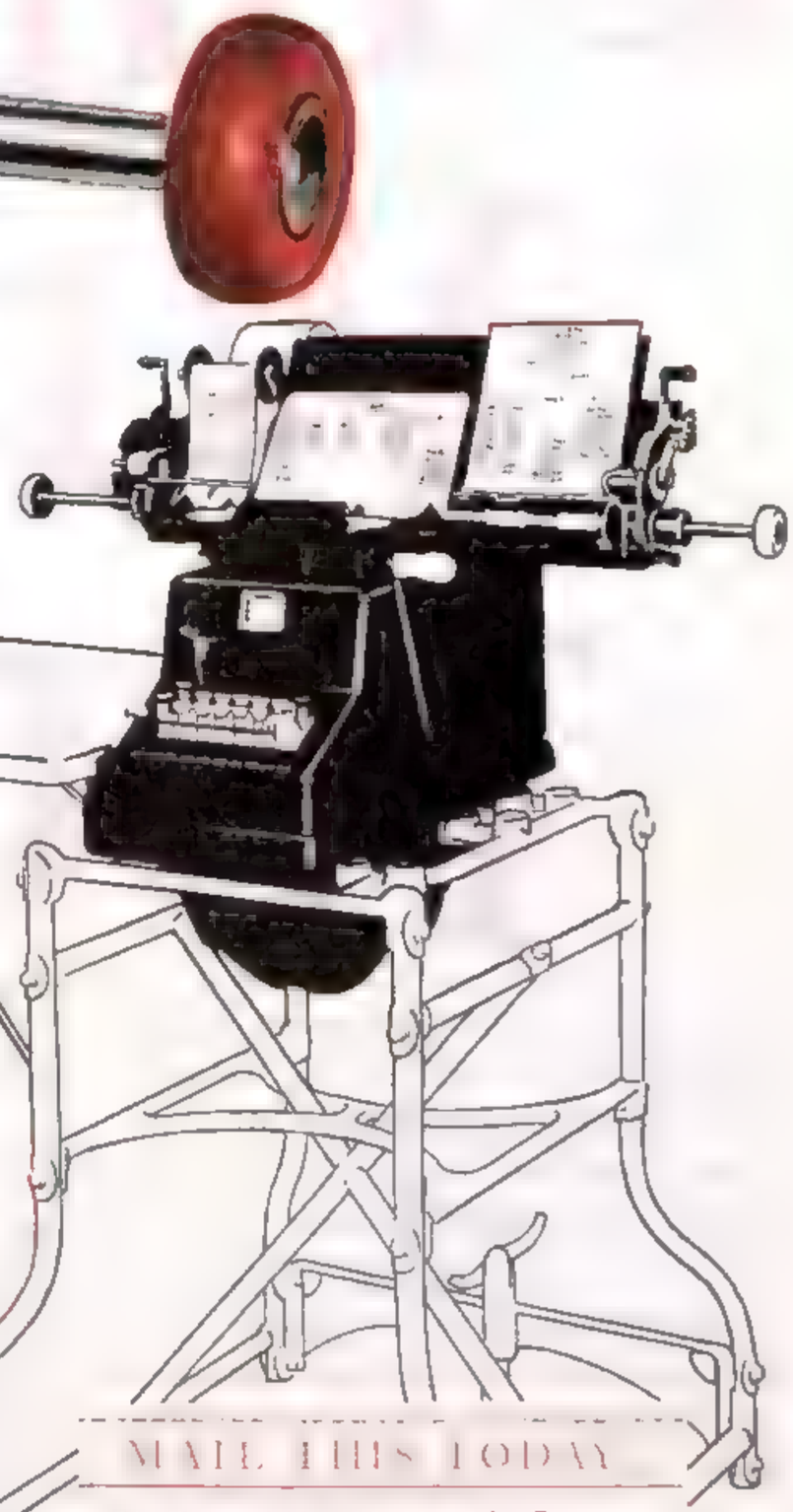

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On statement

Automatic repeating of debits
Automatic printing of dates
Automatic repeating of credits
Automatic extension and printing of new balance
Automatic carriage tabulation
Automatic carriage return
Automatic numerical order
Automatic printing of credit balances in red

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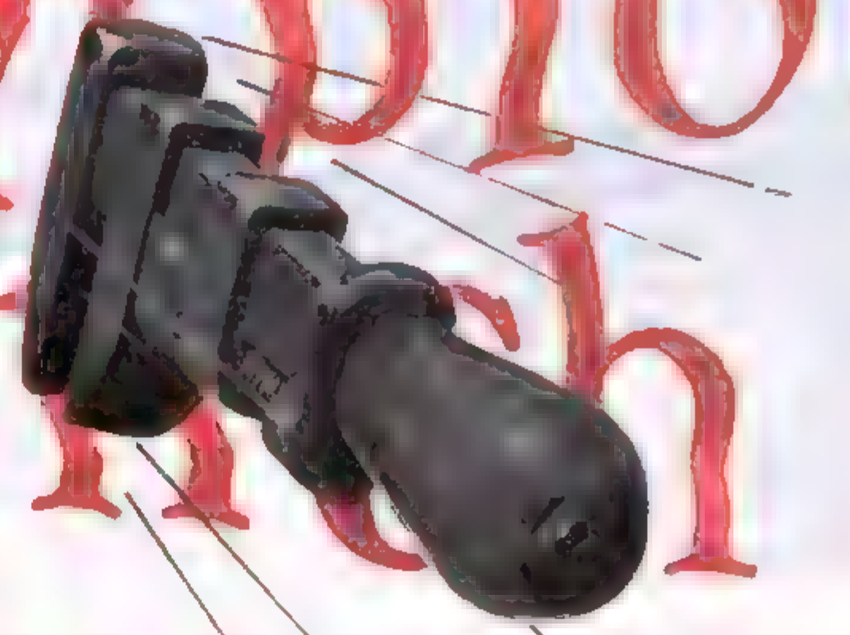

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TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

(Continued from Page 88)

you are, I've told the police and they are on your track."

"Then they are certainly traveling some," said Tish coldly.

He then limped into the house, and Tish caught me by the arm.

"Into the car!" she whispered. "He deserves no consideration whatever, and our first duty is to Aggie."

Before I could protest, I was in the car and Tish was starting the engine; but precious time had been lost, and although we searched madly, there was no trace of the wagon.

When at last in despair we drove up to the local police station it was as a last resort. But like everything else that night, it too failed us. The squad room was empty, and someone was telephoning from the inner room to Edgewater, the next town

"Say," he was saying, "has the sheriff and his crowd started yet? . . . Have, eh? Well, we need 'em. All the boys are out, but they haven't got 'em yet, so far's I know. . . . Yes, they've done plenty. Attacked Doctor Parkinson first. Then busted down the pier at the fish house and stole a boat there, and just as Murphy corraled them near the pen, they grabbed his motorcycle and escaped. They hit a car with it and about killed a man, and a few minutes ago old Jenkins, out the Pike, telephoned they'd lifted a horse and wagon and beat it. And now they've looted the Cummings house and stolen Parkinson's car for a get-away. . . . Crazy? Sure they're crazy! Called the old boy at the fish cannery dearie! Can you beat it?"

We had just time to withdraw to the street before he came through the doorway, and getting into the car we drove rapidly away. Never have I seen Tish more irritated; the unfairness of the statements galled her, and still more her inability to refute them. She said but little, merely hoping that whoever had robbed the Cummings house had made a complete job of it, and that we would go next to the railway station.

"It is possible," she said, "that the men in that restaurant are implicated in this burglary, and certainly their actions indicate flight. In that case the wagon—and Aggie—may be at the depot."

This thought cheered us both. But alas, the waiting room was empty and no wagon stood near the tracks. Only young George Welliver was behind the ticket window, and to him Tish related a portion of the situation.

"Not only is Miss Pilkington in the wagon," she said, "but these men are probably concerned in the Cummings robbery. I merely said to them 'All is discovered,' when they rushed out of the place."

Suddenly George Welliver threw back his head and laughed.

"Well!" he said. "And me believing you all the time! So you're one of that bunch, are you? All that rigmarole kind of mixed me up. Here's your little clew, and you're the first to get one."

He then passed out an envelope, and Tish, looking bewildered, took it and opened it. It was the next clew, right enough. The password was "Three-toed South American sloth," and the clew as follows:

"Wives of great men all remind us,
We can make our wives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

"That ought not to be difficult," said Tish. "If only Aggie hadn't acted like a fool ——"

"It's the cemetery," I said, "and I go to no cemetery tonight, Tish Carberry."

"Nonsense!" said Tish briskly "Time certainly means a clock. I'm just getting the hang of this thing, Lizzie."

"'Hang' may be right before we're through. And when I think of poor Aggie——"

"Still," she went on, "sands might be an hourglass. Sands of time, you know."

"And if somebody broke it by stepping on it, it would be footprints in the sands of time!" I retorted. "Go on! All we have to do is to find an hourglass and step on it. And in the meantime Aggie ——"

However, at that instant a train drew in and a posse from Edgewater, heavily armed, got out of it and made for a line of waiting motor hacks. Never have I seen a more ruthless-looking lot of men, and Tish felt as I did, for as they streamed into the waiting room she pushed me into a telephone booth and herself took another.

And with her usual competency she took advantage of the fact to telephone Hannah to see if Aggie had returned home, but she had not.

As soon as the posse had passed through we made our escape by the other door and were able to reach the doctor's car unseen, and still free to pursue our search. But I insist that I saw Tish scatter no tacks along the street as we left the depot. If she did, then I must also insist that she had full reason; it was done to prevent an unjustified pursuit by a body of armed men, and not to delay the other treasure hunters.

Was it her fault that the other treasure seekers reached the station at that time? No, and again no. Indeed, when the first explosive noises came as the cars drew up she fully believed that the sheriff was firing on us, and it was in turning a corner at that time that she broke the fire plug.

Certainly to assess her damages for flooded cellars is, under these circumstances, a real injustice.

But to return to the narrative: Quite rightly, once beyond pursuit, Tish headed for the Cummings property, as it was possible that there we could pick up some clew to Aggie, as well as establish our own innocence. But never shall I forget our reception at that once friendly spot.

As the circumstances were peculiar, Tish decided to reconnoiter first, and entered the property through a hedge with the intention of working past the sundial and so toward the house. But hardly had she emerged into the glow from the windows when a shot was fired at her and she was compelled to retire. As it happened, she took the shortest cut to where she had left me, which was down the drive, and I found myself exposed to a fusillade of bullets, which compelled me to seek cover on the floor of the car. Two of the car windows were broken at once and Letitia Carberry herself escaped by a miracle, as a bullet went entirely through the envelope she held in her hand.

Yes, with her customary astuteness she had located the fresh clew. The Ostermaier boy had had them by the sundial, and had gone asleep there. She fell over him in the darkness, as a matter of fact, and it was his yell which had aroused the house afresh.

There was clearly nothing to do but to escape at once, as men were running down the drive and firing as they ran. And as it seemed to make no difference in which direction we went, we drove more or less at random while I examined the new clew. On account of the bullet holes, it was hard to decipher, but it read much as follows:

The password was "Keep your head down, —— boy," and the clew was as follows:

"Search where affection ceases,
By soft and —— sands.
The digit it increases,
On its head it stands."

"After all," Tish said, "we have tried to help Aggie and failed. If that thing made sense I would go on and locate the treasure. But it doesn't. A digit is a finger, and how can it stand on its head?"

"A digit is a number too."

"So I was about to observe," said Tish. "If you wouldn't always break in on my train of thought, I'd get somewhere. And six upside down is nine, so it's six we're after. Six what? Six is half a dozen. Half a dozen eggs; half a dozen rolls; half a dozen children. Who has half a dozen children? That's it, probably. I'm sure affection would cease with six children."

"Somebody along the water front. It says: 'By soft and something-or-other sands'"

We pondered the matter for some time in a narrow lane near the country club, but without result; and might have been there yet had not the sudden passing of a car which sounded like the Smith boys' flivver toward the country club gate stimulated Tish's imagination.

"I knew it would come!" she said triumphantly. "The sixth tee, of course, and the sand box! And those dratted boys are ahead of us!"

Anyone but Tish, I am convinced, would have abandoned hope at that moment. But with her, emergencies are to be met and conquered, and so now. With a "Hold tight, Lizzie!" she swung the car about, and before I knew what was on the tapis she had let in the clutch and we were shooting off the road and across a ditch.

VI

SO GREAT was our momentum that we fairly leaped the depression, and the next moment were breaking our way through a small woods, which is close to the fourteenth hole of the golf links, and had struck across the course at that point. Owing to the recent rain, the ground was soft, and at one time we were fairly brought to bay—on, I think, the fairway to the eleventh hole, sinking very deep. But we kept on the more rapidly, as we could now see the lights of the stripped flivver winding along the bridle path which intersects the links.

I must say that the way the greens committee has acted in this matter has been a surprise to us. The wagon did a part of the damage, and also the course is not ruined. A few days' work with a wheelbarrow and spade will repair all damage; and as to the missing cup at the eighth hole, did we put the horse's foot in it?

Tish's eyes were on the lights of the flivver, now winding its way along the road through the course, and it is to that that I lay our next and almost fatal mishap. For near the tenth hole she did not notice a sand pit just ahead, and a moment later we had leaped the bunker at the top and shot down into it.

So abrupt was the descent that the lamps—and, indeed, the entire fore part of the doctor's car—were buried in the sand, and both of us were thrown entirely out. It was at this time that Tish injured one of her floating ribs, as before mentioned, and sustained the various injuries which laid her up for some time afterward, but at the moment she said nothing at all. Leaping to her feet, she climbed out of the pit and disappeared into the night, leaving me in complete darkness to examine myself for fractures and to sustain the greatest fright of my life. For as I sat up I realized that I had fallen across something, and that the something was a human being! Never shall I forget the sensations of that moment, nor the smothered voice beneath me, which said:

"Kill be at od e ad be dode with it," and then sneezed violently.

"Aggie!" I shrieked.

She seemed greatly relieved at my voice, and requested me to move so she could get her head out of the sand. "Ad dod't screab agaid," she said pettishly "They'll cobe back ad fidish us al. if you do."

Well, it appeared that the two men had driven straight to the golf links with the wagon, and had turned in much as we had done. They had not known that Aggie was in the rear, and at first she had not been worried, thinking that Tish and I were in the seat. But finally she had learned her mistake, and that they were talking about loot from some place or other, and she was greatly alarmed. They were going too fast for her to escape, although once or twice they had struck bunkers which nearly threw her out

But at last they got into the sand pit, and as the horse climbed up the steep ascent our poor Aggie had heard her teeth drop out of her pocket and had made a frantic clutch at them. The next moment she had alighted on her head in the sand pit and the wagon had gone on.

She was greatly shaken by her experience and had taken a heavy cold; but although we felt about for the blackberry cordial, we could not find it, and could only believe it had miraculously remained in the wagon.

As she finished her narrative our dear Tish slipped quietly over the edge of the pit and sat down, panting, in the sand. The storm being definitely over and a faint moon now showing, we perceived that she carried in her hand a canvas sack tied with a strong cord, and from its weight as she dropped it we knew that at last we had the treasure.

It was a great moment, and both Aggie and I then set about searching for the missing teeth. But as Tish learned of Aggie's experience she grew thoughtful.

"Undoubtedly," she said, "those two men are somehow concerned in this robbery tonight, and very probably the rendezvous of the gang is somewhere hereabouts. In which direction did they go, Aggie?"

"They've parked the wagod over id those woods."

"Then," said Tish, "it is our clear duty ——"

"—— to go hobe," said Aggie sharply.

"Home nothing!" said Tish. "Jail is where we go unless we get them. There are fifteen policemen and a sheriff coming for us at this minute, and ——" But here she stopped and listened intently. "It is too late," she said, with the first discouragement she had shown all evening. "Too late, my friends. The police are coming now."

Aggie wailed dismally, but Tish hushed her and we set ourselves to listen. Certainly there were men approaching, and talking in cautious tones. There was a moment when I thought our dear Tish was conquered at last, but only a moment. Then she roused to incisive speech and quick action.

"I do not propose to be dug out of here like a golf ball," she stated. "I am entitled to defend myself and I shall do so. Lizzie, see if there are any tools in the car there, and get a wrench." She then took a firm hold of the treasure bag and swung it in her hand. "I am armed," she said quietly, "and prepared for what may come. Aggie, get the clothespin, and when I give the word point it like a pistol."

"Ab I to say 'bag'?"

But before Tish could reply, the men were fairly on us. We had but time to get behind the car when we could hear their voices. And suddenly Aggie whispered, "It's theb! It's the baddits! Ad they've beed at the cordial!"

And Aggie was right; they had, indeed, as we could tell by their voices.

"It wash Bill, all righ'," said one man. "I shaw the litsh of hish car."

"Well, wheresh he gone to? No car here, no anything. Black ash hell."

One of them then began to sing a song, in which he requested a bartender to give him a drink, but was quickly hushed by the others, for there were now three of them. Whether it was this one or not I do not know, but at that instant one of them fell over the bunker at the top of the pit and came rolling down at our feet, and Tish, with her customary readiness, at once struck him on the head with the bag of pennies. He was evidently stunned, for he lay perfectly still, and the men above seemed puzzled.

"Hey, Joe!" they called. "Where are you?"

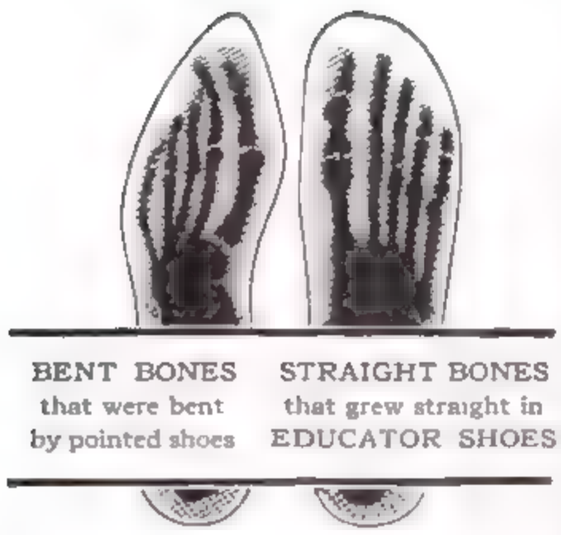
On receiving no reply, one of them lighted a match, and Tish had only time to retire behind the car before it flared up.

"Well, can you beat that? He'sh broken hish neck!"

But the man with the match was sober, and he saw the car and stared at it.

"If that's Bill's car," he said, as the match went out, "we're up against it. Only—where the devil's Bill?"

"He'sh dead too, mosht likely," said the other. "Everybody'sh dead S'terrible night. Car'sh dead, too; buried in a shea



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of shand. Shinking rapidly. Poor ole car! Women and children first!"

He then burst into tears and sat down apparently, for the other man kicked him and told him to get up; and then came sliding into the pit and bent over Joe, striking another match as he did so. Hardly had he done so when Tish's weapon again descended with full force, and he fell beside his unconscious partner in crime.

We had now only the drunken man to deal with; and as Tish wished no more bloodshed, she managed him in a different manner.

In a word, she secured the towrope from the rear seat of the doctor's car and, leaving Aggie and myself to watch the others, climbed out and approached him from the rear. It was only the work of a moment to pinion his arms to his sides, and as Aggie immediately pointed her impromptu weapon and cried "Hads up!" he surrendered without a struggle. Having securely roped him, we then rolled him into the sand pit with the others, who showed no signs of coming to.

Fatigued as we were by that time, and no further danger threatening for the moment, we rested for a brief time on the ground and ate a few macaroons which I had carried in a pocket against such an emergency. But by "we" I mean only Tish and myself, as poor Aggie was unable to do so—and, indeed, has been living on soft food ever since. Then retrieving the sack containing the Cummings jewels and silver which the burglars had been carrying, we prepared to carry our double treasure back to the town.

Here, however, I feel that our dear Tish made a tactical error, for after we had found the horse and wagon—in the undergrowth just beyond the seventh hole—instead of heading at once for the police station she insisted on going first to the Ostermaiers'.

"It is," she said, examining her watch by the aid of the flashlight, "now only half-past eleven, and we shall not be late if we hurry. After that I shall report to the police."

"And what is to prevent those wretches from coming to and escaping in the interval?" I asked dryly.

"True," Tish agreed. "Perhaps I would better go back and hit them again. But that would take time also."

In the end we compromised on Tish's original plan and set out once more. The trip back across the links was uneventful, save that on the eighth green the horse got a foot into the hole and was only extricated with the cup still clinging to his foot.

We had no can opener along, and it is quite possible that the ring of the tin later on on the macadam road led to our undoing. For we had no sooner turned away from the town toward the Ostermaiers' cottage on the beach than a policeman leaped out of the bushes and, catching the animal by the bridle, turned a lantern on us.

"Hey, Murphy!" he called. "Here they are! I've got 'em! Hands up, there!"

"Stand back!" said Tish in a peremptory voice. "We are late enough already."

"Late!" said the policeman, pointing a revolver at us. "Well, time won't make much difference to you from now on—not where you're going. You won't ever need to hurry again."

"But I must deliver this treasure. After that I'll explain everything."

"You bet you'll deliver it, and right here and now. And your weapons too."

"Aggie, give up your clothespin," said Tish in a resigned voice. "These yokels apparently think us guilty of something or other, but my conscience is clear. If you want the really guilty parties," she told the policeman, "go back to the sand pit by the tenth hole and you will find them."

"April fool your own self," said the one called Murphy. "I've been following you for two hours and I don't trust you. You're too resourceful. Is the stuff there?" he asked the first man, who had been searching in the wagon.

"All here."

"Then we'll be moving along," he said; and in this fashion did we reach the town once more, and the station house.

Never shall I forget that moment. Each of us handcuffed and hustled along by the officers, we were shoved into the station house in a most undignified manner, to confront the sheriff and a great crowd of people. Nor shall I ever forget the sheriff's face when he shouted in an angry voice:

"Women, by heck! When a woman goes wrong she sure goes!"

The place seemed to be crowded with people. The fish-pier man was there, and a farmer who said we had smashed his feed cutter. And Doctor Parkinson, limping about in his bedroom slippers and demanding to know where we had left his car, and another individual who claimed it was his horse we had taken, and that we'd put a tin can on his off forefoot and ought to be sued for cruelty to animals. And even Mr. Stubbs, because his license plates were on our car—and of course the old fool had told all about it—and the Cummings butler, who pointed at Tish and said that after the alarm was raised she had tried to get back into the house again, which was, of course, ridiculous.

I must say it looked bad for us, especially when the crowd moved and we saw a man lying in a corner with an overcoat under his head and his eyes shut. Tish, who had not lost an ounce of dignity, gazed at him without expression.

"I dare say," she said, "that you claim that that is our work also."

"Just about killed him, you have," said the sheriff. "Went right through him with that motorcycle you stole. Murder—that's what it's likely to be—murder. D'you get his name, doctor?"

"Only roused enough to say it was Bill," said Doctor Parkinson. "I wish myself to lodge a complaint for assault and battery against these women. I am per ——"

But Tish interrupted him.

"Bill?" she said. "Bill?"

Without a word she pushed the crowd aside, and bending over Bill, with her poor manacled hands she examined him as best she could. Then she straightened herself and addressed the crowd with composure.

"Under this man's shirt," she said, "you will find what I imagine to be a full set of burglar's tools. If your hands are not paralyzed like your brains, examine him and see."

And they found them! The picture of that moment is indelibly impressed on my mind—the sheriff holding up the tools and Tish addressing the mob with majesty and the indignation of outraged womanhood.

"Gentlemen, this is one of the gang which robbed the Cummings house tonight. Through all this eventful evening, during which I regret to say some of you have suffered, my friends and I have been on their track. Had the motorcycle not wrecked that ruffian's car, they would now have safely escaped. As it is, when we were so unjustly arrested I had but just recovered the Cummings silver and jewels, and alone and unaided had overcome the remainder of the gang. I am exhausted and weary; I have suffered physical injury and mental humiliation; but I am not too weak or too weary to go now to the sand pit at the tenth hole on the golf links and complete my evening's work by handing over to the police the three other villains I have captured."

"Three cheers for the old girl!" somebody called in the crowd. "I'm for her! Let's go!"

And this, I think, concludes the narrative of that evening's events. It was almost midnight when, our prisoners safely jailed, we arrived at the Ostermaiers' to find all the treasure hunters except the Cummingses there and eating supper, and our angel-food cake gracing the center of the table. Our dear Tish walked in and laid the sack of pennies on the table.

"Here is the treasure," she announced. "It has been an interesting evening, and I hope we shall soon do it again."

Mr. Ostermaier took up the bag and examined it.

"I have the honor of stating," he said, "that this, as Miss Carberry claims, is the treasure, and that Miss Carberry wins the hand-painted candlestick which is the prize for the event." He then examined the bag more carefully, and added:

"But this sack seems to be stained. Perhaps our good sister will explain what the stains are."

Tish eyed the bag with an expressionless face.

"Stains?" she said. "Oh, yes, of course. I remember now. They are blood."

Then, leaving them staring and speechless with astonishment, she led the way out of the house, and home.

A Iconic Drive in Brackenridge Park, San Antonio, Texas

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There is only one explanation of the new low prices announced January 7th by Graham Brothers.

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Most of us are lazy in the same way and say the same thing.

In fact, there are still some people who lie about taking a cold bath every morning. Usually they don't and many days they miss the morning bath entirely.

Isn't it true, though, that many of the little duties of life are more irksome than the bigger ones?

Tooth brushing is a good example.

Realizing the truth of this, we set out deliberately to formulate a dentifrice that would furnish *the easiest, quickest way* to clean teeth. In fact, a tooth paste for lazy people—and in tooth brushing, at least, the word, *lazy*, includes practically *all* of us.

Listerine Tooth Paste is really very easy to use. It works fast. Just a minimum of brushing and your teeth feel clean—and actually *are* clean.

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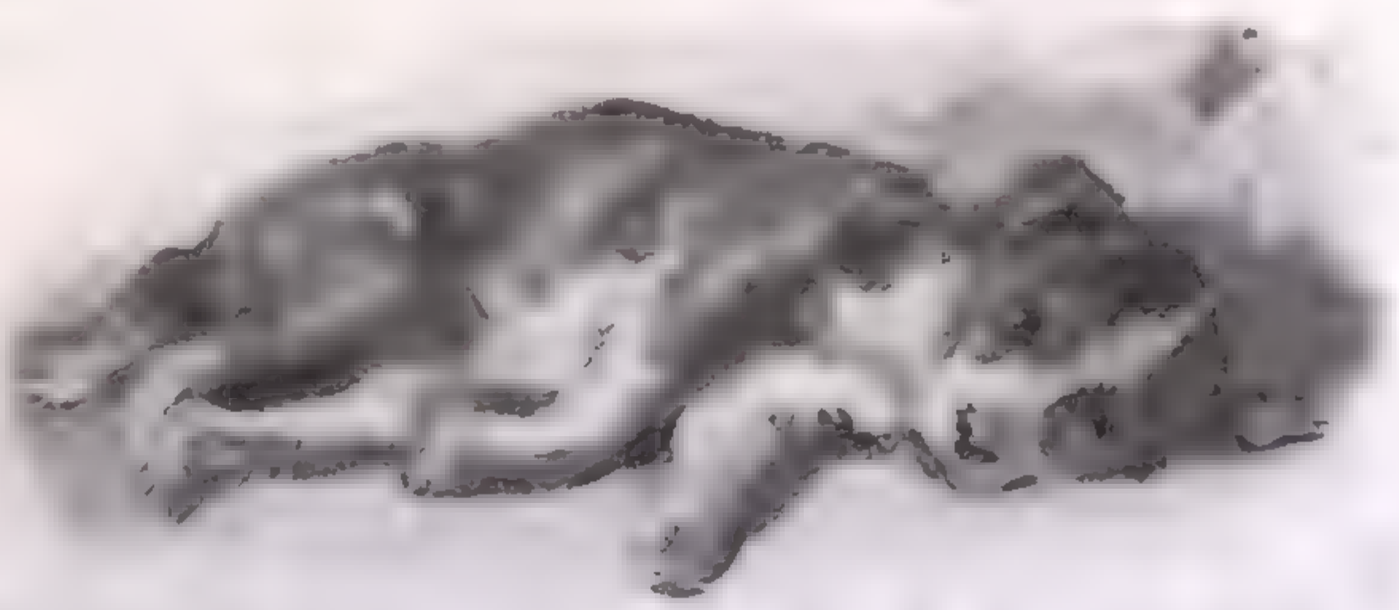
**The specially prepared cleansing medium (according to tests based upon the scale of hardness scientists employ in studying mineral substances) is much softer than tooth enamel. Therefore, it cannot scratch or injure the enamel.*

At the same time it is harder than the tartar *which accumulates and starts pyorrhea and tooth decay.*



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United States Rubber Company
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UNITED STATES
ROYAL CORD
BALLOON

835

FLORIDA PROPHETS

(Continued from Page 21)

skeptics; but the skeptics cannot safely call him a liar, because there is no possible way of proving that he isn't right.

The art of prophesying is by no means limited to Miamians. All the towns that extend north from Miami through the thriving city of Fort Lauderdale to West Palm Beach have, in the past two or three years, developed crews of forecasters and soothsayers whose predictions make the efforts of the average fortune teller sound as reluctant and indefinite as testimony before a senatorial investigating committee.

In ten years, say these modest predictors, the seventy-five-mile strip along the ocean from Miami to Palm Beach will be solidly populated. One community will merge so competely into its neighbors that no dividing line can be distinguished; and the population of this seventy-five-mile city will be 5,000,000.

Predictions of this nature set the skeptics to howling like hound dogs on a moonlight night; and even the predictors themselves have a few apprehensive moments at the thought of the traffic bedlam that will result on a narrow strip of land seventy-five miles long when the automobiles of 5,000,000 permanent residents attempt to take the air or to find parking spaces simultaneously with the automobiles of a few million tourists.

Such unhappy thoughts, however, are quickly shrugged off by the optimistic Floridians, who console themselves with the knowledge that ten and fifteen and twenty story motor marts for automobile parking are under construction in the leading Florida cities, and that the next few years may see the invention of a special Florida-type automobile that can climb palm trees and otherwise adapt itself to Florida congestion.

PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF THE MIAMI HERALD

Skyscrapers Rising on the Miami Water Front in November, 1925

Watch Them Growing

The prophets of Fort Lauderdale and West Palm Beach base their predictions on the same sort of sudden, passionate and intensive growth that has struck Miami, though to a somewhat smaller degree. Fort Lauderdale slumbered peacefully and pleasantly for years on the banks of the peculiar winding, water-filled gash, ninety feet in depth, that is known as New River. Late in 1924 the town had a population of some 5000.

It then awoke tumultuously, traffic jams became matters of hourly occurrence on its main street, and in one year's time its permanent population was being placed by its most expert claimers at nearly 20,000. The tourist who saw the town lying quietly in the sun in 1924, rejoicing in its excellent schools and its seven churches and the silver hordes of giant tarpon that rolled up New River in the tarpon season, returned in 1925 to find a nine-story hotel, a seven-story bank building, a five-story department store, a five-story mercantile building, two large apartment houses, a Masonic Temple, various other business structures and countless homes in process of noisy and feverish construction. As for its prophets, they were speaking confidently of the 100,000 persons that were expected to reside permanently in the city by 1935.

West Palm Beach, starting as a construction camp for the activities of the Flagler workmen in their construction of the great Palm Beach hotels, grew slowly and reasonably from a population of some 1700 in 1910 to some 22,000 in 1924.

Even in 1924 there were signs of somnolence and Southern languor about it. Automobiles were permitted to park all day in the middle of its main street—spelled Clematis, but pronounced to rime with lattice—and the automobile parking spaces were relieved at appropriate intervals by bicycle racks.

In 1925 the person who appeared on a bicycle on Clematis Street was about as safe as he would have been between the lines at the Battle of Belleau Wood. Bicycle racks were considered as obsolete as elastic-sided shoes, traffic jams were of frequent occurrence, and the city had pushed its residence districts far to the north, the west and the south—far beyond, for example, a fifty-five-acre tract of land that a public-spirited citizen had offered to give to the city as a golf course a few years before, but that had been considered too far away from the center of things for any such purpose. In 1925, incidentally, this same tract of land was valued at something like $5,000,000.

Tall office buildings looked across the brilliant blue of Lake Worth to the serried ranks of palm trees and the towering new hotels of Palm Beach; and fine new homes, stuccoed in all the colors of Joseph's coat, squatted serenely on the lake front.

The ever-present estimators, arriving at their results by the mysterious methods common to population estimators in new countries, placed the 1925 population of West Palm Beach at 70,000; and close behind them came the prophets, unhesitatingly predicting that 1935 would see 250,000 people making their homes in West Palm Beach.

Northward from Palm Beach one traverses the bank of the Indian River—a broad and endless stretch of blue water from which the mullet fling themselves in playful ecstasies, and in which serious-minded pelicans pursue their dinners with admirable patience, rising with machine-like unity from the glassy surface, wheeling with military precision, and hurling themselves passionately into the middle of a school of fish with all the grand manner of a heavily laden Gladstone bag falling into a bathtub from a height of ten feet.

The Indian River lies calm and glassy in the sun, protected from the pounding of the ocean by a narrow palm-fringed sand spit that will some day be built up to proud resorts and stately, as the saying goes, homes; and the road along its shore, overhung at intervals with palms and live oaks, has very great beauty—beauty, it might be added, that is in no way enhanced by such easily controlled horrors as occasional gasoline filling stations, barbecue and hot-dog stands, and advertisements of hotels and real-estate projects.

All along the Indian River one finds cities and towns that are growing at breakneck speed and rushing all sorts of buildings and projects to completion. Fort Pierce is growing, Melbourne is growing, Titusville is growing; and their prophets join in the general prophetic chorus to the effect that their populations will triple and quadruple in a few years' time.

North of the Indian River country the same thing is happening. New Smyrna is growing, Daytona is leaping ahead; and Jacksonville, largest—in her own mind at least—of all the Florida cities, is heavily stocked with prophets who declare with unshakable assurance that by 1935 the city also will have a population of 1,000,000.

From the east coast of Florida one crosses over to the west coast and finds the same sort of growth stimulating the local prophets to eager rivalry. The populations of Tampa, St. Petersburg, Bradenton, Sarasota and Fort Myers have shot skyward in about the same length of time that is occupied in the growing of a banana. In all these cities, in spite of the embargo on building material, new hotels and office buildings and homes are springing up with the bewildering rapidity of dandelions in a new lawn. In a few years' time, say their propheta, they will be cities of 1,000,000, of 250,000, of 100,000.

And whether they come from the east coast or the west coast, they all unite in a prophetic chorus to the effect that by 1935 the population of Florida will be at least 10,000,000 instead of its present 1,300,000.

The Northern skeptics emit their customary snorts and cries of protest; but the telephone companies and the water companies and other public utilities are more inclined to regard these prophecies as facts rather than as the idle ravings of a lot of sunstroke victims. This then is the rapidly thickening skin, or rind, of Florida; the show window, so to speak, of the state. On this rim, skin or rind the tourists toil feverishly at their various diversions; and on it also occurs the wildest and most persistent of the real-estate speculation that wearies nearly every person who has the future of Florida at heart.

Road Rumors

On the rind, too, occurs most of the construction and improvement work, public and private, on which the hair-raising sum of $600,000,000 was spent in 1925 alone. In other words, the average visitor to Florida sees no reason to look beneath the rind.

Until a year or so ago, in fact, there were few good roads in Florida except the roads around the rim. There were many sections of the interior where, according to the skeptics, there would never be any good roads, and many other sections where there would never be any roads at all. Travelers consequently stuck to the rim, and they pretty generally understood that there wasn't anything else to Florida.

When a strong, full-blooded, muscular prophet from an enterprising Florida city has finished his day's prophecies concerning the future population of his city and of the state, he will frequently get a bit of relaxation by making a few prophecies that have to do with other matters. He sometimes does a little light prophesying on the subject of roads, for example. The fact that everyone who lives in Florida apparently has to have an automobile, coupled with the fact that countless tourists travel to Florida by automobile during the winter months, and further augmented by the fact that the state will have 10,000,000 inhabitants in another ten years, will soon—says the prophet—cause Florida to criss-cross her entire surface with roads that are 100 feet in width. Then, he declares, there will never be any more congestion in Florida cities, as there is at present.

Or if he doesn't care to touch on the matter of roads, he will take up the subject of development movements. All Grade-A Florida prophets agree on the matter of

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Eyes Arms *and* Ears

CLATTERING through the night twenty years ago, the automobile of that decade safely pursued its thrilling way with the aid of Prest-O-Lite equipment. Prest-O-Lite gave the motor-car its first dependable eyes . . . and thus began a service record without parallel in the automotive industry.

Today a little black box, with the strength of a giant and the magic of Aladdin, not only lights your pathway through the night, but sets your motor singing, and furnishes power for your radio. Prest-O-Lite has given the world a dependable battery which brings to your car, eyes for the night, arms for cranking, and to your ears the miracle of radio.

Specify Prest-O-Lite Batteries whether for motor-car or radio. They are perfected in the world's largest electro-chemical laboratories. In engineering, materials and workmanship, no battery offers more.

Look for the Prest-O-Lite sign. It marks "The Oldest Service to Motorists" and a capable dealer. There is always one within earshot of any horn, motor-car or radio.

THE PREST-O-LITE CO., INC.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
New York San Francisco

In Canada: Prest-O-Lite Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario

Prest-O-Lite Batteries are priced for every purse. It is no longer necessary to take a chance on a battery of unknown make. You can buy Prest-O-Lite Automobile Batteries from $15.50 up—and Radio Batteries from $4.75 up.

The oldest service to motorists

Prest-O-Lite

STORAGE BATTERIES FOR MOTOR-CARS AND RADIO

(Continued from Page 99)

future developments; and the prediction that they make is that the next great development movement in Florida will be the development of large tracts of land into small farms of five, ten, twenty and forty acres—farms that will be suitable for immediate occupancy and prompt production, and that will form a solid support for the cities and pleasure resorts so plentifully sprinkled around the rim of the state.

It should be stated at the outset that when a dependable Florida prophet gets started on the glowing possibilities of Florida agriculture, he is very difficult to stop. His flow of conversation is so rapid and violent that a gag cannot be forced into his mouth, and one of the few sure methods of silencing him is to sneak around behind him and hit him with a club.

Any investigation of his prophecies, however, quickly reveals the fact that the rim, skin or rind of Florida is underlaid by a thick cushion of farm land that has long been producing commodious crops.

Starting down the east coast, for example, one finds that the section back of St. Augustine—St. John's County—shipped 2737 carloads of potatoes to Northern markets during the 1924–1925 season; that the sections back of Titusville, Melbourne and Fort Pierce during the 1924–1925 season not only shipped hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of the famous Indian River oranges and grapefruit but also shipped to the North some 600 cars of tomatoes, potatoes, pineapples, peppers, beans, watermelons and cabbage; that the sections back of West Palm Beach, Fort Lauderdale and Miami, in addition to shipping large quantities of oranges, grapefruit and lemons during the same season, also sent North some 5348 carloads of tomatoes, beans, lettuce, strawberries, cabbage, potatoes, watermelons, peppers, eggplant and other vegetables.

Moving up the west coast, one finds that during the 1924–1925 season, in addition to the citrus fruits shipped from these sections, the country back of Fort Myers sent North 953 carloads of tomatoes, peppers, potatoes, melons, beans and other vegetables; that the country back of Sarasota and Bradenton shipped 3164 carloads of celery, lettuce, tomatoes, peppers and other vegetables; and that the country back of Tampa shipped 1251 carloads of berries, lettuce, tomatoes, cabbage, celery and other vegetables.

The Future of Florida Farming

Lest these figures sound overimpressive, it should be hastily stated that the Florida Department of Agriculture stated in 1925 that the total value of the meats, lard, dairy products, poultry, grain, bread, feeds, canned goods, fruits and vegetables that are consumed in Florida in one year's time, but not produced in the state, is approximately $100,623,070.

In spite of these heavy imports of foodstuffs, the state gains ground financially each year, since the yield from her farms and groves is $85,000,000, from her factories and sawmills $215,000,000, from her naval stores $20,000,000, from her fisheries $15,000,000, from her minerals $16,000,000, and from her tourists at least $500,000,000; but the fact remains that her agricultural products are still far from glutting her own or any other markets.

This situation is the one that the developers of farm lands propose to remedy; and when the prophets throw their predicting machinery into high gear and emit a few high-power predictions, the hearer is inclined to burst into tears at the thought that there will be a number of Northern farmers who will be prevented, for one reason or another, from exchanging their Northern farms for farms in Florida.

There is nothing, according to the prophets, that is produced in the North that cannot be produced more easily in Florida. There isn't an acre of land in the state, they say, that won't, when developed, produce a net revenue at least 100 per cent greater than the best farm lands of New England, not excepting the Connecticut Valley.

"Why," they say, "there are men in the North who drudge through the blinding heat of summer and the bitter cold of winter on 50 and 100 acre farms, and at the end of the year they have a profit of $500 or $600 or $800 to show for their labor, if they're lucky, and a bad case of rheumatism and a sour disposition whether they're lucky or not.

"Well, sir, you come with us to any one of a score of places, and we'll show you a man on a ten-acre patch who lives in a neat little $2000 house with flowers and palms and vines around it, and has three acres planted to fruit and two acres planted to truck, and enjoys the same sunshine around him and the same ocean near him that the millionaires enjoy. Yes, sir! That man lives there in luxury on his ten acres of land, and he catches fish out of the creek and knocks over a few wild doves when he feels the need of a little game, and doesn't have any rheumatism, and puts $2000 a year into the bank, all from his ten acres."

The agricultural possibilities of the state, claim the prophets, have only been scratched. The United States annually imports 3,500,000 pounds of sugar from foreign countries, for example; and all of it, according to the prophets, could be produced and some day will be produced in the Florida Everglades.

When is a Boom Not a Boom?

Wherever good developers are at work on farm lands they have established experiment stations in which agricultural experts find out the sort of crops for which the soil in each development is best adapted, and also make certain of the best methods to be followed in planting, raising, gathering and marketing each crop. These experts, incidentally, become so enthusiastic over the undeveloped possibilities that lie in Florida farm land that they can give a professional Florida prophet a two-day start and still outpredict him with perfect ease.

The same dangers, of course, lurk in the purchase of Florida farm and citrus fruit land that lurk in the purchase of Florida residential property; and unless the proper precautions are observed, the prospective farmer may find himself in possession of a piece of property well adapted to the raising of ducks, but of little use for any other purpose. In many sections of Florida the land is so flat that the rainfall stands on it indefinitely unless steps are taken to get it off. The land may be many feet above sea level and many miles in the interior of the state; but still it will have to be drained and kept drained. Yet if the land is kept too dry, the crops that are raised on it may readily be lost from drought; consequently arrangements must frequently be made to get water back on it during dry weather.

And if the drainage is not sufficient to take care of a heavy rainfall—and tropical storms have been known to deposit fourteen inches of water in one day's time—then the land will be flooded and the crops ruined. The land must furthermore be within easy reach of transportation facilities or the crops that are raised on it cannot be marketed.

Many earnest citizens of Florida are fond of saying that the tremendous movement to Florida is not a boom, but is the combined result of prosperity, the automobile and good roads, all of which, arriving at the same time, have suddenly made Florida accessible and desirable to large numbers of people.

To a great extent this is true; and it is also true that Florida can no more be wrecked or overturned or stopped short in its activities than Iowa or Ohio or Massachusetts can be wrecked or overturned or stopped short.

Nevertheless, there is a very distinct and very noisy boom in Florida; and the boom is shown by the fact that great numbers of people who buy land in the state display an absolute lack of discrimination in the

The marvelous richness of Sonora's Tone in this Radio Highboy

The Secret of Sonora Tone—*A cross section of the tone chamber which is part of every Sonora instrument. Here many plies of wafer-thin wood, laid at cross grain, neutralize vibration and eliminate harsh overtones*

The New Sonora Radio Highboy—$200. *A complete radio unit that combines the Sonora all-wood Radio Speaker, a Sonora 5-tube Radio Set and space for batteries in a single Renaissance period cabinet. $120 without set. Attractive Sonora Highboy Phonographs, the Hampden at $225—the Plymouth at $175. Equipped with Sonora Radio Set, $100 more.*

THE new Sonora Radio Highboy helps place radio in the front rank as a great musical instrument.

Now all the beauty and richness of the world-famous Sonora tone is contained in this lustrous highboy that is, in itself, a gem of fine cabinet-making.

The radio highboy contains the new Sonora 5-tube Radio Set—designed especially by our own engineers. In it is all the remarkably mellow tone of Sonora—the final result of twelve years' specialization in tone reproduction.

Hidden away in the heart of the new radio highboy is that wonderful Sonora Radio Speaker with the all-wood tone chamber that brought a richer tone to the phonograph. Here every delicate sound is reproduced faithfully. No sound is added—none taken away. It is this tone chamber that now brings a new mellowness to radio.

* * *

If you like, your dealer can give you this Sonora Radio Speaker in standard, console or highboy models. Visit him and hear Sonora's richer tone for yourself. It is a favorite with music lovers the world over. SONORA PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, 279 Broadway, New York City.

The Sonora Radio Speaker *with all-wood tone chamber—no mechanical noise—no harsh overtones. Equipped with cord and plug for attachment to any radio set. No extra batteries needed. De Luxe Model—$30. Standard Model—$20*

Sonora
CLEAR AS A BELL

matter of real values. They don't buy land because it is good land, but because it is located in Florida, and because they think they should be able to sell any Florida land to a sucker at a profit. They buy building lots that won't even be fit to live on when, as and if the population of the state reaches the 10,000,000 mark that the prophets mention so lightly; and they buy farm lands that cannot possibly be used for farms during the lifetime of any of the participants in the sale.

These snide promoters of farm lands are, in many cases, the same gentlemen who were promoting snide cheap residential lots not long ago and attempting—without results—to bribe secretaries of Florida chambers of commerce to send favorable replies to inquiries concerning the worth of the land that the snide promoters were selling.

If prospective purchasers of Florida farm or any other sort of land wish protection against the activities of snide promoters, they will take the trouble, in addition to other precautions, to ask a few questions of the chamber of commerce located nearest to the land that they propose to purchase.

The purchaser of farm lands in Florida, like the purchaser of building lots, must distinguish between the honest developer who spends years on his development, sinks his money into it as fast as it comes in and takes no profit until the work is done, and the snide promoter whose sole object is to get his victim's money as rapidly as possible and move on to other easy pickings. It is also highly essential that the purchaser of farm land see the land before he purchases it; for when he comes to make an examination of farm lands, he will find the good developer proud to show his development to anyone that can be lured out to it, whereas the snide promoter can think up all sorts of arguments to prove that a farmer should buy his land, whereas showing the land is the last thing that he will be willing to do.

New farm developments, some of them backed by very wealthy men, estates and corporations, are sprinkled up and down both coasts of Florida, only a few miles inside the rim on which the millionaires gambol. The estate of a wealthy Western woman, for example, is draining a large tract of land. When this is finished it will be divided into ten-acre farms and sold for about $200 an acre.

Independent of Drought and Flood

Every possible precaution will be taken to keep this land from falling into the hands of speculators, but it is going to be hard work; for as long as the Northern sucker is under the spell of the land boom, and eager to speculate in building lots regardless of their location or real value, almost any acreage that is sufficiently dry to be cut up into lots is regarded as being worth more than $200 an acre—not for gardening purposes or home-building purposes, but for selling purposes.

On the east coast tracts of 6000, 20,000, 50,000 and even 65,000 acres are being drained and developed into small citrus groves and truck farms. Their developers, like the developers of the great coast resorts, propose to stick with the developments until the farms are tenanted and until an organization has been effected that will make it possible for the farmers to market their produce with a maximum of efficiency and profit.

These districts, like many other districts in Florida, can be protected against crop failures by the artesian wells that underlie the soil. By driving a pipe a few hundred feet into the ground, the farmer strikes a flow of water with a pressure of twenty-five pounds to the square inch. This pressure forces the water thirty-two feet in the air. The farmer caps his well and places a spigot on the end. His drainage canals carry off all excess rainfall; and when he is threatened with a drought he turns the spigot and lets his artesian well force water to all parts of his land.

The marketing problem, say the prophets, is one that will be solved in great measure by dependable developers of big farm tracts. As things stand at present in Florida, the average farmer is reluctant to embark on the cultivation of many agricultural products that could be raised with profit, but that require special facilities for handling.

Beware of the Ducks!

A farmer back of Melbourne might, for example, raise a fine crop of celery and have great trouble in marketing it because of, say, his inability to ice it for shipping. But the farmers around Sanford and Bradenton have specialized on celery for many years. They raise such quantities of it that the section in which Sanford is located is the largest celery-producing section in the world, and its icing station can ice fifty-two celery cars at a time. Consequently it is worth the while of big Northern commission merchants to send representatives to Sanford to buy the celery crop before it starts North, and the many celery growers around Sanford are rewarded for their labors in a way that the one celery raiser near Melbourne could not hope to be.

The big farm developer proposes to show the farmers on his development how to specialize on certain products in such a way that the Northern commission men can afford to come to Florida and buy from them, just as they can afford to go to Sanford and Bradenton for their celery. There are unreliable commission men engaged in trimming the Florida farmer, just as there are unreliable real-estate dealers engaged in trimming the unwary Northerner by selling him cheap and worthless Florida lots. This has given rise to the Florida remark that a farmer has to be careful if he doesn't want "the ducks to git it."

It seems that a colored farmer borrowed $200 from a bank so that he could ship his fruit to a commission house, and agreed to repay the loan as soon as the fruit was sold. Time passed and the loan was not repaid; so the cashier of the bank interviewed the farmer in order to find out where the money had gone. The colored farmer expressed great regret at his failure to pay, and explained it by saying that the ducks had got the money.

"How do you mean—ducks?" asked the cashier peevishly.

"Yas-sir, ducks," said the farmer sadly. "Ah heard from dose commission folks, and dey deducted fo' bad fruit, an' dey deducted fo' freight, an' dey deducted fo' laws knows what. Dey deducted an' deducted till dere wan't nuffin left. Yas-sir, boss, de ducks got it all!"

The inner skin of Florida farm land is cushioned at the bottom by the Everglades, which commodious and watery tract of land is one of the least understood sections of Florida, and one over which any Florida prophet who has his health and strength can very easily grow hysterical. Up to 1923 the person who wished to cross the Everglades to Lake Okeechobee was obliged to take a motorboat up a drainage canal. There were hardy souls who predicted that there would some day be roads here, there and everywhere in the Everglades; but these persons were usually led aside by the more conservative type of Floridian and urged to restrict their prophecies to such things as population and fish stories. Moderately optimistic Floridians hesitatingly advanced the opinion that there might be a road across the upper Everglades by 1940 or 1950, but they weren't too sure about it.

By 1924, however, a fine hard-surfaced road permitted automobilists to cut straight across the northern Everglades to the shores of Lake Okeechobee—a lake so large that the person who proceeds to the middle of it by motorboat will find himself completely out of sight of land.

There is great distress among geography students when they fare forth along the Conners Highway toward Lake Okeechobee and make inquiry concerning the whereabouts of the Everglades. They see flat prairies, covered with tall and unnourishing-looking grass, stretching ahead of them and on each side of them and behind them as far as the eye can reach; but of dank and bosky tangles of tropical foliage, through which giant alligators make their more or less stealthy way, there seems to be no trace. So they draw up before a group of farm buildings set down by the roadside in the middle of the prairie and fretfully inquire the whereabouts of the Everglades.

"These," says one of the occupants of the farm buildings, rolling his eyes expressively over the surrounding prairies—"these are the Everglades."

Such information gives most travelers a deep pain.

Soon after the Conners Highway was opened for traffic a gentleman carrying a tin box and an easel and a large piece of canvas tacked on a frame stopped his automobile at an Everglades sugar plantation and politely asked to be directed to the Everglades.

"These are them," he was told.

"No, no," he replied. "These are not the Everglades. I want the real Everglades. I want to paint a picture of the Everglades."

"This is the place you want," insisted his informant. "You couldn't be more in the Everglades than you now are. You're right in the middle of 'em. Jump right out and start painting in any direction you want to. They look alike from every direction."

The artist, however, refused to descend from his automobile. He left the Everglades in an annoyed state, and finally wound up on the edge of a morose and gloomy cypress swamp. He painted the swamp with great enthusiasm, and sent it back North labeled "The Everglades."

Two Sides of a Road

In the great flat plains that comprise the Everglades Drainage District there are more than 40,000,000 acres. In the north this land is twenty-one feet above sea level. From this height it slopes down gradually until, at the tip of Florida, ninety miles south of Lake Okeechobee, the Everglades merge quietly but firmly with the ocean. The land is so flat and the slope so gradual that there is no way in which water can run off the surface without man's assistance. Even the big government canals that drain Lake Okeechobee cannot draw all the surface water from the Everglades; so to get at the incredibly fertile muck or peat that covers the entire district, individual developers propose to purchase large tracts of land, crosshatch them with small drainage canals and pump the water from their private canals into the government canals. A number of developers have already gone into the Everglades, drained great tracts of land in this way, built dikes around them so that the surface water cannot run onto them from undrained land in the event of a heavy rain, divided them into farms and sold small farms, uncleared and unplanted.

The curse of speculation that burns in the breast of nearly every Floridian and practically every visitor to the state has led many people to purchase ordinary Everglades land at prices approximately the same as those that are charged by good developers for land that has been canalled and drained by private capital. This ordinary Everglades land may be just across the road from a highly successful, well-drained farm development. The man who bought it may have paid $250 an acre for it. Yet it will be quite worthless to him because he cannot afford to dig the canals and install the expensive pumping machinery necessary to take care of the surface water.

In many places in the Everglades one sees, on one side of the road, broad brown acres of land, bone-dry and producing wonderful crops of sugar cane, bananas, beans and all sorts of vegetables. On the other side of the road the prairie will be covered by a sea of saw grass rising from little pools of water that ripple gayly in the breeze, so that for all agricultural purposes it is nothing but a vast marsh. The soil beneath the saw grass is just as rich and just as deep and just as brown as that on which the bananas and sugar cane are growing; but to the small farmer, in its undrained state, it is worth exactly nothing as an income producer.

The reliable developers of large farm tracts are the first persons to caution investors against purchasing Florida farm land that has been improperly developed; just as the reliable developers of Florida resorts are the first persons to warn investors against the purchase of cheap building lots that are marketed by irresponsible promoters.

"A farmer," said one of these developers, "will do better to pay $1000 an acre for Florida land on which he can build a home and produce crops at once, than to accept as a gift, and try to live on, land that is undrained and improperly developed. On the first he has every opportunity to make a success; on the second he can succeed only through a freak of Nature."

Another developer who has devoted years to draining Everglades land, and will have to devote many more years to seeing that his development is properly farmed, made the following statement concerning Everglades farming:

"On account of the great area contained in the Everglades, it is scarcely conceivable that this territory can develop on the basis of truck farming alone. Its ultimate success must be along the lines of staple products.

"A staple product for which it is especially adapted is sugar cane. There is also a great opening for the livestock industry, especially dairying, poultry raising and hog raising. Palm Beach County alone would require from 10,000 to 12,000 dairy cows to provide dairy products which it now imports; and at the present time there are probably not more than 500 dairy cows in the county.

"One hears many wonderful stories of the immense returns made from vegetables and truck growing during the winter months. Many of these stories are true; but it is my belief that the persons who buy small Everglades farms are persons who cannot afford to speculate. Southern Florida is practically free from frost; but it is a fact that there is no place on the mainland of the United States that is actually frost-free. Consequently, if a man buys a small farm in our development he is speculating as long as he plants things that may be killed by a frost. We therefore prefer to have him play absolutely safe and stick to staple products. Later on, as he enlarges his farm and can afford to speculate, it is all right for him to plant a part of his acreage to crops that are susceptible to frost, and gamble that the winter may be frost-free. If he wins, he wins big; if he loses, he can afford to lose."

Settling in the Everglades

"For the person who intends settling in the Everglades, there are two problems which must be settled before he is justified in taking up his residence. The first is that of drainage, and the second is that of transportation. The settler should make absolutely certain, by first-hand investigation, that his land is situated in a subdrainage district which has a well-defined system of drainage of adequate capacity, and that the district is administered by men of responsibility who are familiar with the subject.

"The question of drainage in the Everglades goes hand in hand with that of transportation. The muck soil is underlaid by a marl limestone. This limestone is excavated from the bottom of the canals and piled in great masses along the canal sides. Eventually these masses are smoothed down and leveled and oiled, and make fine hard-surfaced roads. A person who purchases a tract of land in the Everglades, even though it is shown to be on a canal, may find himself miles from a railway and unable to use his land until a road is constructed. Therefore it is essential that every person who

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The picture at the right was drawn from life at the Proving Ground.

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Hamilton Beach
Home Motor

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contemplates settling in the Everglades should visit his land in person to assure himself that the two factors of drainage and transportation have been provided.

"Someone has well said that if the Everglades of Florida had been located along the line of one of our transcontinental railroads, they would have been settled fifty years ago. This is correct. It is only in the past fifty years that Florida has been discovered by the United States; and this applies even more to the Everglades than to other parts of the state. There is probably no tract of equal size and fertility anywhere within the borders of the United States; and this fact, coupled with the long growing season, the ability to produce crops at a season of the year when the rest of the country is covered with ice and snow, and the proximity to markets, gives these lands a value not possessed by any Northern land."

More Food for the Prophets

"No person should settle in the Everglades, however, thinking that easy wealth is within his immediate grasp. Any agricultural enterprise requires a knowledge of certain conditions and hard work; and every intending settler in the Everglades should have some knowledge of what particular branch of farming he wishes to take up, as well as sufficient means to support himself until such time as he can establish his farming operations on a paying basis."

This, then, accounts for the outer rim of Florida, and for the rich and meaty inner skin which—according to the mild prophecies of Florida's gentlest prophets—will be solidly populated with farmers in twenty years' time and producing crops worth untold millions of dollars.

By continuing across the Everglades, skirting the northern shore of Lake Okeechobee, and bearing due north, the traveler finds himself mounting a range of hills that marks the beginning of Florida's core, known to some as the hill section, to others as the lake region, to others as the ridge, and to still others as the solid central section. By whatever name this portion of Florida is known, it is as different from the flat coastal plains of the state as watermelons are different from waffles.

The excellent roads rise and fall over long hills and medium-sized hills and small hills. Frequently the rises and falls are so close together that a rapidly moving automobile swoops vivaciously up and down and sets the stomachs of its occupants to twittering deliciously at the end of each swoop.

On each side of the road are lakes—large lakes and small lakes and medium-sized lakes; lakes as round as a slice of onion and lakes as narrow and crooked and twisted as an angleworm on a hook; lakes in pairs and dozens and scores; lakes in front and behind and on each side, and stretching away into the distance, whenever one tops a hill, to the point where the soft blue Florida haze obscures the edge of the world.

Much of this ridge or lake or solid central section of Florida is a new country as far as the tourist is concerned. Its excellent roads are new, and have only recently supplanted sand roads of such villainous nature that two hours of travail on one of them would make the average pampered automobilist of the present day give way to an attack of nerves.

Those who have entered the central part of Florida for the first time are almost incoherent over the beauties and possibilities of the section. Climate, lakes, hills, homes, sunsets, oranges, hunting, bathing, schools, peacefulness, charm, fishing, yachting, farming and everything else are as hopelessly and inextricably tangled up in their speech as they would be in the work of a cubist writer.

As for the prophets, they prophesy a future so glowing and glittering for the lake section, and they do their prophesying with such smoothness, skill and grace that one can scarcely believe they haven't spent their lives learning the intricate details of the prophet's trade from a correspondence school of prophecy or something of the sort.

At the very beginning of the ridge, as one heads north, one finds developments under way. One, for example, contains 8500 acres and extends over the shores of several lakes, and will be supervised and laid out by some of the nation's leading architects and planners. It will have beaches of white sand pumped from lake bottoms, and canals that will enable yachts to run from Miami and Palm Beach right up into the middle of Florida, and a bathing center like Deauville, and enough canals and beauty spots and what not to prevent the visitors from the great development centers of the Gold Coast from turning up their noses at the aspirations of the solid central section of Florida in the development line.

Dodging lakes and coasting down hills, the automobilist works north, passes great stretches of citrus groves, and reaches the neat and solid-looking town of Lake Wales, which didn't exist in 1912. At that time it was a turpentine camp, and persistent hunters wandered over its rolling hills in search of the wily turkey and the succulent quail. Land could be bought in what is now the center of town for $1.25 an acre, and there was some argument as to whether it was worth it.

Just beyond Lake Wales lies Mountain Lake Park, within whose boundaries rises the celebrated Iron Mountain, one of the few towering peaks of Central Florida, on which is located the bird sanctuary of Edward Bok. Sugar Loaf Mountain, farther north along the ridge, jealously claimed by the towns of Howly and Clermont, is a more majestic peak, and is freely admitted to rise 362 feet above sea level. But Iron Mountain runs it a close second with a height of 324.9 feet. One hardly knows whether the inhabitants of Mountain Lake Park should be commended or rebuked for not hauling a truckload of rock to the top of Iron Mountain and dumping it there, thus raising its height to 330 feet and simplifying the labors of statisticians and the compilers of Florida booklets.

The City of a Hundred Lakes

Mountain Lake Park is inhabited largely, if not entirely, by persons whose income taxes are more commodious than most incomes; and persons who ride through the settlement spend their time pointing rudely at each residence that they pass and shouting hoarsely, "Gee! Look at that one!"

There are a great many beautiful resorts in the state of Florida; but east-coast residents and west-coast residents who like to brag about living in the most beautiful spot in Florida might do well to soft-pedal their more violent assertions until they have had an opportunity of seeing Mountain Lake Park. Although no statistics have ever been compiled on the subject, it is believed that Mountain Lake Park is the only spot in Florida that will never be cursed by that child of avarice, short-sightedness or stupid carelessness—the fifty or sixty foot building lot.

To the north of Mountain Lake Park one passes through more citrus orchards and truck farms, and reaches the violently growing and highly decorative city of Winterhaven, which is more heavily broken out with lakes than any city in the world. The inhabitants say that it has 100 lakes; and more careful people, who like figures and are familiar with the statistics in the backs of diaries and almanacs, say that there are ninety-seven lakes within a five-mile radius of the city's center.

Winterhaven is probably the easiest place in the world for a newcomer to lose himself. If he asks where a certain person lives he may be told to turn to his left at the second lake, and that the man for whom he is hunting lives on the north side of the third lake on his right. A stranger in the city may start out at seven in the evening to find someone, and be found at midnight riding helplessly around and around a lake on the opposite side of town.

There are several hundred places in Florida that claim to be the warmest spots in the state, and Winterhaven is one of the noisiest in its claims. It declares that its lakes, blue as heaven and as pure as angel tears, to quote its rhapsodical residents, act as a huge warm-water heating system. By way of proof it points proudly and not at all silently to groves of giant orange trees that came safely through the great freeze of 1895 when trees in most parts of the state were killed down to the roots.

Sit down in Winterhaven with a resident, and within five minutes he is waxing ecstatic over his city and shaking his head sadly over the poor ignorant Northern people who spend their winters in the North when they could come to the ridge country with a small capital and spend the rest of their lives in happiness and comfort.

Crops Grown on Schedule

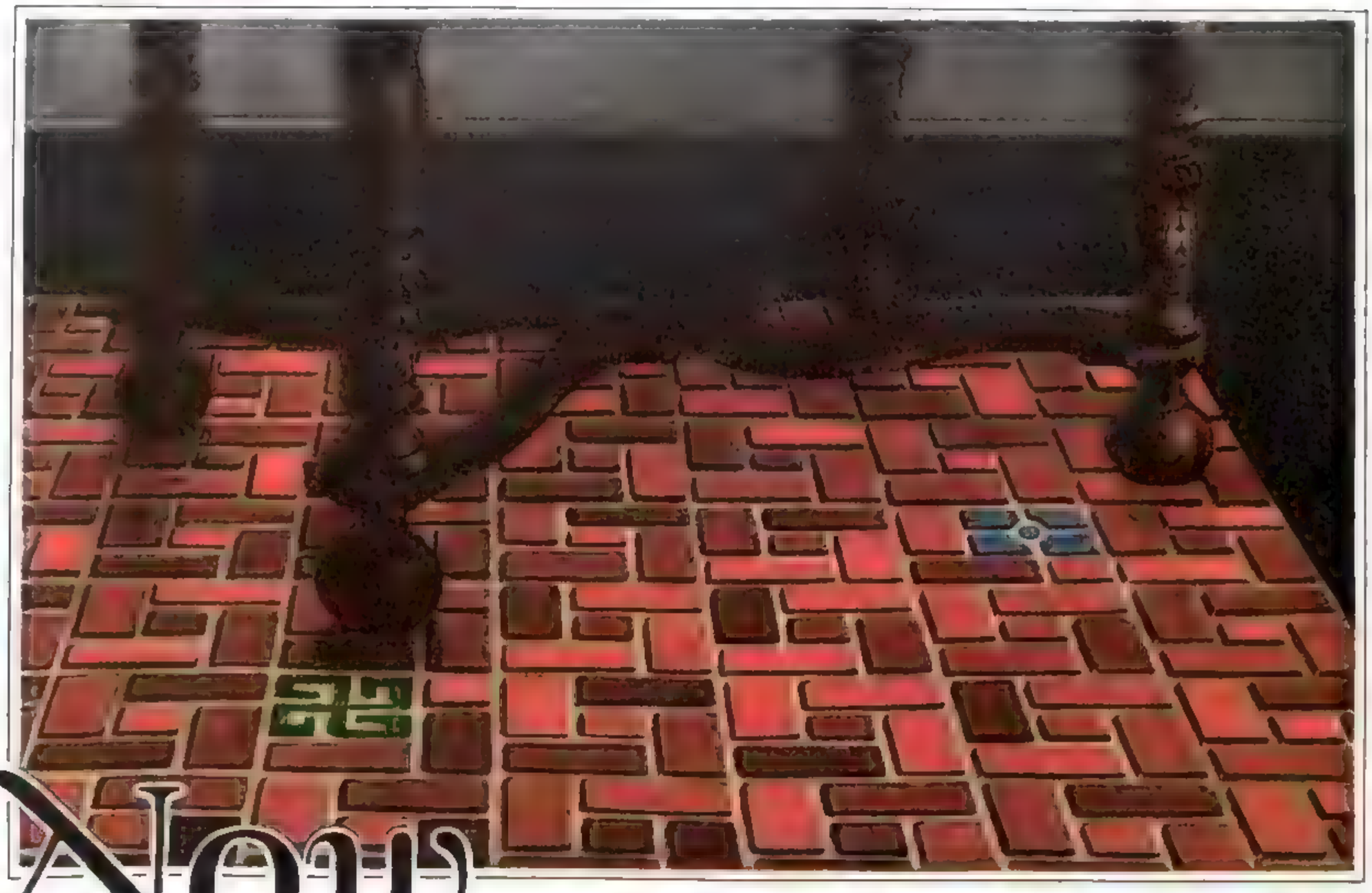
And so one proceeds northward from Winterhaven through the broad streets of Haines City and Kissimmee, near which a farm development is rounding into shape, and into the progressive city of Orlando, whose hospitable inhabitants assure the visitor that Orlando is too large and beautiful to be seen properly in less than one week's time. In 1923 the conservative prophets of Orlando were predicting that the city would have a population of 30,000 by 1930; but it had passed the 30,000 mark with great ease in 1925. Not only had its population confounded the prophets but the twenty-two lakes that beautified the city in 1923 had increased to twenty-nine lakes in 1925. The inhabitants are too busy telling visitors about the wonderful orange-grove land and farm land that may be had in the neighboring countryside to explain whether the lake increase came about through expansion of the city limits or through breeding between the lakes.

Thousands of acres of groves have been destroyed along the ridge by the speculative fever and the resultant cutting up of land into subdivisions; and other thousands of acres of groves have been neglected and consequently badly damaged by their excited owners, who hope that their groves will be bought out for subdivision purposes in the near future. These groves are being replaced by new groves that are being planted by developers; but Northern fruit lovers will probably be paying high prices for their fruit for some time to come because of the Florida land boom.

Winter Park, home of Rollins College, just north of Orlando, should be an easy town to press-agent if beauty and rapid growth and enthusiastic inhabitants help a press agent to get his stuff in the papers. So, too, should the towns still farther north of Orlando—the towns of Lake County, set among their hundreds of lakes and their orange groves—Clermont and Tavares and Leesburg and Eustis and Mount Dora.

From the latter one slips across country to Sanford, which is said by its inhabitants to be the most intensively developed agricultural section in the state of Florida, due to its system of tile-draining its farm lands and irrigating them from below with water from artesian wells. Crops in this section, because of this system, are immune to drought and flood; and they are turned out on scheduled time, maturing almost to the day planned by the grower. It is this system that is also responsible for Sanford's unique record of never having had a crop failure since the system was installed.

This then accounts for the core of Florida. As for the mild-mannered prophets who call attention to the combined rind, meat and core of the state of Florida, and prophesy insistently that Florida is within shouting distance of being one of the richest, most populous, most dependable and most valuable states in the Union, they may be right and they may be wrong; and it is highly probable that the skeptic who is willing to state that they are wrong would also be willing to indicate the exact spot on the Daytona sands that the tide will reach on July 4, 1950.



Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back

Armstrong's New Embossed Handcraft Tile Inlaid Linoleum, design No. 6028, laid with a border of black linoleum.

Now for the first time TEXTURE in linoleum design

Floors patterned in natural relief—the newest achievement in Armstrong's Linoleum. Acclaimed by leading architects and decorators

EVER in the lead, Armstrong's skilled craftsmen have now perfected a unique process that gives to the newest designs in linoleum floors *texture*, *relief*, *reality*.

Never before was there a floor like this! Its handcraft ceramic and quarry tile motifs convey an age-old charm. Its soft pastel colorings blend richly with a freedom that delights the eye. And bright-colored medieval and heraldic emblems, inserted at random, add new smartness to the whole.

Just the beginning of beauty

But Armstrong's designers have not stopped here! The mellow-toned ceramic and quarry effects are actually *raised above the surface*. The mortar lines are deep set, with a natural cup and lip to catch the play of lights and shadows. And the moulded edges of each pattern unit "creep," as in actual old hand-set tiles.

All these exclusive features, created and made only by Armstrong's, are carried out in a number of attractive designs. Each design is made in several colorings—tapestry tans, dusk blue-greens, heather browns, and rugged brick reds.

"Nothing less than an achievement in linoleum floor design!" exclaimed Howard Myers, President of The Architectural Forum, at a New York preview of these new Embossed Handcraft Tile Inlaid floors.

"You have captured the one thing linoleum design needed—a natural, tile-like texture," remarked Julius Gregory, one of the outstanding architects of country houses in America.

"It's far prettier than I ever dreamed a linoleum floor could be!" was the instant response of Miss Ada F. Howard, decorator, Arden Studios, Fifth Avenue.

For home, office, or smart shop

Where can these new floors be used? Charles H. Emery, architect, plans to lay one of these Handcraft Tile Inlaids in the sun porch and entrance hall of his own home. John F. Jackson, architect, who has constructed some seventy-five Y. M. C. A. buildings, says these new floors are admirably suitable for boys' clubrooms and public hallways. And Richard H. Smythe, architect of various smart shops, sees a wide use for designs like these in tea rooms, shops, and stores.

And how will these new embossed floors wear? Laid properly—cemented in place over builders' deadening felt—they possess all the long-lasting qualities that have always characterized Armstrong's Linoleum. What is more, they are springy to walk on and easy to clean. And their cost is remarkably low.

Now—at good stores

If you can't visit a good department or furniture store where these new Embossed Linoleum floors are now on display, write to our Bureau of Interior Decoration. This Bureau will gladly send you lithographic reproductions of the newest floor designs specially selected for the rooms you describe.

Enclose 25c with your letter and you will also receive a new book on the art of home furnishing and decoration, "Floors, Furniture, and Color," by Agnes Foster Wright. Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 816 Liberty St., Lancaster, Pa.

A photograph showing two of the new Embossed Handcraft Tile Inlaids Quarry Tile Designs Nos. 6015 and 6018. Room designed by R. W. Sexton, interior architect of The American Architect

Armstrong's Linoleum

for every floor in the house

PLAIN — INLAID — JASPÉ — PRINTED

A PARTY OF BACCARAT

(Continued from Page 25)

or make-up. There were not enough tables, not enough seats to go around. No longer did the play stop at two of the morning; it went on until six, until seven, until eight. The heavy curtains marked the sun rising in the morning as it had marked it setting behind the Estérels in the afternoon. The tired players went out in evening dress to find the town going quietly about its routine of the day, paying no attention to them. There was something fearfully disreputable about this rout of players, haggard, yawning, in unseemly clothes coming out into the Midi morning. It was like a blasphemy against our lord the sun.

One night Angela had stayed in the rooms until after twelve. Her luck had been out, and she had been waiting for the tide to turn, foolishly, as she herself knew. At last she rose in disgust, out seven hundred francs, and as she was going out she noticed a strange tension in the room. The knee-breeched footmen were getting a large table out, a larger table than any she had yet seen used. There were sixteen places to it. On each side were places marked one to seven. In the middle were two places—one an ordinary unmarked place, the other the indented place of the croupier. Also, around this table were being erected small wooden posts connected by silken ropes. The attendants looked more keen than she had ever seen them before. She asked a Casino acquaintance, the Baron de Saint Lue, what was happening.

"*C'est le grand jeu de baccarat*, Mademoiselle Thournbulle—the big game. The Dariano's game."

She looked on fascinated. She had noticed that for some particular reason the big players were not in evidence that night. At the *chemin-de-fer* tables the minor gamblers had all their own way. Now she saw them drifting in one by one. A footman brought up a small shoe, a beautiful mahogany shoe inlaid with gold. He put it reverently on the table. A croupier sat down in the croupier's chair. Angela noticed that it was the chief croupier of the Casino, a Norman with the hooded eyes of a hawk and a brain like a calculating machine. The card official brought two packs of cards.

"*Mesdames, messieurs, prenez vos places*"—take your places; the game is about to begin.

Angela recognized most of the people who sat down at the big table. There was Mr. M, one of the few remaining European royalties; there was Traill, the American steel man; there, red-faced and beefy, was Sir John Gadd, the Yorkshire cotton magnate; next him was the Duchess of Armagh, a wiry hunting woman, with snapping black eyes. Here was the young Italian husband of an elderly English countess, monocle in eye and bangle on wrist. Here was a squat bearded figure, supposed to be a Swiss merchant, but in reality one of the heads of a great German shipbuilding firm. And scattered here and there were calm granite-faced men, representatives of big gambling syndicates, chosen for their nerve, luck and skill.

A group of men came down the room. One was carrying a waste-paper basket. Beside him were two men bearing their hands in the side pockets, evidently armed. Behind them walked a mustached Frenchman, carrying a book, the tax inspector for the government. Then were three men, a young olive-colored man of thirty or thereabouts, dressed in a correctness of dinner jacket that spoke of London tailoring. He seemed a careless silent sort of man. Beside him was a tall thin bearded man with a worried expression about his brown eyes. The third figure was corpulent, dressed in a dinner jacket that was just a dinner jacket and of no particular cut. He smoked a heavy Egyptian cigarette and wheezed a little as he walked. The eyes of all there were expressionless, but the younger man's face gave an impression of carelessness, the bearded man's an expression of worry, the heavy man's showed power.

The man with the waste-paper basket laid it on the table. It was half full of pink bundles, small, oblong, each bound with an elastic band. He began to take them out one by one and range them: Angela recognized what they were; they were folded thousand-franc notes, in bundles of ten. A hundred of them; a hundred and fifty—a million and a half francs, over sixty thousand dollars! Was there so much money as that in the world, Angela asked. And they carried it in a waste-paper basket.

The cards were broken and shown about the table. The beefy baronet nodded gruffly; the Italian prince regarded them through his monocle as though they were quaint things he had never seen before; the Irish duchess took them and looked at their backs—her baccarat manners were atrocious.

In front of everyone playing at the table was a fat pile of thousand-franc notes. The cards were shuffled, cut and placed in the little box. The careless young man sat down in the vacant seat opposite the croupier. He drew the shoe toward him.

"That is Archimède Dariano," the Baron de Saint Lue told Angela. "The one with the beard is George, the big one is Solon. Archimède is unlucky; Solon, he always wins."

From all parts of the rooms the *chemin-de-fer* players crowded about the ropes. They were all silent. The croupier leaned forward for an instant toward the Greek banker and whispered. He straightened up and called:

"The minimum punt will be a thousand francs." He looked toward Dariano again. "There is no maximum limit."

"*Aux jeux!*"—game.

Then every player at the table pushed his or her stake on the board. Here and there were single thousands, but twos and threes and a five or so were the usual stakes, and there was one bundle of ten.

The young Greek flicked a card out to the right, a card out to the left, a card for himself; another card for the right, another card for the left, another to himself. The first player on the right picked up the cards.

"*Carte!*" he asked.

"*Carte à droite!*" the croupier called. "A card for the right-hand half!"

The player on the left laid down his hand, a two and a six, eight.

"*Huit à gauche!*"

Dariano turned over his cards. A five and a ten, five. He flicked out a court card and passed it to the right.

"*Cinque à la banque*"—the bank has five. "The right?"

"Three!"

The croupier swooped on the right side like a falcon. He gathered in the stakes with his swift ashen blade. He counted with incredible swiftness, verified bundles. The slim notes rustled like silk under his fingers. He paid out the stakes to the left-hand side. He counted what remained. He made a bundle of ten thousand francs and snapped home an elastic band. He threw the bundle and some odd thousands toward the immense pile of the bank.

"*Messieurs, mesdames, faites vos jeux!*"

Again the silent thrusting forward of bank notes. The flick of cards. Again the left won, the right lost. All through the play was a silence that could be felt. Then would come a breathing, and one could feel the relaxation of the folk about one. It was like a giant holding his breath under water and then letting go when he came to the surface.

The right-hand half plunged on the third coup, the left played carefully.

"*Carte?*" asked the first half.

"*Carte!*" echoed the second.

The youngest Dariano turned his hand over.

"*Neuf à la banque!*" the croupier called. "The bank's nine wins." The Greek had won from both sides.

And now a sort of fever swept over the observers. On every side people were taking out thousand-franc notes and passing them to the players to put on for them. It seemed as if they could no longer keep out of the battle. Before she actually knew what she was doing, Angela had her thousand note out with the others and was plucking the baron by the sleeve.

"Please, baron, reach over ——"

"But certainly!"

Only when it was too late she found she had put up two bills instead of one. Her heart almost stopped beating. Ah, there, she'd won! The crowd swayed as each tried to get his winnings or turned away in disgust. Someone stood on a woman's train as she moved and it began to crack.

"*Monsieur le Baron!*" Angela pleaded. But Monsieur le Baron was looking after his own affair. Again the cards were dealt. Again she won. Her athletic forearm and shoulder got her through. "Will you please hand me that eight thousand francs?" she asked the croupier. He looked at her and smiled. He gave them to her. She had won six thousand francs.

There was an instant's pause. The Swiss merchant with the stubby German beard had suddenly produced a bundle from his pocket, five of the pink elastic-banded sheaves. He threw it on the table. Fifty thousand francs. Dariano hardly looked at it. There was a reddish light in the punter's eye as if he were out for fight. Dariano dealt.

"Gard, blease."

Dariano showed his eight.

The German ship director called the Casino inspector. There was a moment's whispering. The inspector came from the cashier's desk with a great bundle of notes. The bearded man slung ten of them on the table, a hundred thousand francs. Hardly any other money was put up.

"Gard, blease!"

Dariano turned over his own; two threes, or six. He dealt an eight to the punter. Tapped the six. The heavy man turned livid. He put down his hand, a ten, a two, the drawn eight. Baccarat! His eyes blazed. His beard twitched.

And then, among the spectators, a Frenchman laughed. He had one arm. Under that was a crutch. He had one leg. His laugh was very spontaneous, very boyish, but his hair was white. For some reason or other, possibly on account of his leg and arm and white hair, he was enjoying the German's discomfiture. The German looked at Dariano. "Will you accept a bet of a quarter million francs?"

Dariano nodded. The bearded man drew a check book and pen from his pocket, filled out a slip and passed it to the inspector. There was a moment's delay at the cashier's desk. The inspector returned with a wire tray laden with bundles of ten thousand francs each. The German pushed the tray across the table without looking at it. His eyes glared at Dariano. Nobody else bet. Dariano never looked at him. He dealt four cards, two for himself, two for the shipping man.

"Gard, blease!"

Dariano turned over his own, a six and an ace. He gave a knave to the punter. The croupier reached for the tray. The German laid down his hand. Three court cards. For an instant he looked as if he were going to run amuck in the room. Then he controlled himself and sat quietly as a statue.

Dariano lit a cigarette quietly, pushed the shoe from him and stood.

"Gentlemen, ladies," the croupier announced, "*les jeux sont finis*"—the game is over.

XI

THEY should both have been gone by now, Angela knew, both Morrie Sullivan and Solon Dariano. Morrie should have been back on his New England farm and Dariano should have gone westward to Biarritz to take charge of the baccarat syndicate there. Morrie said he was enjoying himself here, going about the countryside seeing how the vines were grafted, taken care of, and how the flowers were grown. Everything about the soil interested him. Now he was passionately interested in the floriculture for scent.

"Dog-gone, Angie," he told her, "I thought flowers were only grown for show—for table decorations. Aren't I the bonehead?"

It fascinated him to see the little fields of lavender, the orange groves, the forests of mimosa. The flowers of these were carefully gathered and sold by the kilogram to the perfumers of Grasse. There they were laid out on marble slabs and pounded in pestles and distilled with alcohol, and from them the scent came. The olive plantations, the gardens of fig trees—he was never tired of them. And one day he made a discovery.

"Angie," he said, "all this countryside laid out to grow things—it grows nothing we can't do without. We can do without figs, we can do without grapes and wine. Olives—it wouldn't break anybody's heart if there weren't any. And as for scent—well, Angie, you can do without scent. Everything here's a fraud, Angie, even agriculture. Dog-gone, give me one honest field of turnips against all the flower gardens of Grasse."

She felt sorry for him. She knew he was homesick for New Canaan, homesick for the grass turning blue and the cows heavy with calf. The frogs in the pools would have begun their shrill twitter by now and the dogwood be putting out its fine foamy spray, and tentatively the apple trees would be trying the spring air, uncertain whether or not to put on their coats like a Chinese lady's. And in the boat yards sloops were being rigged ready for the racing season, but he wouldn't go.

"I'll go when you come with me, Angie."

"But, Morrie, I can't—I can't."

"Well, we'll see about that."

"But, Morrie, your farm, your everything—it will go to rack and ruin, Morrie."

"'Twon't," he told her. "It's in good hands, Angie. I suppose it would be good policy to tell you it could go to rack and ruin for all I care, but it won't. That farm's my job and it's going to be taken care of, you or no you. I love you, Angie, but I'm not going to lay down on my job."

"It's no use, Morrie. I couldn't go back."

"All right, we'll see."

Dariano had spoken to her a few weeks before. She had gone to Monte for the day, and coming out of the Sporting Club, she had met the big gambler and he had taken her to tea at the Café de Paris. Afterward they had walked in the Casino gardens. They sat down for a moment, watching a new yacht come into Monaco harbor.

"Miss Turnbull," Dariano said quietly, "early in the season I asked you to marry me and you gave me no answer." Her heart nearly stopped beating, did stop for an instant, fluttered, went on. Must she decide now? "You thought you would like a little time to answer that?"

She said nothing. She didn't know what to say. All she could think of was "yes," and that seemed so silly she wouldn't utter it.

"Would you like a little more time, Miss Turnbull?"

He was so solid, so reliable, so understanding.

"It is very kind of you"—she looked at him straight—"and if I may, I should like to have a little more time."

"Then that is understood." He bowed.

She had thought that after this he would have gone on whither the business of the syndicate called him, but he remained.

(Continued on Page 113)

First picture of the lost airplane on the San Francisco-Honolulu flight to reach New York. Photoradiogramed 5116 miles to the offices of the Radio Corporation of America.

This picture of Commander John Rodgers of the PN-9 No. 1 on the San Francisco-Honolulu flight was sent to New York by radio from Hawaii, and shows how he looked upon landing after being rescued from the disabled airplane.

Photograph of soldiers in Hawaii, sent by radio.

Photographs sent 5000 miles by radio

OVER oceans and continents, photographs are now sent through the air by means of radio. The future development of this wonderful invention of the Radio Corporation of America staggers the imagination of even this modern world accustomed to daily miracles.

The instruments that send and receive the photoradiograms are extremely sensitive. In the sending apparatus, steady voltage is essential. For this reason Exide Batteries are floated on the power line.

The Radio Corporation uses Exide Batteries in sending photographs at its stations in New York, London, San Francisco and Honolulu. It takes about twenty minutes to send and receive an ordinary photograph.

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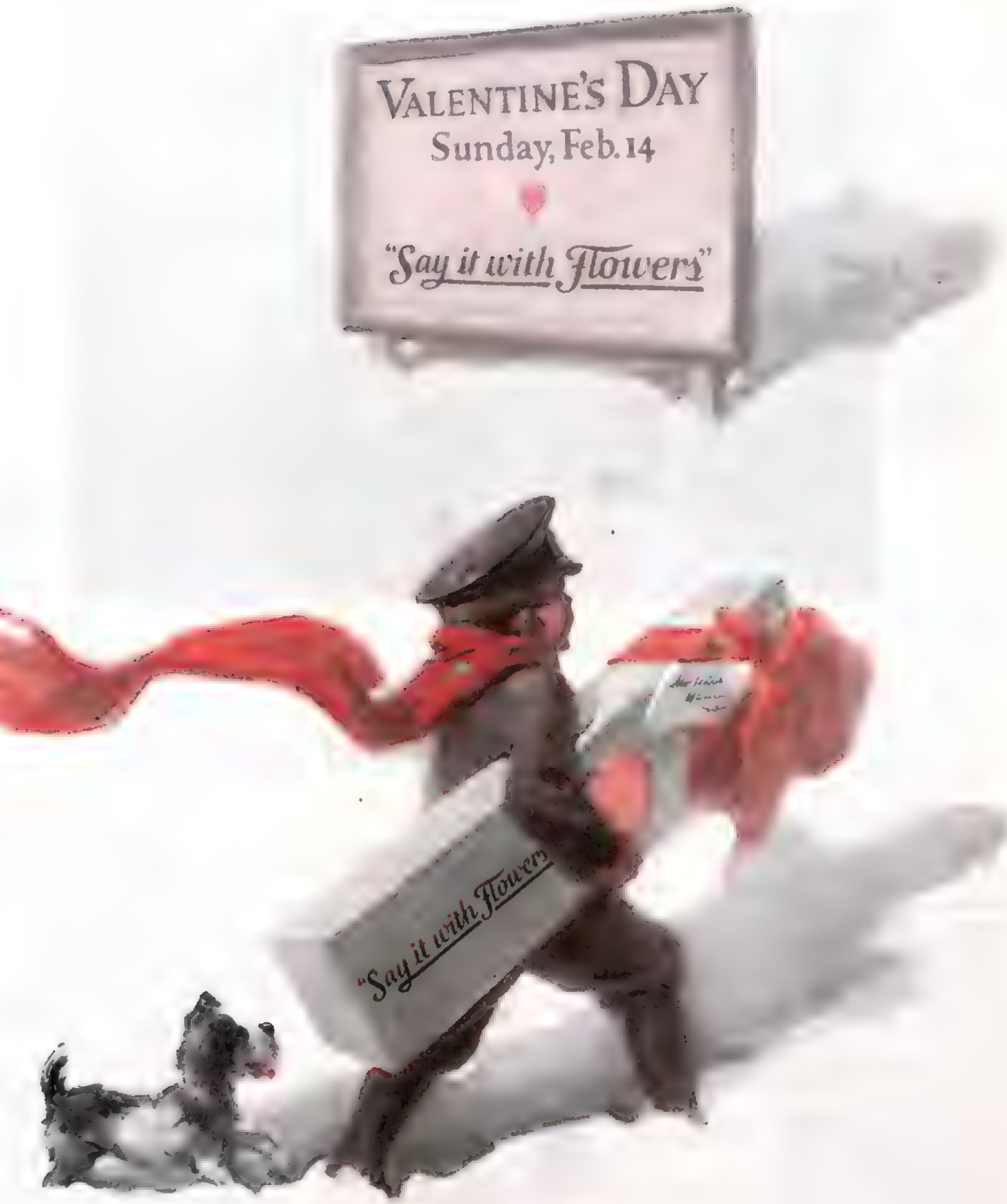

VALENTINE'S DAY
Sunday, Feb. 14
"Say it with Flowers"

GRUEN

You will see this emblem only on jewelry stores of character

Centuries ago began the Gruen Guild tradition

When the art of watchmaking began, all industry in Europe was conducted by the guilds.

The chief purpose of the guilds was to establish and maintain the traditions of finest craftsmanship. They shut out inferior workmen. They inflicted heavy punishment upon those members whose work fell below a set standard.

There was a guild for each important trade in each community, made up of all engaged in that trade. There were surgeons' guilds and bakers' guilds, guilds of goldsmiths and of wheelwrights.

Naturally, with the invention of the watch, the watchmakers, too, organized themselves into guilds.

But theirs was more than a craft. It was a combination of art, science and mechanical ingenuity, each in the highest degree. And the watchmakers of the old-time guilds conceived it so.

Guild watches soon became highly prized throughout Europe. Noblemen were proud to wear them. Princes were proud to give and to receive them as gifts. Watchmakers became famous.

It was to preserve the old guild spirit in the watchmaking industry that the Gruen Watch Makers Guild was founded, more than fifty years ago

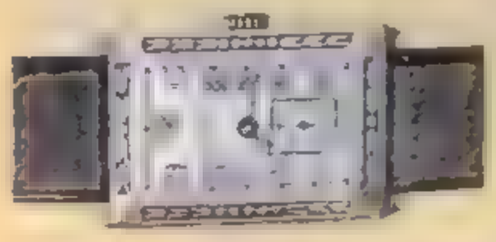
Gold Case Factory and Service Workshops on Time Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio, where the jeweler's watchmaker can secure standard duplicate parts promptly

PRECISION

This pledge mark of the GRUEN Guild is placed upon those watches of higher quality, accuracy and finer finish

Pay a little more and get the best

A NEW GRUEN CREATION



Green Strap $50
17-jewel Precision movement

OTHERS, $75 TO $450

The new Gruen Guild is made up mostly of men who can trace their ancestry through a long line of watchmakers back to the old guild days.

From father to son, from generation to generation of skillful workmen, has been passed down the tradition of finest craftsmanship that made guild watches once so highly prized.

In the workshops of the new Gruen Guild are to be found the most advanced types of modern machines. But wherever the skillful craftsman's hand can do the job a little better, machines are set aside That job is done by hand.

The result has been a long series of contributions by the Gruen Guild to the art of watchmaking, profoundly influencing both inner construction and outward appearance of all watches we see today.

In nearly every community the better jewelers can show you the Gruen Guild Watch pictured here, as well as many other exquisite examples of modern guild artistry at a wide range of prices.

GRUEN WATCH MAKERS GUILD
TIME HILL, CINCINNATI, U. S. A.
CANADIAN BRANCH, TORONTO

Engaged in the art of fine watchmaking for more than half a century

GRUEN GUILD WATCHES

(Continued from Page 108)

Baccarat was not the only iron the Greek brothers had in the financial fire. Wherever money was to be made by opportunity, there the Darianos were. They worked steadily on the financial exchange. They leased ships to the French Government. They were financial agents in Mediterranean revolutions. Now there was talk of a new one in Greece, and possibly on that account Solon Dariano stayed on at Var. There, between Marseilles and Genoa, he could be easily in touch with insurrectionary and political wires. On the other hand, it might not have been money or revolution that kept him. It might have been Morrie Sullivan.

But at any rate he bent from being the sphinxlike banker at the baccarat game to taking an occasional hand in the *chemin de fer*. The baccarat was his profession, but the *chemin de fer* a relaxation. A sort of second season had set in at Var. The Mediterranean liners from America were coming with their cargo of tourists. Folk were leaving Egypt. Rumors of a revolution in Rumania sent a colony of landed gentry, heavy with whiskers and gold reserve, to Var. Now also were here the unfortunate ones who had had no luck during all the season and were waiting for one killing at the tables. They were sharp-faced and haggard, and they had passed the stage of railing against misfortune. Now they were silent. Men and women had the look of starved, ranging dogs. They looked at the winner with surly, hateful eyes. Here also was "the young Pole."

The young Pole was tall and slender, with masses of black hair and burning eyes. A slight Byronic sort of figure. His name was spelled with so many *w*'s and *z*'s and *k*'s that one gave it up in disgust and called him merely the young Pole. If it had not been certified that he had won an Olympic tournament with the foils, and defeated Aldi, the Italian, a scant six months before, one would have called him effeminate, what with his exaggerated evening clothes, his bracelet, his beautiful hands. He was a striking figure to look at, lounging through the rooms and calling "Banco!" here and there when not sitting down and playing. He was notably the most unlucky man who had come to Var that year. He was also a bad player, for he was excitable. In moments of crisis at play he lost his head. He was very popular, as big losers always are in gaming rooms. He never cursed his luck. He bowed quietly and paid.

The only player against whom he showed any animosity was Solon Dariano. At the big baccarat game he had lost nearly a million francs. The only way his anger showed itself was in elaborate courtesy toward the Greek gambler, very much as a great noble would fall back on courtliness speaking to an inferior to emphasize the gulf between them. Also when Dariano was playing *chemin de fer* he seized every occasion possible to banco the Greek. He lost twice to a single win, and whatever his resources in Poland may have been, under the strain of the high play he was becoming nervous, becoming utterly despondent. He was playing this sort of game: When he stood on a five, his opponent received the four that would have made him nine had he drawn. When he drew on a five, he drew a five, a six or a seven, which utterly ruined his hand. He was sure born on a Friday the thirteenth, as some American at the table remarked. Yet he would not quit.

The rooms were full. At the big table, where the minimum bank was fifty louis, a thousand francs, an ex-king was sitting quietly between Dariano and a big colonist from Algeria. The young Pole lay nonchalantly back in his seat. An Armenian sat silent as his own brown hills. Angela had taken a seat for a couple of rounds of the shoe. The stake was much too big for her, but recently she felt she was coming to an end of it somehow and it didn't matter much. Two or three other women were there—a former great Spanish dancer, who had now run to fat and mustachios; the widow of a Cincinnati brewer, whose heavy weeds and Spanish-like lace scarf seemed strangely out of place in the gay gambling rooms. There was also a slim, fair-haired Russian woman, with eyes blue and cold as ice. She was never without a cigarette in her hand. Her fingers were stained to the palms with nicotine. Against the brown of her right forefinger a great emerald shone.

"*Huit à la ponte*"—eight against the bank—the croupier called. The young Pole pushed the shoe from him. Six times running his bank had gone down first time, and each time he had put up three thousand francs. A little sympathetic murmur went around the table. No luck, poor young Pole. This evening he was feeling it. He was white and haggard. His lips were blue.

The ex-king put up a bank of ten thousand francs, ran it once and passed it, taking in his winnings with a smile. The Spanish dancer took it over and lost. She snarled like a bad dog. Angela put up her thousand and ran her bank twice, passed it. The Cincinnati lady took it over and lost.

"Well, dearie," she said pleasantly to Angela, "I'm not kicking. I'm pleased to see you win." And she really was, dear soul!

"How are they rolling, Angie?" Morrie had come up and was standing behind her.

"Good!"

"At-a-boy!" She smiled affectionately. She knew Morrie hated the game, but he never bothered her about it. He never gave her lectures. Good Morrie! It delighted her to see the people at the table smile toward him. None but didn't like Morrie. Even Dariano, who was now taking the bank, liked him, though he was jealous of the boy, wary of him.

"A bank of two hundred and fifty louis!" called the croupier. "A bank of five thousand francs."

"I'll see it," said the lady from Cincinnati.

"*Banco prime!*" snapped the young Pole. His eyes were blazing at Dariano. He claimed the right to banco first with a sort of violent emphasis. The croupier glanced at him quietly. The *chef de partie* moved closer. There was in the air that feeling as of an atmosphere charged with emotional thunder.

Dariano dealt.

"*Carte?*" asked the young Pole.

Dariano turned over a four and a three. He gave the Pole an ace. The Pole laid down his hand. Three aces. A murmur of sympathy went around the table.

"A bank of nine thousand five hundred francs!"

The brown Armenian tapped the table. A dozen or so players from the other tables had come and were standing about. Many of them were losers on the season and their eyes were riveted on the pile of thousand and hundred franc notes on the baize before the croupier. They could no longer play a game so high, but they hung on to the tables, vicariously feeling the triumph and despondency of it.

"Banco!" called the Armenian.

"*Pardon, m'sieu!*" The Pole's voice was chilly. "*Banco suivi*"—I go it again.

The ring of faces around the table came closer. Another fool going up against Dariano! A woman looked across the table sympathetically at the young Pole. Dariano had a natural eight.

Dariano pushed forward some bank notes to pay the Casino percentage and to make the sum up to round figures.

"*Le maximum!*" called the croupier. "A bank of twenty thousand francs. A bank of a thousand louis! A bank of twenty thousand francs!"

The young Pole put his hand in his inside coat pocket. He drew out a pigskin wallet with a coronet on it. He emptied it on the table, counting the notes. Between hundreds and thousands he made up the punt. His face was white and grim. The *chef de partie* moved closer toward him. Quietly two of the Casino private detectives sauntered up. The signs of desperation in the man's face were evident, and the Casino is always ready to deal with desperation.

"Banco!" said the young Pole quietly.

The circle around the table grew thicker. It was recognized that the young Pole was having his last throw. It is a theory that with absolutely the last throw the luck turns. Also was it not the third coup, the danger point of the bank? And might it not be the beginning of the end for Dariano, who had all their money? Their eyes glistened. Of all the table, of all the circle, the Greek was the only one unmoved. Beneath the croupier's professional calm was excitement. Dariano dealt the cards. The young Pole's face flushed with excitement as he looked at his hand.

"*Non!*" he cried. He wanted no cards.

Dariano turned over his. Two queens. The *chef de partie* looked curiously at the flushed Pole. Dariano flicked a nine out of the shoe.

"*Neuf à la banque!*"

The young Pole turned white, turned gray, as he put his cards down. He had had eight.

"*Mais pourquoi ne les avez-vous pas abattues?*"—why didn't you throw them down? "*Vous auriez gagné*"—you would have won. The *chef de partie* turned away with a gesture half pity, half disgust. A chatter went around the table. How foolish! And yet what luck!

The young Pole pulled himself together. He rose from his chair. The Casino detectives came closer. The young Pole bowed.

"*Messieurs, mesdames!*" He might have been taking his leave at a formal party. He turned to go away. The detectives fell back. Ah, a good lad! No trouble, no fuss. A sportsman to the end.

Then the young Pole killed himself.

There was a crack. It might have been the breaking of an electric-light bulb or the opening of a bottle of champagne in the bar around the screen. But it wasn't. The young Pole had reached under his left arm as though for his cigarette case. And there was a drift of smoke in the air that was not cigarette smoke, and there was a smell of powder that was not powder on Frenchwomen's shoulders. That was all. Not a thud even, for the detectives were carrying through a side door a young man who might have been drunk or who might have had an epileptic fit. For an instant there was such silence—such silence that one could hear the conversation in the bar:

"My dear old boy, this *chemin de fer* is a mug's game. What I mean to say is, it's utterly idiotic. You see, only a fool ——"

The croupier gathered up the Pole's stake and placed it in front of him.

"*Encore le maximum!*" he called—still the maximum. A bank of twenty thousand francs!

And then a horrible thing happened. There was a rush for the dead man's seat. Surely there would be luck there now! A man reached for it and was thrust aside by a woman. Another woman caught at her and her frock was ripped open to the waist. An old lady cut loose with a flow of obscenity in Italian. Angela felt herself caught by the arm.

"You come out of here!" Morrie Sullivan was commanding her. She made no remonstrance. She rose and went. She was feeling dazed and sick.

"A bank of twenty thousand francs!"

"Banco!" She heard the Armenian's deep voice.

And as they went toward the door the croupier's clear voice called out, "*La banque gagne! Neuf à la banque!*"

XII

IF ANYONE had told Angela in America that within little more than a year of leaving America she would have had marriage proposed to her by and considered seriously the offer of a professional Greek gambler, she would have been more than incredulous—she would have been shocked. To her, in the days of America, a Greek was someone who kept a candy store or a restaurant. Also they were always having wars and revolutions. But knowing

(Continued on Page 115)

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RICHARDSON ROOFING

(Continued from Page 113)

Dariano, and Dariano's brothers slightly, she changed her mind. No longer were the Greeks great in arms, but in political power, in finance, in brains, their grip was on the vitals of France and Russia and Italy. Even this banking at baccarat was not to them gambling. It was a certain financial turnover, with a 10 per cent in favor of the bank. They had money, these Greek brothers; they had steely nerves. In their all but Oriental minds they recognized what the Western never will—the omnipresence of the quality called luck. They dealt in luck, as other merchants might deal in commodities like wheat. They were as certain of luck as they were of death. When one brother's rhythm of luck was ended, another or an associate took the bank. Occasionally, though, the one in bad luck stuck to the bank; whether to placate the gods by losing or to keep the gamblers hopeful, one couldn't tell. The minds of Greeks are deep minds. And they are queer minds, for the Darianos saw nothing wrong in gambling, but they would have recoiled in horror from the idea of dealing in spirituous liquors.

Angela had seen Solon Dariano play at Var, at Monte Carlo, at Le Touquet, and unconsciously she had come to admire and like the big sphinxlike man. Whether things were going badly with him or well, he never changed a muscle in his face. She had watched him being pounded at the Sporting Club for five million francs on the great night when the Principe Favilli had his enormous run of luck, and at the end of the sitting he was as calm as before. She watched him at Le Touquet the night he cleared out the Tartar oil king from Baku. All about the table, all in the rooms, were weak from the tension of the game; but Solon Dariano was as calm as though he had been playing a mild rubber of bridge. Only the Casino authorities, who cashed the Tartar's checks, and Dariano knew how many hundred bundles of pink bank notes had gone into that mosiac waste-paper basket; but after a week the Tartar, with his immense emeralds, with his fifteen servants and four beautiful handmaidens, left Le Touquet, and France knew him no more.

She came to know Dariano when swimming at Paris Plage. The big Greek watched her cutting through the water with her fast trudgen stroke and came up to her when she came out.

"I hope you didn't mind my watching you, Miss Turnbull," he said. And when she looked at him she saw there was neither impertinence nor vulgar curiosity in his eyes. "But I like athletics. When I was young," he went on, "I was a good wrestler, and a swimmer too."

He was very modest, she found out later from an attaché of the Greek Legation. Dariano, when young, had been the best wrestler in Greece.

She liked him. She liked his way of living. He came to a place with an old valet and kept to himself. Not for him the drinking and the dancing and the hectic vulgarity of the Deauville and Riviera life. When not playing, he was to be seen driving about in the fresh air, admiring, one might say and one would be right—the scenery. His brothers had wives, but Solon was the anchoret of the family; and in an atmosphere where linen spats and a *belle amie* are *de rigueur*, this was notable. The players credited this to Dariano's brains, saying that the gambler was too clever to let a woman in on his game. But Angela knew that at heart and throughout, except for the steel nerve and subtle head, Dariano had the simplicity of a child.

He admired her beauty and her athletic quality. Here in this jungle of female charms, where the women had the seductive unwholesome atmosphere of tropical plants and flowers, she stood out like the rowan tree, like the mountain ash. Dariano knew too much of the world not to recognize that it was her mother's fault she was there at all; that it was her mother's fault she stayed there. It bothered him not a little to see her playing heavily at the big baccarat game. He read faces easily, did Dariano. Though her face seemed as calm as his, yet he knew all was not well. He ventured to speak to her one day on the pier of Var:

"Miss Turnbull, why do you play so hard? Do you mind my asking you?"

"I don't mind. In the first place, because there's so little else to do."

"That is true," Dariano nodded. "Everything is calculated at these places so that you have to play."

"In the second place," Angela said, "I like it. I like it so much that I doubt if I can stop."

"Can you—please pardon me—can you afford to play for such high stakes?"

"I can't."

"Then you know it's a vice."

"Of course it's a vice," she answered.

"You're very honest."

"Honest, am I?" Dariano was not quick enough this time to catch the sudden whiteness of her face, her twist of mouth. "Do you mind," she asked, "if we don't talk about it?" And she quickly turned the conversation to the occurrences of the day before.

She had been at the Nice races. It had been more like a scene in a play than a race course. Women who looked as if they had come out of Poiret's studio, as indeed most of them had; Englishmen trying to appear French; Frenchmen trying to appear English—the former, bulky figures in slight, meticulously cut clothes, the latter, slight, dapper, swathed in tweeds cut like a horse blanket. A Chinaman in coral-buttoned cap and padded jacket talked to a jockey with the face of a murderer. An Indian rajah wore a sealskin vest and carried an umbrella most unrajahlike. French officers, gay in horizon-blue uniforms, walked about with unutterably dowdy wives. Somewhere there were horses and at intervals these ran, interrupting the music of the band.

Angela was in the queue of the twenty-franc totalizator ticket office when in front of her she saw Dariano.

"What are you doing here?"

"I'm betting," he said quietly.

"But I thought you would bet in the thousand-franc office."

"I don't," he said. "I bet twenties. Do you know what will win?"

"I'm betting on Galéja."

"Is it a good horse?" asked Dariano. "I don't know anything about horses."

"Neither do I," said Angela. "But the waiter at the hotel said it would win."

"Then I'll have a shot at it," the big Greek gambler decided.

But Galéja, shameless as only a French horse can be shameless, ambled home last, heedless of the shaken umbrellas and vile accusations against his ancestry made by the madding crowd. Dariano seemed quite cast down by his loss.

"And I thought you said he was a good horse!"

Angela began to like him more and more. It was hard to imagine that this big man who had been a champion wrestler in his youth, and even now, when over fifty, had certain attributes of the child—a child's joy in simple things and a child's innocence in a rotten sector of the world—could be the grim, rocklike jinni of the baccarat table, who never flinched an eyelid when people were ruined in the game, or even shrugged his shoulders at a suicide. She once had the temerity to ask him did this not worry him.

"No," he said. "People commit suicide in business, are ruined in business. Baccarat is business. People want to merchandise luck. Baccarat is merchandising without moral or economic frills."

"It doesn't seem right," she said.

"It mayn't seem right to an Anglo-Saxon mind. Mine," he told her, "is a Greek mind. There are such things as Chinese minds, French minds, Indian minds. All have different economics, different moralities. None can say the other is wrong."

"One does, though."

"One is foolish."

Then one day he did the most unexpected thing in the world. He asked her to marry him. He was coming into Var along the Mandelein Road in the usual two-horse chaise he affected, and he met her on the sea front. He got out and walked with her until they came to a seat under the palm trees.

"Miss Turnbull," he said, "will you sit down for a minute?" They sat down.

"Miss Turnbull, I have just been to see your mother to ask her might I be allowed to present my addresses to you."

"Do you mean," Angela asked, "that you want me to marry you?"

"I mean that," said Dariano.

To be proposed to here was like a queer trick of fate's, for nowhere was a setting of more romance and beauty. Westward, behind the Estérels, the sun was tinting the mountains with purple and crimson, deep purple and flaming crimson, and back of them the brown smaller Alps drowsed like contented kine. Beneath their feet the Mediterranean broke in a foam like the foam of wine, of some magic blue wine. Quiet as turtles, the isles of Ste.-Marguerite and St.-Honorat lay on the azure bosom of the sea. And a little wind came down from the aeries of the Alps and rustled each plume of feathers that the palm trees bore. In the east over Monte Carlo soon would rise the moon—the silvery Mediterranean moon. Somewhere an Italian laborer, ungrateful for all this beauty, sang a nostalgic song for his beloved south:

"O dolce Napoli!
O suol beato,
Ove il sorridere
Valli il creato,
Tu sei l'impero ——"

If any woman wished a setting for a proposal from the beloved, here was a perfect one. And here, Angela told herself, was she debating coldly whether she should marry this man, who was not of her own race, her own religion, her own mind, her own age. A matter of this kind should be debated in the cool seclusion of a library.

And she said, "I like you and I admire you, but surely that is not enough for marriage."

"I don't know that it isn't," said Dariano. "I know what you are thinking of, but the word 'love' is not a word that sits with dignity on the lips of a fat and not young man. But I have faith that a bond will grow more readily out of liking and respect, than that liking and respect will grow from the loose term 'love.'"

"You know," she said, "what you offer me is a great temptation."

"I offer you," said Dariano, "someone to protect you, which you haven't got. I offer you homes and security. You can have this Riviera life as much as you want, and when you want peace, I have a house near Venice where you can go and dream and rest. And when you want the country I have a place in Greece. Also, I am a good deal richer than anybody thinks. If it amuses you to gamble, you can gamble, my dear. These things you can call temptations, but I call them a very little return for gracing the life of a lonely and disliked man."

"Dariano," she said, "I might want to marry you for a very unworthy motive."

"For an urgent one, perhaps," he granted, "but no motive is unworthy if you are so honest as to admit it."

"I admit it, and I shall tell you all about it. Dariano, if—if we marry ——"

"Then it is only if?" said Dariano.

"It is 'if,' Dariano, not 'only if,'" she smiled at him. "I should tell of that this minute but for another thing. May I tell you of that other thing, Dariano?"

"If you feel you want to," he said.

(Continued on Page 117)

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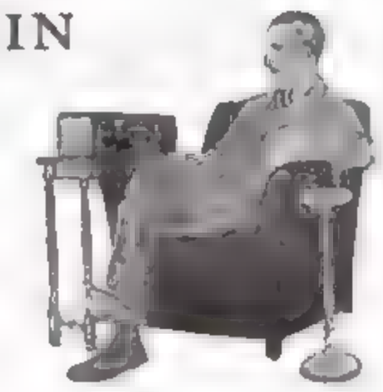

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Model H, $22

(Continued from Page 115)

"I've never told anybody. I've never told myself. But there is a boy in America I was fond of. I was never in love with him, nor he with me, I think; but—but he is in my mind a lot. Do you understand, Dariano?" The Greek bowed. He did not look at her. He would not embarrass her by looking at her face. "He was a silent, serious boy, this boy. He didn't care for money, he didn't care for fame. He was aloof, queer. I understood him. He loved America, Dariano, which few people do. People enjoy America, and think they love it, but love is different. It is like enjoying a big house, the chairs and luxury of it; but this boy loved the stones and rafters of the house, and would love it and stick by it if grass grew on the hearthstone. Do you understand that, Dariano?"

He was silent a minute, and then he said slowly, "All Greeks do."

"I understood that in him, and I loved him for it. I don't know if I love him. But I always remember the silent, serious boy who loved his country, and to do that silently is so much bigger than desire for money or fame. I haven't heard from him for a year. It may be I love him, or it may be only a thing that impresses a person when young, like a great monument seen or a wonderful story read. But until I am sure, Dariano, I will not come into your house or"—her voice dropped—"into your heart."

Dariano rose and kissed her hand.

"When you are ready," he told her, "my house and—and my all," he said with dignity, "are open to you. And until then, and whether or no, I am always, in all things, at your service."

"Thank you, Dariano."

She sat there after he had gone, and suddenly the sun dropped behind the Estérels like a shot bird, and the mistral blew on the face of the waters, and the azure and calm sea became gray and spitting, and the mountains drew dark, forbidding cloaks about them, and the air grew chill. And she knew all her fine feelings must be as nothing. There were only two choices left to her—Dariano and the anonymous secret burying ground between Monte Carlo and La Turbie. She had not enough courage to take refuge with the nameless dead, so that it must be Dariano. For only Dariano could replace the money she had spent out of what her father had left his wife and daughter; spent without her mother's knowledge; spent madly, unconsciously, in a senseless effort to retrieve fortune—fifty thousand dollars, nearly a million of francs!

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE NEW OWNERSHIP

(Continued from Page 12)

American institution. As Mr. Hoover has pointed out, we have had periods of both concentration and diffusion of ownership in this country, in both land and corporations. For a long time it seemed that the corporation would make for concentration, but fortunately the tendency now is all the other way. Yet even fifteen or twenty years ago, when the talk was of nothing but trusts, and concentration of industrial and financial power seemed the order of the day, most of the great corporations were joint enterprises of a large body of persons, and were open to all to participate in as stockholders through the medium of the regular financial markets.

If any customer or employe of the railroads, trusts and banks believed that they were making too much money, he could in most cases become a part owner if he so desired. Men like Harriman, Baer and Havemeyer may have been high-handed autocrats, but the stocks of their companies were listed on the exchange more than a generation ago.

Yet there is real force in the claim that the more recent expressions of customer and employe ownership are to all intents and purposes new. "We might say that with many large corporations the opportunity to purchase stock has been open for years to everyone capable of working and exercising the self-restraint of saving," Mr. Hodge has said. "This is true, but it is equally true that such a fact has literally meant nothing at all to the vast majority.

"Most people never knew or realized this fact, while countless others are hopelessly puzzled when they consider such matters, absolutely unable to distinguish the good from the bad, to weigh the sound offerings against the cats and the dogs of financial bedlam."

In other words, the mighty financial markets—the stock exchange, the investment bankers and the bond business—efficient as they are, are not able even today to reach millions of plain people with money to invest. But many corporations have learned with increasing conviction since the close of the war, that by using simple and more understandable methods than those of the financial markets, they can sell vast quantities of securities direct, either to their employes or to their customers, and in many cases to both.

A Popular Sport of Today

In the early years of the war the electrical and public-utility industries in general found it hard to raise capital. Not only did they generally lack powerful Wall Street connections, such as the railroads had; they were untrammeled by financial traditions and were willing to try new methods of financing. Customer ownership, adopted by the utilities as an expedient because of financial necessity, "sent out into the world, with doubt and hesitation, to battle for recognition," has proved a source of capital fertile beyond the dreams of the most hopeful.

Today no industry has a monopoly on customer ownership or its twin brother, employe ownership, even in their newer phases. Cheap restaurants, vaudeville theaters, taxicab companies, department stores—these and countless others are selling stock direct to employes and patrons, and the list is growing daily.

While stock in even the most powerful of the money-trust banks could be bought by anyone in the open market twenty years ago or more, it was not what might be called a popular sport. If a large block came out, the shares were usually snapped up by the controlling interests and their wealthy friends, or occasionally by their enemies.

But times have changed. The other day a broker in bank stocks in New York telephoned to a bank president, "Do you care to do anything in your own stock?" Assuming that in the great bull market in bank shares which New York, Chicago and other large cities have experienced in the last year or two, all bankers were interested in their own stock.

The People's Saving Power

"The only thing I am doing in our own stock," replied the president, "is to see to it that, when a large block comes out, we get it if possible to break up among our employes and small depositors."

When J. Ogden Armour's large holdings of Continental & Commercial National Bank of Chicago came on the market a few years ago, a pool was organized to distribute it, along with several other large blocks obtained from hospitals and other institutions, among small investors. In this way 800 new shareholders were added to the bank's list, with an average holding of seventeen and a half shares.

Figures of increase in stockholders are tiresome. But it may be well to note that the National Electric Light Association shows 2,478,165 shares of customer stock sold by companies reporting to that group in 1924, as compared with 42,388 shares sold in 1918. The figures are more complete for recent years, but even making such allowances, the growth of the movement is almost geometrical. There are individual companies, or groups of companies, that had from 1000 to 5000 stockholders in 1915 and have upward of 100,000 today.

Nor has the increased diffusion of stock ownership been confined to the more populous areas of the country, or to those close to great cities. In 1921 customers and small owners generally held $16,000,000 stock in public-utility companies in Oklahoma. In December, 1924, 10,000 residents of Alabama owned stock in a single power company, the most widely held security in the state except Liberty Bonds.

As the result of a three weeks' recent campaign in a Southwestern city, 7 per cent preferred stock of a local power and light company was sold to nearly 1000 subscribers, the average purchase being about three and a half shares, although the city is considered an 8 per cent town.

At the bottom of all this diffusion of ownership is the prosperity and saving power of the people. High wages have made it possible; and corporate industry, from obvious motives, has merely seized the opportunity to raise capital and enlarge the area of goodwill which is supposed to come from having many interested partners.

The success with which Liberty Bonds were sold to the plain people on the installment plan, showed that other securities could be disposed of in the same way. Apparently there is no limit to the number of prospects for two or three shares of stock, provided it can be purchased on the easy deferred-payment plan.

Because of income taxes, many rich men, who had formerly invested in stocks bearing dividends of from 5 per cent to 7 per cent, preferred to put their money either into tax-exempt bonds, or into stocks of low current yield which were presumed to have great future possibilities. Thus, for many corporations a new class of investor untouched by income taxes was needed to take care of junior financing.

It was soon discovered that if employes could be interested, they might in turn reach other small investors. It has proved no great task to enlist the employe himself. Naturally he follows the line of least resistance by investing in the business he works for. All he has to do is say yes to have deductions made from his pay roll. It is part of the morale, the spirit of teamwork, of loyalty to the organization for each man to enroll.

If the superintendent of division urges the investment, it is hard for the worker to resist. He may feel that promotion comes more quickly to those who do as they are urged to do by superiors. The spirit of competition, the war spirit of 100 per cent, as among different departments, plants, divisions, has been brought into play with marked success.

The employe is asked if he does not believe in his own company. His fellow workers look at him significantly as they say: "We own stock—do you?" The employe needs no solicitation, if he knows that his fellows are stockholders.

Buying Stock From the Gas Man

Other motives have been appealed to. Often the corporation itself makes a contribution on the purchase price of employe stock. The installment, pay-roll deduction is combined with a form of profit sharing. Where the company contributes 20 per cent or 40 per cent of the price, or sells the stock at well under the market figure, or pays a high rate of interest on the installments, it does not take long for the employe to become an owner.

Once enlisted as a stockholder, the employes are rounded up in teams to sell to the local patrons. Cups and other prizes are offered for the largest sales. Score boards of results are put up, and dinners given. The employe has taken a dose of the stock-ownership medicine himself; naturally, he believes in it thoroughly by now. Besides, he is glad to have the extra earnings from commissions on sales.

The employe in turn merely speaks to his acquaintances regarding the stock, to the wage earners, clerks and small business men not employed by the company, who constitute the world in which he moves. The small investor generally is afraid of a professional stock or bond salesman, but not of the inspector who reads his electric meter or of the assistant cashier in the gas company's office.

In customer-ownership campaigns the bulk of the sales work is done by clerks, bookkeepers, inspectors, linemen and mechanics. "They are not trained salesmen," as a committee which has studied the subject reports, "and have usually none of the guile or the smoothness of tongue of the professional, and know nothing of high-pressure methods. Their greatest asset is their own faith in the value of their stock."

Business Develops Business

An official of the Bell Telephone system tells how at Oshkosh, Wisconsin, one of the linemen was very much discouraged because he thought that he would be unable to make any sales. His spirit was good, but he was afraid that stock selling was too complicated for him. The plant supervisor did his best to encourage him by explaining that previous experience and expert knowledge were unnecessary, but apparently with little success. The next day, however, the lineman came in smiling and said that on his way home he had stopped to have his shoes repaired, and had mentioned the stock to the cobbler, who at once bought twenty-five shares.

In a week's time, recently, the conductors of one street railway and subway system sold, mostly to passengers, $3,000,000 of preferred stock, taking 15,000 subscriptions in all.

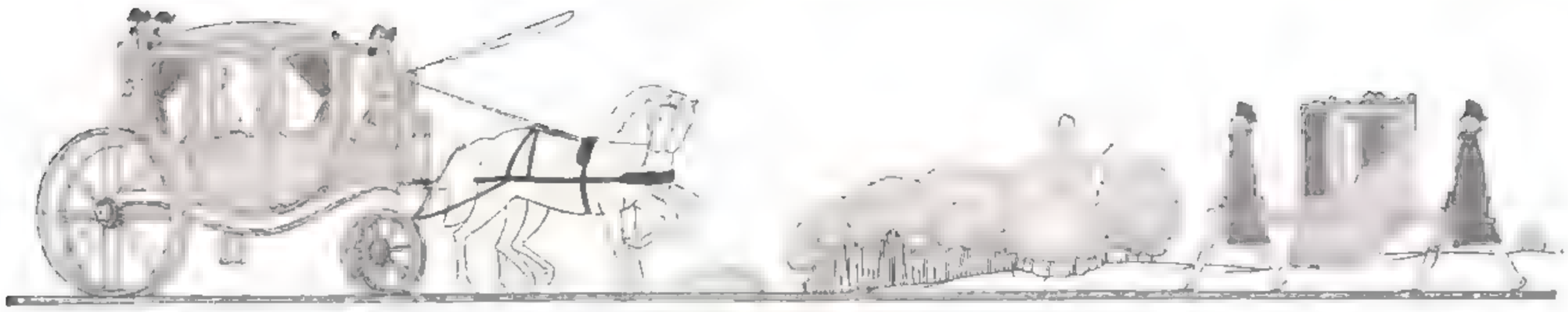
The corporations find that it is cheaper as a rule to sell stock through their own employes than through banking houses. Large sums cannot be raised all at once this way, but many companies need a steady supply of new capital for construction purposes.

At first the banks were inclined to object, but soon relearned the old merchandising lesson that to stimulate one form of thrift insures a wholesome growth in other forms. One company went so far in allaying the fear of the banks that it required all payments on stock to be made as bank deposits. This took to the banks many people who had never been there before. The truism that business nearly always develops business applies to savings and investment institutions as much as to any other line.

As for investment bankers, the direct sale of stock by the companies makes it safer and easier for the bankers to handle their bonds. There can be no senior financing without junior financing. Investment bankers are primarily interested in selling bonds, but these are worthless without an ample stock equity. The sale of stock within the state makes it possible to sell bonds outside the state, and thus bring in new capital for construction purposes.

All these natural advantages have been seized upon and capitalized by the corporations. For them to do so is as natural and inevitable as the movement of the planets; it is part of the orderly evolution of industrial society.

(Continued on Page 121)



THE SEDAN

I love sedans, cause they do plod
and amble every where,
Which prancers are with leather shod
and ne'er disturb the eare.
Heigh doune, derry derry doune,
With the hackney coaches doune,
Their jumping make the pavement shake,
Their noise doth mad the toune.

—Ancient Ballad.

THE sedan was an enclosed chair, carried on poles between men's shoulders. It derives its name from Sedan, France—one of the first places to adopt it in Western Europe.

In the middle of the 17th century, the sedan was popular because, as the ballad writer notes, it was comfortable, and silent. But it created a great furor when Buckingham introduced it in England and was seen being carried by lackeys . . . "The people would rail on him in the streets, loathing that *Men* should be brought to as servile a condition as *horses*."

The rear quarter of our modern sedan closely resembles the old sedan chair. And there is further similarity in their freedom from jostle and noise.

• • • •

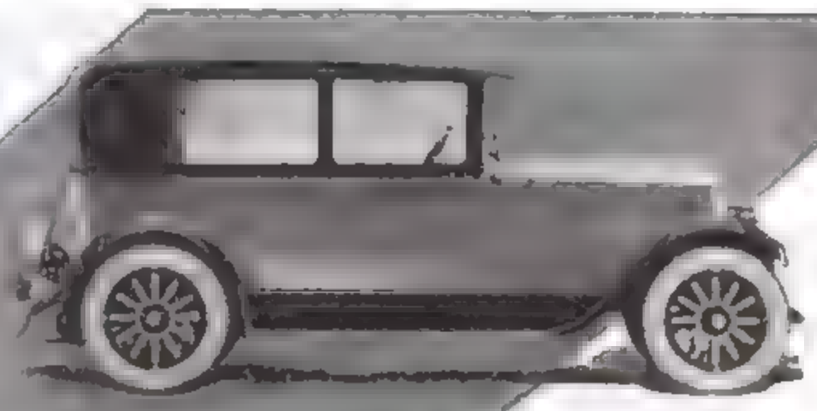
COMFORT is today, as it was in the 17th century, a prime consideration in transportation. With Hayes-Hunt bodies, comfort is a natural increment—because of superior workmanship, high grade materials, and complete appointment.

HAYES-HUNT CORPORATION, ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY

HAYES-HUNT BODIES

Beauty, Service BODY BY HAYES HUNT CORPORATION *and Comfort*

POWER



Star Six Coach
$880

Star Six Coupe
$820

Star Six Coupster
$745

IMPROVED STAR FOUR

Com. Chassis	$425
Roadster	$525
Touring	$525
Coupster	$610
Coach	$695
Sedan	$795

f. o. b. Lansing, Mich.

MORE POWER AND SUPERIOR QUALITY

A nation of careful buyers — critical of automobile values! The new Star Six and the improved Star Four have been produced to give millions greater comfort, plenty of speed, and indomitable power.

The beauty of the Hayes-Hunt body, the power and smoothness of the L-head motor, and the all 'round performance have given to a public of careful buyers the value that has been long in demand.

DURANT MOTORS, INC.
250 W. 57th St., New York City
General Sales Department, 1819 Broadway, New York City
Plants: Elizabeth, N. J.; Lansing, Mich.; Oakland, Cal.; Toronto, Ont.

NEW STAR SIX

TOURING	$695
COUPSTER	$745
COUPE	$820
COACH	$880
LANDAU SEDAN	$975

f. o. b. Lansing

BEAUTY AND COMFORT

Low-cost Transportation

Star Cars

LOW COST

The last word

Quick, Clean, Safe Dump

The tapered dump body is hoisted on sturdy arm and link lifts by a late speedy and positive gear drive. It lifts to an angle greater than 50 degrees, dumping any load clean. The body is under positive control through rigid connections at all times. It may be held at any angle. It is lowered by the same mechanism that hoists it, but can be lowered with the truck in motion. At normal position and at extreme dumping angle the body is automatically stopped

The body is mounted so that load weight is properly distributed and the dumping point is so far back that the load dumps cleanly over the edge of a soft fill without danger of miring the truck, or piles clear of the truck on level ground. Double-acting tail gate further facilitates dumping. Low body sides make loading from the ground easy.

The dumping mechanism sets solidly down in the frame in a dirt-proof and weather-proof housing. All the gears run in oil.

Auxiliary Low Gear

An auxiliary transmission gives you maximum power at all times—extreme flexibility of power. In holes, in mire, on hills it enables you to gear down to the hardest pull. It works independently of the regular transmission

Power is transmitted in a straight line from starting crank to rear axle when operating under load. This insures maximum power and maximum life of all drive units

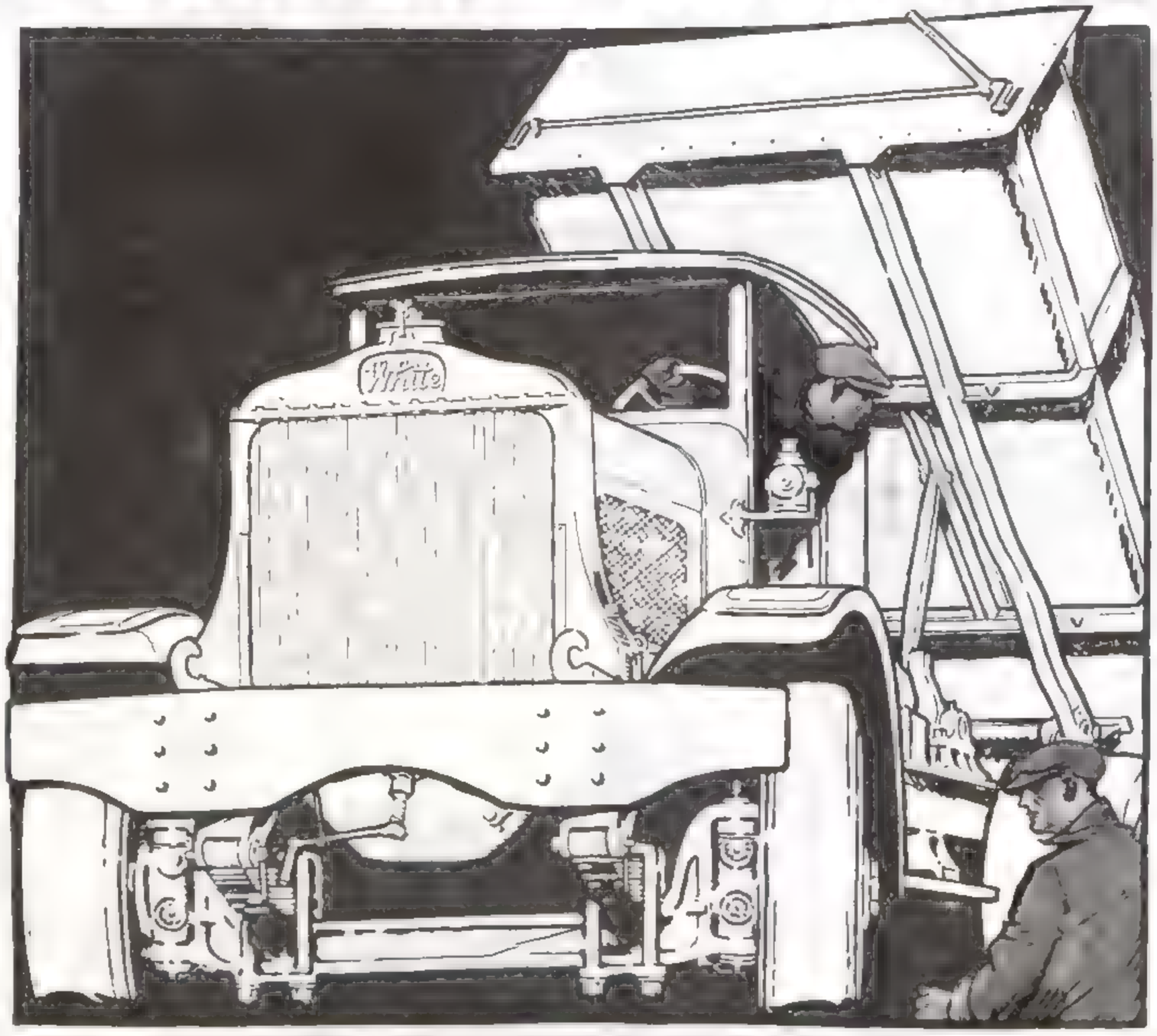
Double Reduction Drive

White Double Reduction Gear Drive is the finest type of final drive for heavy duty. It is obtainable only on Whites.

In every test of heavy-duty service, in every line of heavy truck work, in every part of the world where heavy trucks are used it has proved its superiority to any other type of final drive. It has had universal success in the hands of thousands of operators over hundreds of thousands of miles.

All of its parts run in oil. All of its parts are housed. It saves time, man power and fuel. It puts more of the engine's power to work.

Here is in the White Model 52-D the strength, speed, power and safety that heavy-duty dumping operations demand. Its sturdy tubular type radiator, spring cradle on the frame, wide heavy, distinctive bumper, tow hooks front and rear, easy steering, air temperature regulator that saves fuel and adds to engine efficiency in all seasons, heavy type springs, brakes with drums of a special metal that insures quick and sure stopping and long brake life. Write for complete specifications



in Heavy-Duty Dump Trucks

(White Model 52-D)

Anticipating the demands of industry

Turn this White loose on any dump truck job. The job is licked! . . . Put a load on it. . . . Stick it in a hole with steep sides or soft bottom. . . . Then slip in that auxiliary gear. Step on it. . . . It just walks out.

Dump? . . . It'll dump any load while you're thinking about it. Sure-acting gears and rigid arms hoist that tapered body to an angle so near straight up that the stickiest load slides out. . . . You can back up to the edge of a soft fill, dump clean and get away without miring. And on the level the load piles up clear of the wheels. . . . Let the body come down safely while you're speeding back for another load.

White engineers are constantly watching all truck operations. Their foresight for the development and improvement of dump truck operation is built into this heavy-duty White.

Let a White salesman show you how this Heavy-Duty White Dump Truck—Model 52-D—will do more work and earn more money for you.

THE WHITE COMPANY, CLEVELAND

WHITE TRUCKS

MADE RIGHT ~ SOLD RIGHT ~ KEPT RIGHT

(Continued from Page 117)

The corporations have pushed their advantage by every means in their power. One device has been to reduce the par value of stock. An employe or patron feels that he owns more if he has ten shares of a par value of ten dollars than if he has one share at $100 par.

The advantages of owning stock are presented to the small customer in plain language. He is told what a splendid opportunity for saving and investment is thus available to him. Never before has he had such an opportunity, which in most cases is not strictly true, because he could have bought the stock, or a similar issue, from an Eastern broker. Perhaps he could even have bought it from a local broker. But such explanations are bewildering to the uninitiated, and are better left out.

In any case the small customer is not confused with financial technicalities. More emphasis is laid upon the importance of the industry, its essential nature locally and its general standing, than upon dry balance sheets or even earnings statements.

To a certain extent the great, powerful corporations engaged in diffusing ownership among millions of plain people, have taken a lesson from the peddlers of get-rich-quick stocks, and based their appeal more upon generalities, albeit mostly sound in their case, than upon the financial technic of the market place. Loyalty, thrift, provision for old age, civic spirit, local pride, the mere sense of partnership—these rather than the conventional investment analysis have sold the employe and customer owner.

The lengthy, legally air-tight, standardized descriptions of stocks or bond issues so characteristic of the regular financial markets are avoided. They are too dry and formidable for the small investor to understand. He is sold the organization issuing the securities rather than the securities themselves. He is sold by methods so simple that the over-sophisticated financial markets had never thought of them, although recently the bond business has been taking many lessons from customer ownership campaigns. The customer owner is not sold by figures, but by endless photographs, pictures of power houses, gas plants, office buildings, and the like.

Red-Letter Dividend Days

Old-time executives imagine that everybody knows what dividend their companies are paying. They know it themselves, and the financial manuals print all the facts. But the customer owner never heard of a financial manual, and has no idea that the local gas or electric company pays 6 per cent or 7 per cent on its preferred stock until the fact is called to his attention on a signboard ten feet high.

The fact that preferred dividends are paid regularly is loudly advertised, as if it were a new and startling innovation. But the idea works. The dividends are even mailed in red envelopes so that nonstockholding neighbors will want to know what John Smith is getting this morning. Everybody wants what the neighbors have. The fact that mankind is gregarious, moving with the crowd, is availed of to the fullest extent. The customer-ownership committee of the National Electric Light Association urges all companies to keep an occupation list:

"The carpenter who is solicited to buy stock is often in a resistant attitude until he learns that a hundred other carpenters, many of them his own friends, are already stockholders. That arouses his interest—if the stock is good enough for them, it is good enough for him. The woman who puts away a few dollars out of the household allowance every month is apt to think of her savings in terms of stock investment, if she knows that a thousand other housewives in her own community own a few shares each and are getting dividend checks from them."

There are those who feel that the democratic goal in the ownership of industry is not likely to be reached soon unless the railroads join the procession. It is true that several of the Eastern roads had long numbered many patrons among their shareholders, but the plan of fostering direct home or community purchase and ownership has not been deliberately, generally and recently pushed by the railroads as a whole.

For one thing, the railroads already had great numbers of shareholders, acquired through the medium of stock-exchange operations, and it did not seem to help in the warding off of trouble. Besides, the railroads were more of an impersonal national and less of a local proposition. It is easier for stockholders of a local power company to create a favorable public opinion than it is for the owners of a railroad that traverses a dozen different states.

The Success of Simple Methods

The Western railroads had been financed with Eastern money, and it was traditional for them to get their new capital in Eastern markets. They had done so for decades, so that no special effort was made to raise funds elsewhere. But the utility companies could not get money in Eastern markets when they first began to sell stock to customers. They had to try something different.

Then, too, the railroads have been discouraged by the magnitude of their capital requirements and the smallness of their earnings. Many of them traverse territory which is wealthy and populous only in part. In 1925 only 6 per cent of the stockholders of the Southern Pacific lived in the states traversed by the company's lines, and they owned only 4 per cent of the stock. In the five states of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania lived 70 per cent of the stockholders, owning 75 per cent of the stock. In 1924 only 7635 of the 67,118 stockholders of the Santa Fe lived in the thirteen states traversed by the company's lines. States like Nevada, Arizona and New Mexico are but thinly populated.

Yet even the railroads are beginning to resort to the new-fashioned employe and customer-ownership medicine. Special efforts to sell stock to employes have been made in the last few years by the New York Central, Pennsylvania, Lehigh Valley, Reading, Delaware and Hudson, Rock Island, Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, Santa Fe and Great Northern railways.

Although widespread stock ownership in its own territory did not prevent the New Haven from hitting the toboggan some ten or twelve years ago, its gradual and more recent upbuilding has been aided by a new attempt at local ownership. Less than a year ago a group of Connecticut manufacturers started a movement to subscribe to a 6 per cent bond issue to refund a loan which the New Haven had borrowed in Europe and which came due on April first. Nearly $1,000,000 of the bonds were taken by 5000 employes. On one dining car running between New York and Boston every man subscribed. The local business men—that is, the customers—more than did their share.

If sufficient effort were made, and a certain superfluity of old-fashioned stand-off dignity thrown aside, the railroads, like other public-service corporations, could probably sell great quantities of stock direct to the public. They need not devote all their arguments to earnings and other technical financial details.

Let them plaster the states through which they run with pictures of roundhouses, locomotives, yards, terminals, bridges, tracks and stations; and let them talk of the millions of acres of land owned, the number of cattle carried, the passengers fed and the cars kept in motion.

It is not enough merely to call attention, as one railroad president has done, to the fact that "this joint enterprise is open to all to participate in as stockholders." The railroads will have to adopt the popular methods of almost childlike directness and simplicity, so successfully used by other public-service companies.

These systems are impersonal in their far-flung operations, but each has a distinctive territory. The Delaware and Hudson should be able to sell stock in Troy and Saratoga Springs, the Southern Pacific in New Orleans, the Santa Fe in Albuquerque, the New York Central in Albany, and so on indefinitely. California is the very home of customer ownership, and three of the great transcontinental systems should be able to sell stock there, even though they do traverse sparsely settled territory to reach that state.

But can we take it for granted so lightly that the widespread sale of stock to employes and customers is wholly in the public interest? If employes are compelled, practically speaking, to purchase stock, a serious doubt is raised at once. It is very difficult for a worker to refuse the insistent suggestions from those who employ him that he should do such and so. That moral pressure to buy sifts down from above, is highly probable, and it no doubt grows less subtle the lower it goes.

Then, too, there may be cases where stock is offered to employes merely to keep them from asking for higher wages. There is at least the suspicion that stock plans may be in the nature of a dope or subterfuge to becloud the wage issue. If the wage situation is wrong, stock selling will not make it right.

There is the further objection that employe ownership cannot reach down very far until there is more continuity of employment. As long as labor is shifting from factory to factory, from job to job, and as long as thousands are thrown out of work at the first suggestion of decreased orders, it will be difficult to get a sufficiently stable body of workers to take much of a stake in an individual enterprise. Stock ownership may help in keeping a worker on the job when there is plenty of work, but if there is no job for him the two or three shares which he was persuaded to buy are just so many more to be thrown on the market.

Even if the stock is a good investment, the employe may prefer to receive all that is coming to him in wages so that he can spend his money. In this he may be most unwise, but we are supposed to be living in a free country in which employers have no more legal right to compel their help to buy stock than they have to make them join a particular church.

Job More Important Than Stock

Besides, even if workmen wish to invest in stock, they may prefer their own kind of investments, their own brand of thrift. A number of labor unions are forming their own investment companies, as well as banks and investment-information bureaus. Even if the workmen could acquire a controlling interest in the company which employs them, it does not always follow that such is the best investment to make. Besides, a lot of the talk about labor unions and other workers buying control of railroads and other industries is glittering generality, intended, possibly, to kid the worker into thinking he is more important than he really is.

Employes have not as yet bought enough stock to shift control through voting power of any except a few local companies. Other classes of investors have a big lead. Besides, the most striking characteristic of employe and customer ownership is the fact that the average purchaser buys only a few shares.

But two or three shares of stock carry no control and, as Mr. Dennison, the manufacturer, has said, the worker has an interest in a company in his job "compared to which his slender power as a minority voter may sooner or later seem a mockery." He is primarily interested in the bread-and-butter details of the job rather than in vague syndicalist and guild-socialist schemes. The heart is where the treasure is, and the workman's treasure is his job rather than two or three shares of stock.

When the employe's stock holdings yield a sum approximating his wages, then his whole outlook is altered. But it would take years of accumulation for the more poorly paid workers to reach any such point. A couple of shares is not enough to keep the young fellow from shifting from job to job, and yet that may be all the stock he can afford to take.

At one of the large oil refineries common labor is paid fifty-seven cents an hour, or $4.56 a day. This is $1368 a year, if the man works fifty weeks a year. If 5 per cent of his earnings, or sixty-eight dollars, are set aside, he may acquire two or even three shares of stock in course of time. But even sixty-eight dollars is a big hole in his year's wages, especially if he must support a family.

Thus it is a fair question whether employe stock plans really get far down into the very roots of democracy. Alfred Marshall, the great English economist, speaks in one of his books of the evolution of industrial society by which multitudes of small capitalists are coming to own the railways and other undertakings. "The main effect," he adds, "of this development is to strengthen the position of the middle classes relatively to the working classes on the one hand and to the wealthy on the other."

Stock plans are a boon to the middle group of corporate employes, those earning from $1500 to $5000 a year. They shift around much less than the laborers, their loyalty to the company is already assured, and new facilities for saving are just so much to the good for them.

Stock Ownership and Fair Wages

A few of the public utilities in their customer-ownership campaigns have kept careful occupation lists. Among 13,856 stockholders obtained by two large companies, 266 occupations were listed, including many of a lowly nature. This is taken to show the high degree of democracy of the new ownership, and there is a very real and hopeful trend in that direction. But what we really have is a vast middle-class, rather than a proletarian movement. Out of this large group of stockholders, 1831 are business men, brokers, butchers and grocers, managers, merchants and physicians. No less than 5452, or nearly half, are housewives, minors, retired and students, classifications which give no indication whatever of financial status. There are 949 clerks, 401 salesmen, 336 teachers, 373 farmers and ranchers, 250 stenographers and 326 laborers.

One of the most detailed occupational lists is that of the Wisconsin Telephone Company. A very large variety of occupations is shown, but bankers, bookkeepers, clerks, doctors, housewives, lawyers, managers, manufacturers, merchants, retired and salesmen show up big in the amount of stock taken. The new ownership is certainly democratic, but the lower grades of manual workers are not much involved as yet.

Employe ownership among all classes of workers can be stimulated by giving them especially favorable terms. Naturally the more the company contributes, the sooner ownership is effected. But labor leaders, professional reformers and not a few employers themselves, regard this practice as an unwarranted paternalism, an artificial babying of the worker.

Then there is the objection that it is hard on poorer competitors who cannot afford such luxuries. The employes of weaker companies may work just as faithfully, and through no fault of their own are deprived of these extra compensations.

But none of these criticisms really amount to much. Does anyone argue that stock-ownership plans never go hand in hand with fair wages? If the employer has any sense at all he must know that employe ownership will fail if it is introduced solely or chiefly as a substitute for good wages. It is only part of a broad plan or program to bring about closer and better relations

Go Into Business For Yourself!

A Nogar Topcoat won't show dirt, and light rain won't penetrate it. Sparks from smoking won't burn it.

Men in all trades find Nogar Suits unequaled for durability under conditions that would ruin ordinary clothing

For its trim appearance and resistance to wear and weather, a Nogar Suit is just the thing for bus drivers

The Nogar Hunting Suit [illegible] dirt and the color blends with grass and underbrush

Sell NOGAR Utility Clothing for men and learn how easy it is to make *plenty of money.*

No experience necessary
No capital required

HOW would you like to make a really good income and be your own boss? Enjoy the luxuries of life and take a few days off whenever you felt like it?

Did you know you could go into business for yourself with no capital and no experience? The man who sells Nogar Utility Clothing is really in business for himself and his income is limited only by his industry. Good men are making *$100 to $200 a week.*

Nogar provides the capital, the goods, the experience—even assumes the responsibility for satisfaction by *guaranteeing* his garments.

More than that, he creates a market for his goods and introduces his representatives by impressive advertising. You doubtless have seen the Nogar full page advertisements in The Saturday Evening Post.

The demand for NOGAR garments is truly enormous

Imagine how easy it is to sell a man a suit of clothes for *only $12.50 or $13.50!* Especially when you can truthfully say it will outwear two or three ordinary suits.

Experienced salesmen tell us Nogar Clothes are *easier to sell than anything* they ever handled. Men literally *buy them on sight.* There is no real competition because there is no other clothing just like Nogar. Imitations only emphasize its superiority.

Millions of men are only waiting to have garments like Nogar brought to their attention. They not only *want* them, they NEED them.

Just let a man feel the strength of that wonderful Nogar Cloth. Drag a knife point across it! Press a lighted cigar or cigarette firmly against it! Pour water on it! Your sale is made, right there. All you need do is let him choose the style he wants.

Every man is a prospect

Every man you meet—millionaire or mechanic—is a prospect for a Nogar Suit or Topcoat. Styles for sport, as well as for business and work. Good looking in pattern and cut. As a working suit for the business man and a business suit for the working man, Nogar has no equal. Nogar Topcoats are ideal motor coats.

Nogar is the original utility clothing. It is made by the largest manufacturer of such garments in the country. Its popularity is growing by leaps and bounds and the big market for it is just opening up. Its sales possibilities are incalculable.

Even spare time work pays well. Just try selling Nogar Clothes in your spare hours and see what your profits are! You'll soon devote all your time to it, like many of our best men who started the same way

Get out of that rut! Fill in coupon below and *mail it NOW!*

Nogar Clothing Manufacturing Company
Home Office and Factories, Reading, Pa.

New York Philadelphia Boston Chicago Toledo Denver Omaha Houston San Francisco Los Angeles Seattle Portland (Ore.) Vancouver, B. C.

Mail this coupon today

Nogar Clothing Mfg. Co.
Dept. S-3, Reading, Pa

Please tell me how I can become your representative.

Name

Address

Nogar

CLOTHES

MADE TO STAND THE GAFF

between management and men. It is only one step in the series which must be taken to promote industrial understanding and justice. Nor can it ever be a substitute for continuity of employment.

It is typical of a certain type of labor leader and social reformer to find fault with employers for providing thrift facilities. But such complaints are distinctly unfair. In the past the whole industrial system has been raked over the coals for the very reason that the worker did not have a stake in ownership, and now that efforts are being made to give him a share, the motives of those who are trying their best to interest him are promptly maligned.

Many times it has been said in bitterness that prosperity was merely a euphemism for the profits of employers and capitalists, that when employers speak of coöperation between capital and labor they mean that it is up to labor to do something unusual while the employer stands pat, and that labor has not received its fair share of the benefits of industrial progress.

If there is any truth at all in these gibes against the industrial system, then why in the name of fairness and common sense should anyone object to giving the laborer a share in the profits of industry! Why shouldn't the dollar of the poor man earn just as much as that of the rich man, provided the investment is reasonably safe? It is illogical to rail at the employer one moment for hogging the benefits of industry and the next moment to turn around and denounce him for trying to get his workmen enlisted as proprietors in beneficial interest on the same basis as himself.

No one knows how much stock in the great corporations is owned by employes. One estimate is that 6,500,000 manual workers own about 6,000,000 shares in companies by which they are employed, the total value of the stock being about $500,000,000. But there are great numbers of wage earners who have been reached by customer-ownership campaigns, or who have bought stock in other ways.

A Relative Gain for Labor

Because of a stock plan, employes of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey own as a group about one-fifth of the stock, the largest holding next to that of Mr. Rockefeller, Jr. A year or two ago they owned only one-sixth. The same figures apply to the Philadelphia Rapid Transit, with the same gain. Employes of the Bell Telephone system own some $60,000,000 of stock, and great shares in ownership are held by the men who work for the United States Steel Corporation, Armour & Co., Swift & Co., and many others of the largest corporations.

But it is said that labor makes only an absolute, not a relative gain, despite all the employe-ownership plans, labor banks, brotherhood investment companies and customer ownership. If by labor is meant any particular grade or level of manual work or the unions only, the point may be well taken.

On the other hand we know that labor is getting a relatively larger proportion of the national income than formerly, the statistical evidence to this effect being generally regarded as sound and unbiased. We know, too, that the number of bond and stock holders has increased out of all proportion to the population, even if allowance be made for the fact that a limited number of larger investors may have been scattering and diversifying their holdings.

We know also that the number of stockholders per corporation has increased more than the population, making the same allowances, and it is also true that in most corporations the average holding is far smaller than formerly. Nor are these investment tendencies at the expense of savings banks or insurance companies.

All this does not prove that common laborers or bricklayers or factory hands or any other single line or group of manual labor is gaining ownership and control of industry. But it does mean that ownership is fast seeping down from the wealthy to those of small means, whatever be their occupations.

If by labor we mean the great masses of people who work—farmers, teachers, clerks, stenographers, and all the miscellaneous, multitudinous groups and kinds of occupations, new and old—then labor is gaining relatively. But if we mean only the common laborers and the lower grades of factory workers, the evidence is not so clear.

Many explanations of the motives of employers in offering stock to employes are ridiculously far-fetched. In its simplest terms it is an attempt to establish, or at least a gesture toward, good will, understanding and a common basis of interest. Of course the employer hopes that workers will become more efficient and more interested in the company. But anything that aids the morale of an organization helps to build its success, and in turn places it in a better position to employ labor and pay adequate wages.

Broader, Wholesomer Ownership

Compulsion is a ticklish matter. On the other hand many employes naturally turn to their bosses for advice in savings and investment matters. There are those who prefer independent investment institutions, and there are those who prefer to leave the investment of their savings to their employers' judgment. In countless instances the few shares of company stock bought on monthly installments are the first savings, the first nest egg against want, which the worker has ever known. Many of the electrical companies had always found their linemen an especially careless, improvident lot. The purchase of a few shares of company stock marked the first change in their habits.

This point alone knocks most of the criticism into a cocked hat. It is not so important, perhaps, that the worker should have a stake in the company he happens to be employed by at the moment, as that he should have a stake in something—in anything. It is all very well theoretically to say that he should be free and independent to invest where he pleases. But the fact is that in cases without number he does not and will not save unless it is in the company he is working for. The point is that he should save and own somehow, somewhere.

As for the paternalism of companies which help their people to buy stock, or the fact that equally deserving employes of weaker competitors cannot obtain the same advantages—these are trivial objections. Rare indeed is the man who is not willing, if he has the chance, to buy stock at less than the market price, which is what the corporate assistance or bonus amounts to. It is not a bonus in lieu of wages due, but a reward for the thrifty and saving employe. Certainly the employer has a right to reward thrift if he sees fit.

The fact that weak competitors cannot do so much for their workers is no argument at all, unless we wish to do away with competition and individual initiative entirely. Why shouldn't the strong, efficient concern, provided that strength and efficiency are honestly come by, have an advantage in dealing with employes over the weak and inefficient company, just as a skillful dentist has over an unskillful dentist in dealing with a patient?

There may be dangers in and objections to employe and customer ownership, but the movement keeps right on growing. That it means a new, in the sense of a broader and more wholesome, ownership of property is not to be denied.

No—you won't find "Hylastic" in the dictionary—but you will in

MASON BALLOONS

"Hylastic" is more than a name. It truly describes the remarkable Mason cord fabric.

"Hylastic" cord is made exclusively from a special, carefully selected, tough and sinewy cotton. It is spun exclusively in Mason's own mills, under Mason directions and to Mason standards.

It is this "Hylastic" cord that makes every Mason balloon so flexible that it gives maximum balloon comfort and yet so tough and sinewy that it lastingly endures constant flexing for many thousands of miles.

MASON TIRE & RUBBER CO., KENT, OHIO

MASON *Hylastic* cord gives the twin advantages

Greater Comfort–Longer Wear

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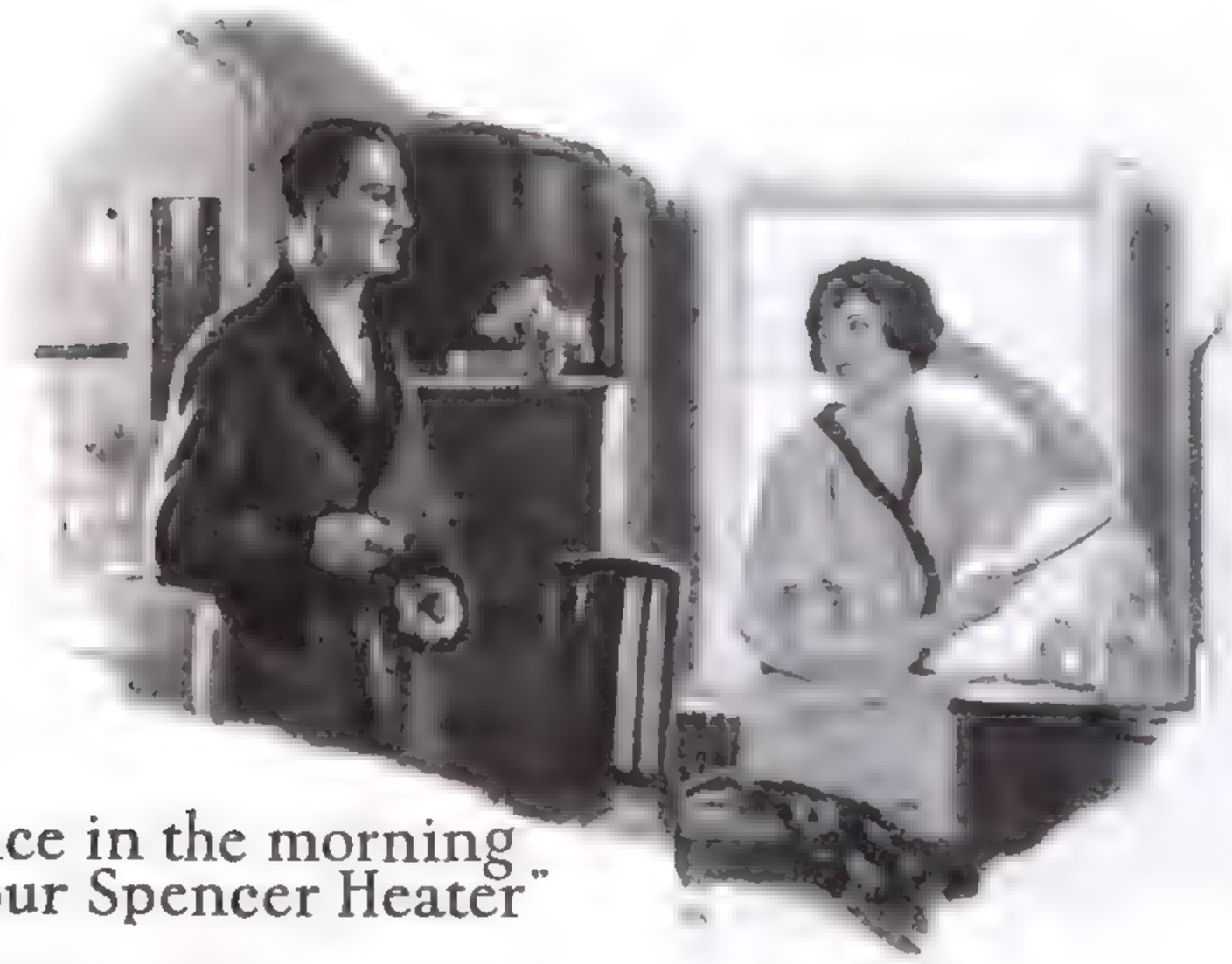


"Some difference in the morning since we got our Spencer Heater"

IN SPENCER-HEATED HOMES, pre-breakfast shivers are among the half-forgotten discomforts of a more or less remote past—as remote, in some instances, as thirty years ago, when the first Spencers were installed.

The reason is simple enough. If the magazine is filled in the evening, the house can be kept at any desired temperature all night and there will be plenty of coal left in the magazine to carry it well into the next day, no matter how cold the weather. No smothering the fire at night; no waiting for it to burn up in the morning.

By the same token, the Spencer owner leaves home in the morning sure of a warm house when he returns at night—sure, also, that nobody will have to bother with the heater in the meantime. It does not need attention more than once or twice in 24 hours.

But perhaps the most comforting thing of all for the many thousands of enthusiastic Spencer owners is the shrinkage of coal bills. This deserves italics: *The Spencer burns the No. 1 Buckwheat size of Anthracite, always available at an average of $6 less a ton than the larger—and scarcer—domestic sizes.*

From the small home to the great industrial building, practically every variety of heating problem has been successfully solved by Spencer Heaters. There is a type and size for every purpose, sold and installed by heating contractors.

Let us send you literature; it is full of interesting and important information. Or, if you have a special problem, ask us about it.

STANDARD HEATER COMPANY
Factory and General Offices: Williamsport, Pa.
OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

Spencer Features!

THE following features are fully described in literature your request will bring you:—

Saves $4 to $7 in the price of every ton of coal used because it burns low priced No. 1 Buckwheat Anthracite and burns no more tons.

Requires attention only once in twelve to twenty-four hours, because coal feeds by gravity as needed

No blowers or other mechanical contrivances

Even heat day and night, due to automatic feed

Equally successful for steam, hot water or vapor

Type for every need from small home to large building

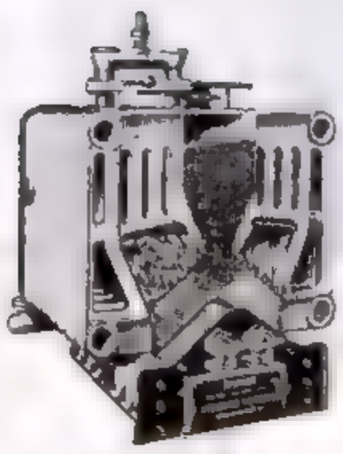
No night fireman required in large buildings.

Easily installed

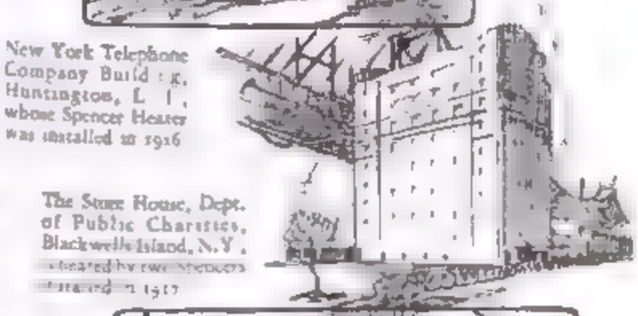
Pays for itself by burning low-priced, small size coal

Proven by thirty years' success

Built and guaranteed by a responsible organization



New York Telephone Company Building, Huntington, L. I., whose Spencer Heater was installed in 1916



The State House, Dept. of Public Charities, Blackwells Island, N.Y., heated by two Spencers installed in 1917

Spencer
steam, vapor or hot water
Heaters

Burn No. 1 Buckwheat Coal ~ $4 to $7 less per ton ~~~ Less attention required

THE JOKE HORSE

(Continued from Page 15)

Eddie Jim felt a flush of shame and anger redden his cheeks at the heartless laugh this raised amongst the boys.

"You, Johnny Segeen, you ain't galloped Yellow 'Clipse yet. Here's your five-dollar bill; an' you don't spend that, but bet it on my hawse the fust day, 'cause he's goin' to win sure."

Segeen touched the bill mockingly to his lips, then shoved it in the leg of his riding boot.

"How'll I rate him, Mr. Andrews?" he asked, as he drew a knot in the reins.

"Take him out, Johnny, till I see if he thinks you an' him is pals. If he don't like you, nothin' you could do would make any dif'rence. If you was to lay the bud on him, mos' like he'd reach round an' lift you out the saddle by the leg. You jus' ride him as you think best to get the speed outen him, 'cause he's got it."

Eddie Jim, standing by the rail, heard Johnny Segeen say, as he passed down to the turn below the mile post, "I've got the five dollars; that's all anybody's got in this bunch. This cayuse ain't got anything."

Eddie Jim watched curiously the dun horse's gallop of a mile. A trainer standing beside him held a stop watch in his hand; some of the boys had crowded about the timer, passing flippant remarks.

Now about one minute and forty-five seconds would have been a smart gallop for the mile; if Yellow Eclipse could reel off a mile in that time it would give him a chance in a race.

He heard Jockey Fogg say, "Two bits the dun doesn't beat two minutes."

"I'll take that bet, Foggy," Jockey Trent cried.

Now the dun-colored horse had swung up the stretch and at the start, the mile, Segeen shook him up.

Eddie Jim was deceived for a little; the dun seemed to be tearing out at a furious clip; there was so much action; his mouth was open, his head straight out and the big quarters were driving the hoofs into the course with terrific force.

But at the quarter the man who held the stop watch said, "The quarter in thirty seconds!"

"I'll win the two bits," Fogg declared jubilantly. "He's a quarter horse, and runs his first quarter in thirty; he'll run the last quarter of that mile in 'bout forty."

"Segeen ain't let go his head yet, Foggy; he's got him under double wraps," Jockey Trent declared.

Fogg grinned. "Segeen's just kiddin' his mount—makin' him think he's flyin'. That's the fastes' quarter Yellow 'Clipse ever showed here yet, an' that wouldn't get him nothin' in a race for mules."

"The half in sixty!" the man with the stop watch proclaimed, as the dun raced down the back stretch.

"Segeen's still ratin' him, still got him under double wraps," Fogg jeered.

"The three-quarters in one-thirty," the timer said; "it's goin' to be a close thing which of you boys wins."

Up the stretch the dun labored, and they could see that Segeen was riding, lifting him along with a sway of his shoulders and a throw of the rein.

"One-fifty-nine!" said the timer, dropping the watch back into his pocket. "I guess that hawse must've been bred down from the old four-mile stock, Lexin'ton or Boston, or some of them—the further they went the better they got."

The dun was brought back into the paddock, a blanket thrown over him and the darky boy told to return him to the stable.

"Guess that boy Segeen wouldn't do to ride him neither," Andrews confided to Eddie Jim. "Yellow 'Clipse is a sluggish hawse, mighty sluggish, but in a race you wouldn't think it was the same hawse nohow—he wakes up." He took a five-dollar bill from his pocket and handed it to Eddie Jim. "That's on account your wages, boy; we'll see how you get on ridin' an' we'll make a contrac'. You jus' don't pay no attention to these Choctaw Injuns that thinks they're jockeys, but stick to Doc Fisher. If you don't need that money to spend, you'd bes' keep it to bet on Yellow 'Clipse nex' week when I start him; you'll get yourself some real money then."

"Thank you, sir," Eddie Jim answered. Inwardly he was muttering, "It'd be comin' to me to eat molasses bread all my life if I'd burn up good money on that mustard coat."

"You got a license to ride, boy?" Andrews queried.

"I ain't—they didn't bother none 'bout a license up at Taylor, where I rode for George Scott."

"Him that kept the saloon?"

"Yes, sir."

"I guess you couldn't get no license to ride for him, boy, an' you'd jus' best forget anythin' he ever learned you. There they was all matched races—pull devil, pull baker; that wasn't hawse racin'. You tell Doc Fisher to see 'bout gettin' you a license from the sec'tary here."

When Eddie Jim got back to Doc Fisher he unburdened his heart:

"I ain't goin' to ride for that dang old fool, Uncle Doc."

"Eddie Jim, Jack Andrews ain't no dang fool—at least he didn't used to be. What's he been doin' now?"

"I can ride as good as 'em jocks here, can't I, Uncle Doc?"

"Course you can, son—better'n most of 'em."

"And that old cuss takes me off his funeral hawse after I'd cantered him, and puts up Johnny Segeen to work him out a mile. If that ain't a kick in the pants I don't know nothin' 'bout ridin'." The boy had burst into tears and was digging knuckles into his eyes to dam up the flow.

"There, there now, son—there now, Eddie Jim! Don't you take on so, 'cause if you're like that you'll get to be a rider same's a hawse that won't try 'cause he's got beat once or twice. The best kind of sand is where a feller can take a punch an' jus' grin 'bout it. You see me peelin' taters here for a lot of bums, don't you? An' don't you know I've been in some good jobs in my time?"

"But he set me down," the boy wailed.

"That ain't nothin', Eddie Jim. Jack Andrews has got me guessin' too; he's been actin' as much like a dang fool as he has like a man entitled to be allowed a knife to eat with."

"And you get me a job with a wild Injun like that, Uncle Doc!"

"One job is always one step in a ladder. It won't take long, not more'n a week, for us to know whether ol' man Andrews is gettin' kinder unbuttoned or is like he used ter be. I won't give him no contrac' on you, Eddie boy."

"He wants you should get me a license, Uncle Doc."

"You bet I will, son, an' I'll put in it that I'm your guardeen—that I'm handlin' your book, makin' all your engagements. Soon's you get ridin' I'll cut loose of this chuck wagon an' valet you."

Next morning the Man from the Desert sifted onto the track, but he wasn't accompanied by Yellow Eclipse. The jockeys put up a wail of discontent, the five-dollar fee would not be forthcoming. They crowded around Andrews with solicitous inquiries as to the dun horse's health.

"I was jus' givin' my hawse a rest, boys," Andrews drawled; "he ain't cleanin' up his oats as he oughter." There was a twinkle in the placid gray eyes of old Jack as he added, "I don't seem to've got the right boy 'mongst you chaps—one that can get him to take hold of the bit."

He drew Eddie Jim to one side. And when the boy got back to the One Star Stable he declared emphatically, "Uncle Doc, what d'you suppose Mr. Andrews has fished out of the corral this time?"

"Don't know, son; I told you before that I'd give up tryin' to place the ol' gent."

"He says I'm to come out to the stable where he's at a farm, and give Mustard Coat a gallop on the road this evenin'."

"I swang! Wonder if after all it's a cup o' tea he's aimin' to give that dang critter, an' means to try its effect out where nobody'll see."

"He says that his hawse has run mostly match races on a straight road, an' he wants to see if that's what's the matter that he don't show his speed on the circle. 'Tain't no use, Uncle Doc; he's as loony as a trade rat that packs bits of glass or any old thing."

"Eddie Jim, you jus' natural have took the wrong fork in the trail. This looks to me the fust bit of sense I see come from ol' Jack's hand. He was down here las' evenin' when you was away, an' he says he see your hands holdin' the reins, an' that you can ride good enough for anybody, but he wants to know all 'bout how far he can trust you. 'Course I tells him he can bet on you, kid, till it rains gold dollars. Now what I call the fust act is goin' to be put on. You go out there, boy, an' when you come back don't you tell nobody what you see or hear or done; you promise that now."

"I promise, Uncle Doc, cross my heart."

When Eddie Jim came back from his trip to the farm he said, "Uncle Doc, Mr. Andrews was right about that yellow skate runnin' on a straight track, or he give him somethin' to warm him up, 'cause he galloped like a real hawse."

"An' of course you couldn't time him even if you'd had a split-second watch. When'd you gallop him?"

"Just after sundown 'twas."

"Well, I dunno. Of course sittin' a hawse out there an' racin' by fence posts you might've thought you was goin' faster'n you was."

"Mr. Andrews was on a pony, an' we goes down the road what he said was a mile. He tells me to come away full belt from where he's hung a white cloth on the fence when he waves his hat, then he goes back to where we turn off the road to the barn."

"Ol' Jack could time that mile purty close. That's what he done—he was tryin' the dun out."

"That hawse has been worked that mile dang near every day, Uncle Doc; there was tracks on the sides of the road where he'd been circlin' till he got the word for the start."

"Eddie Jim, if that's so, ol' Jack is a dang fool—he's comin' unbuttoned. The boys've been sayin' that even if Yellow 'Clipse was a good hawse, he couldn't stand bein' galloped a mile on the course here every day; it'd take the edge off him. An' if he's been workin' him out there too, it means ol' Jack oughter be locked up for cruelty to animiles."

Next morning the dun horse was brought to the course. He was cantered by Eddie Jim, then Eddie was taken off and another jockey put up for the gallop of a mile.

As Andrews handed this boy a five-dollar bill, he repeated his formula like a parrot: "You save that five-spot, boy, an' put it on Yellow 'Clipse fust time I start him, 'cause you'll get some real money."

There was nearly a week of this unusual method of training a horse. If Andrews hadn't been so patriarchal in appearance, suggesting dignified class, even strength, the boys would have gone beyond merely laughing at him, because a pronounced mental inferiority invites persecution.

When the entries were out for the first day's races the name of Yellow Eclipse was there in the fourth, a handicap of one mile. Yellow Eclipse was in at a hundred and ten pounds. This was rather surprising, for the weight ran down the scale to eighty-seven pounds, Cherokee being eighty-seven. Judging from what Yellow Eclipse had shown, bottom weight should have been the impost for the horse; but the handicapper, Dick Harpel, remembered Jack Andrews and his subtle ways, and he was not taking chances. Also his particular friend, the sheriff, had a horse in the handicap named Single Star. Harpel knew the form of every horse in the race except Yellow Eclipse, for the others made the circuit of the Texas tracks; so he had recourse to the Year Book, the racing calendar. He found that Yellow Eclipse, now a three-year-old, had started three times as a two-year-old and had not been in the money once. There was no record of him as a three-year-old, but still he might have started, even won half a dozen times at bush tracks—half-mile tracks.

Harpel knew the racing men would grin when they saw that he had allotted Andrews' horse one hundred and ten pounds, thinking it but a bit of humor. And then he chucked the sheriff's horse in with one hundred pounds, though he should have been given a hundred and twelve.

The morning of the handicap Yellow Eclipse appeared wearing blinkers, and as Andrews lifted Eddie Jim to the saddle he said:

"This hawse's in a race today, so all he gets is a nice amble. Take him down past the stand and wheel him for once around at a gentle canter. When you turn into the stretch let him have 'is head for a sixteenth so's he'll know this afternoon where the finish post is. I put blinkers on him today to see if that'd make any dif'rence. You kinder watch how he runs in the stretch, son, for I'm goin' to ride you on him in the race."

Eddie Jim gasped. Of course it would be a fool mount, no chance of a win, but still it would be a mount in a race; it would help.

When the horses were saddled for the fourth race in the afternoon, Andrews said to Eddie Jim:

"Now, son, you're on a hawse can't lose. There's seven hawses in the race, an' don't you worry 'bout none of 'em; get off when the flag drops; you won't have no trouble 'bout that, 'cause this hawse 'll see it goin' down afore you do. That Single Star, he's a fas' breaker; so's Gray Eagle, an' if they head you, don't worry none. Don't ride him—I ain't give you no whip; jus' take a steadyin' hold of his head an' he'll do all the res'."

To the boy it was either pitiable or wondrous, either the old gray-whiskered man was senile, dotty, or he was deeper than the sands of the plains. And that morning Eddie Jim had felt a thrill as Yellow Eclipse had thundered up the stretch—galloped as he had out on the road the other day.

And now Andrews had taken from a coat pocket a roll of bills that was like a little pillow. Eddie Jim could see oval noughts on many of them—hundreds or thousands, he couldn't tell which. And Andrews was saying, "My hawse is a hundred-to-one, son, an' this is all goin' on him. An' fifty dollars of it is goin' on for you, Eddie Jim. Tomorrow Doc Fisher'll send that winnin's home to your ma, an' he'll write that it was got through Jack Andrews. I uster know your ma and pa."

There was a bugle note, and Andrews said, "Here you be, son."

He took the boy's ankle in his hand and lifted him to the saddle; his great bony hand was rubbed affectionately down the dun's neck.

"He's an hones' hawse, Eddie Jim, an' you're an hones' boy. There ain't nothin' goin' to beat you."

There was something attractive about the kindly old face of Jack Andrews, something that made Eddie Jim fond of him; but this talk about the dun winning was so like a dream; and to win five thousand dollars to send to his mother that couldn't be, couldn't be true; things like that didn't happen, only in dreams.

As they went down the course past the stand for the start, Eddie Jim caught

(Continued on Page 128)

"You Play Safe—

The Willard

You Save Money

—*when you buy* Willard"

You're SAFE. And you SAVE. You can't beat that combination when you're buying a battery for your car. Buying "Willard" is getting more for your money every time—every battery.

A Willard Battery with Threaded Rubber Insulation comes CHARGED bone dry —and you see the acid poured in.

No reinsulation expense, either. Its insulation lasts for the entire life of its plates, or reinsulation is at our expense.

And this applies to batteries for your radio set as well as to the battery for the car you are driving.

The Inspection We Give Includes These Five Important Points:

1. Testing each cell.
2. Replacing evaporation.
3. Cleaning terminals.
4. Cleaning top of battery.
5. Tightening hold-downs.

Saves Batteries—Saves Money

We Service All Makes and Sell Willards for All Cars —for Radio, too.

Battery men

6 WEEKS AGO he clipped the coupon

Other fellows had left him in the social background. Girls avoided him. He was missing all the modern fun. Then, one day, he read an advertisement. It held out a promise of popularity if he would only learn to play a

BUESCHER True Tone Saxophone

He thought himself musically dumb. Still, the ad said it was easy. He mailed the coupon, and later sent for a Saxophone for 6 days' trial. Before the end of the week he was playing easy tunes. That was 6 weeks ago, and today he's "popularity" itself. Always welcome everywhere.

You Can Do It Too! If You Try

If you can whistle a tune you can master an easy fingering Buescher Saxophone. 3 lessons, free on request with each new instrument, teach scales in an hour and start you playing popular tunes.

Six Days' Trial, Easy Terms

Try any Buescher Instrument in your own home for six days. See what you can do. If you like the instrument, pay a little each month. Play as you pay. Mail the coupon for beautiful literature and details of this wonderful trial plan. Make this start. Now.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
1364 Buescher Block Elkhart, Indiana

Clip the Coupon NOW!

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO. 104
1364 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Indiana
Gentlemen: Without obligating me in any way please send me your free literature. I am interested in the instrument checked below.
Saxophone☐ Cornet☐ Trumpet☐ Trombone☐ Tuba☐
Mention any other
Name
Address

Save money this easy way

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Buy a wonderful Sturtevant vacuum cleaner, complete with all attachments—newest and best electric model—direct from the factory. You are dealing with a 62-year old concern with nearly $10,000,000 assets. Be your own salesman. Save what it would cost us to sell to you in the ordinary way.

Ten days' free trial. Send no money.

After trial, keep it on easy terms or return it. A great saving. Get full information. Learn how thousands are now buying direct from the factory and saving money.

B. F. STURTEVANT CO.
Dept. 27, Hyde Park, Boston, Mass.
Please send further information regarding your offer.
Name .....
Street
City *State*

(Continued from Page 125)

more than one supposed shaft of humor at the expense of the yellow horse. And Johnny Segeen, riding Single Star, ducked his head to call derisively, "Did you get your five dollars first, Eddie the jock?"

Down among the bookmakers a tall long-whiskered individual was elbowing his way in the crowd, and the bookmakers, recognizing Jack Andrews, the owner of the joke horse, were calling, "Here you are, Mr. Andrews! A hundred to one I'll lay you, Yellow Eclipse!"

And the Man from the Desert was accepting their offers, splitting up his bets—down the line rapidly, a hundred here, a hundred there, a hundred at the next stand. And a curious crowd was following the old patriarch, a ribald crowd, for the whisper that the old man was dotty had been passed.

At last all the great roll of bills was in the keeping of the bookmakers, and in an old leather wallet which Andrews buttoned in an inside pocket of his vest were the bookies' tickets calling for thousands, enough money if it came to paying to break the ring.

As Andrews passed back to the stand the horses had come back from the parade and were lined up for the start. Somebody at the old man's elbow was saying:

"That's funny—I see that yellow skate Eclipse workin' here every mornin', an' he got about as much fire in him as a dead codfish; but look at him now—he's on his toes, an' he's keener to be off than a jack rabbit when he sees a bear comin'."

"I guess the owner's got him primed," a companion suggested.

"If he has he's an artist, 'cause the hawse ain't gone loony an' he ain't sweatin', he's just ready."

There was no starting barrier in those days, and the horses broke away to a false start a dozen times. But suddenly a roar smothered individual voices, arose a clamor from tense throats; there was the beating scuffle of feet on planks; the flag in the starter's hands had swished down like a scimitar, and the second flag, fifty yards out, was down—it was a start.

Single Star, the bay, and Gray Eagle had been in a happy position when the starter fluttered his flag downward, and they shot to the front.

Eddie Jim found that Yellow Eclipse knew what to do; it seemed to creep up the reins to his sensitive fingers that the horse knew as he swung in behind the two that raced in front at the upper turn, pinching off a black so sharply that there was almost a collision. The stand, seeing the despised dun holding his own at this terrific speed that was being cut out by the two in front, stared and called to one another in wonderment.

Where the telegraph instruments clicked and the press men sat, a voice was calling out: "The quarter in twenty-four! Single Star in front, a neck; Gray Eagle second; Yellow Eclipse third, half a length!"

Then down the back stretch the two leaders, bay and gray, fought, trying to kill each other off—the Texas way.

And to Eddie Jim had come revelation. Andrews was not a foolish old man having a pipe dream; the horse under him was a real horse; the boy felt that he could go to the front any time he wanted to. And now began a confidence in Andrews, who had said: "The hawse'll know—you ride him gentle, an' when you're comin' round to the stretch let 'Clipse pick his own way of comin' through—he'll come. If they don't go wide, an' there ain't much openin' on the rail, come round 'em."

How foolish that had all sounded to Eddie Jim. And now he knew it was true. Andrews had said that the horse could stay, that the farther they went the better he'd be. Yes, he would win!

"The half in forty-nine!" the voice announced.

"Something'll crack!" a man bellowed. "There ain't no hawse in Texas can live a mile at that bat."

Another said, "And that yaller, the joke hawse, is stayin' with it, an' the boy ain't moved on him yet—just ratin' him."

Around the lower turn Gray Eagle was seen to creep up on the bay, creep past him a neck, and at Single Star's tail nodded the dust-yellow head of Eclipse.

Into the stretch the battle of the jocks on Single Star and Gray Eagle carried their mounts wide; they were racing too fast, battling too hard, to make the turn. And through the opening left on the rail came the dun, the despised Eclipse. Eddie Jim felt the surging strength under him, the wide gallop of the powerful quarters behind; the horse's lean ears were pricked straight ahead, and he still pushed with his teeth against the steel bit, asking for liberty.

A length he was in front, behind him whips slashing and cutting, horses scrambling without avail, horses that were tired, drained by the fierce speed.

Two lengths, three lengths! And thus past the judges' stand, Yellow Eclipse winning with ease!

Then Hades belched forth; not the glad cry for the victor, not words of praise for the boy; it was the roar of an angry mob that had been cheated, for nobody had bet on the joke horse—nobody but Andrews.

Men rushed across the lawn to gather in a riotous mob at the judges' stand, yelling, "Ringer! A ringer! A steal! Don't give him the race!"

Bookmakers swarmed out from their spider parlors, betting sheet in hand, calling, "It was a killin'—a ringer! The hawse was bet off the boards with us!"

Jack Andrews had gone down to the course when Eddie Jim had turned and brought back Yellow Eclipse. Up in the judges' stand there was silence as the jockeys passed over the scales weighing in; and then, though the numbers of the three placed horses were up, the red board marked Official was not placed below.

"There's the old thief that put this over!" a man cried as Andrews, answering a call from the judges' stand, passed up the steps.

"You keep your hawse here for a little, Mr. Andrews," one of the stewards said; "we don' like the looks of this race." In fact, a judge had already called down to a darky boy to keep Yellow Eclipse in the inclosure by the stand.

Another said to one of the assistant starters, "Go and bring Doc Stanley, the vet. We'll have this hawse examined for dope," he said to nobody in particular.

"We've got to protect the public, Mr. Andrews," a steward said, "and they think that your horse is a ringer, that Yellow Eclipse isn't his name."

"That's my hawse's true name, judge," Andrews retorted; "here's his registration, an' his marks an' his breedin'—he's by Himyar, whose grandsire was Imported Eclipse. That's why he's named Yellow Eclipse."

"Yes, the marks," the judge said; "brown stripes down the shoulders, dull chestnut color, white coronet on the left forefoot; age—should now be a three-year-old—examine his teeth, doc," he commanded the vet, who had come.

"He's three," the vet said as he peered into the horse's mouth.

"We still think there's something," the steward said. "You've been working Yellow Eclipse here on the course, half a dozen jocks have been up on him, and they couldn't belt him into better than a two-minute clip; now this race has been run in one-forty—that breaks the track record. What have you got to say to that, Mr. Andrews?"

"Jus' that you're mistook, judge. This hawse that's jus' run the mile in one-forty is Yellow Eclipse, same's I entered him, but he ain't never been on this track before this mornin', when I gave him a canter so's he'd kinder know it this afternoon."

"He ain't what?" the judge gasped.

"The hawse you see workin' here wasn't Yellow Eclipse; he's a hawse I picked up as a kind o' companion for Yellow Eclipse, 'cause his marks was jus' 'bout the same."

"What's that horse's name?"

"I ain't never called him anythin' but Bill, 'cause that's what the feller I bought him of called him."

"But he was known here as Yellow Eclipse."

"I guess the boys kinder got that from my sayin' I was goin' to win fust time I started Yellow Eclipse—they thought I meant Bill; but Lor', he couldn't win no race!"

The stewards drew to one side and held a consultation. Then one said, "Where is this other horse? You've got to produce him immediately, Mr. Andrews."

"Won't take more'n a minute, sir, 'cause I brought him as comp'ny for Yellow 'Clipse; he's down in the stall now."

When Bill was brought onto the track and placed alongside Yellow Eclipse it became apparent that he was an impostor, and not Yellow Eclipse. He had a white star in his forehead, and Eclipse had not, and it was not in his registered marks; and he lacked the white coronet on the forefoot that Yellow Eclipse had when he was registered; Bill had a brown streak down his backbone which was lacking on Eclipse; and Bill's teeth indicated that he was old enough to know a thing or two.

The stewards went back up into the stand, and presently Jack Andrews was called once more before them.

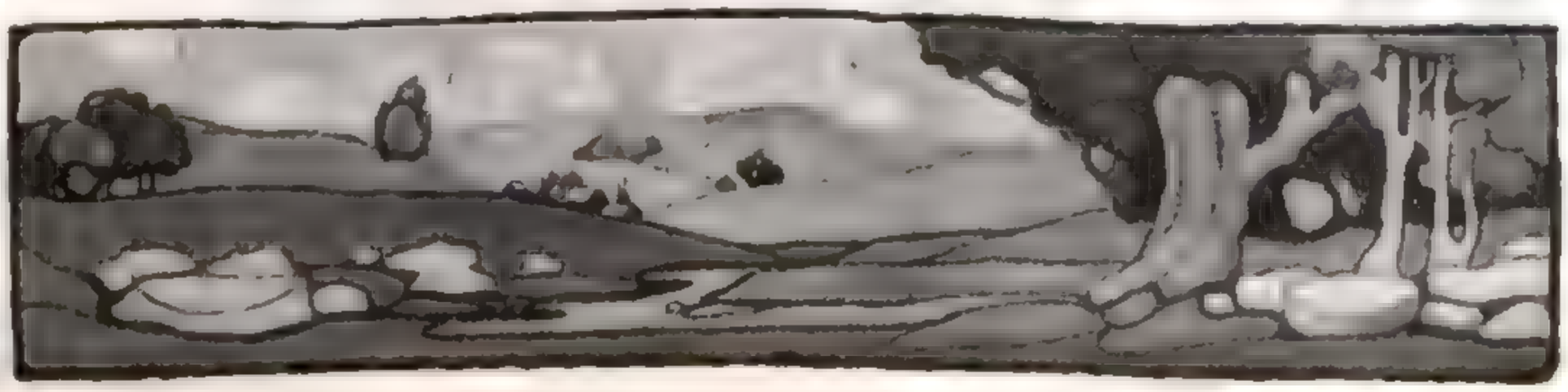
The presiding steward said, "Mr. Andrews, you have demonstrated that racing in Texas is yet in its infancy, but we have decided that there are not sufficient grounds for us to take away from you the race your horse has just won."

The speaker waved an arm upward from the front of the stand and the red Official board was shot into place below the numbers of the placed horses.

"Now, Mr. Andrews," the steward resumed, holding out a hand, "I wish you good-by, and a successful trip to whichever of the tracks in the East you are about to take Yellow Eclipse and Bill." There was a gentle emphasis on the name Bill.

The two other stewards stepped forward and solemnly shook hands with the Man from the Desert; so did the judge and the placing judge.

"I kinder thought of pullin' out soon's I'd collected, gentlemen," the patriarch answered, "'cause I guess the books ain't got much lef'."



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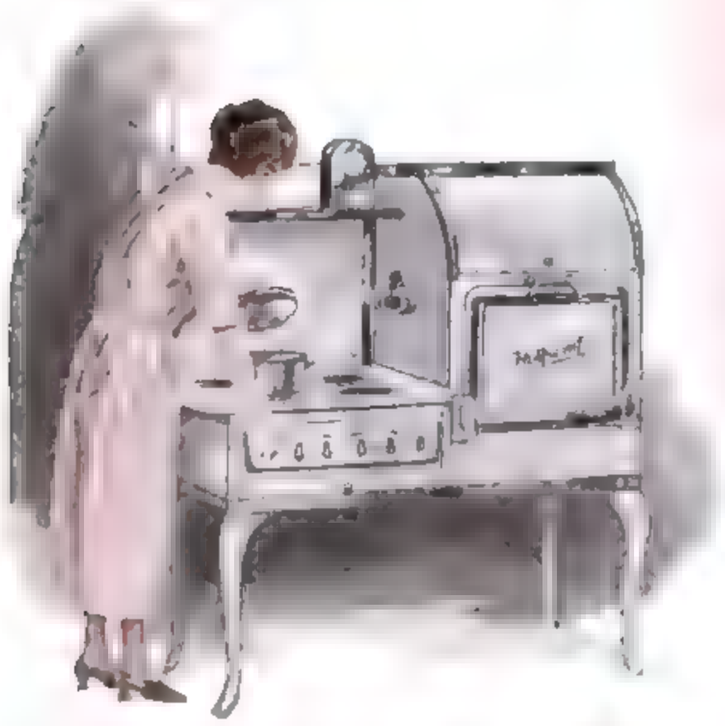

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MAN AND HIS 33 SLAVES

Continued from Page 23

reversing oil engine. On board a ship using oil, no time is consumed coaling and watering; twenty-four-hour service is assured; steaming radius is increased, cleanliness provided and a smaller crew can be carried. Only recently did we find a way to use oil installations on towboats, and the result will be less smoke in our cities that lie along the water.

It is estimated that $9,000,000,000 has been invested in the American petroleum industry, and yet almost no research at all has been done in this field except that which was aimed at the betterment of purely mechanical operations. Practically no attention has been given to synthetic organic chemistry with the idea of turning out petroleum products of the highest possible value to humanity. Dr. Charles H. Herty, famous in the field of chemistry, estimates that if we leave out other factors and assume that the success attributable to the application of scientific research is 100 per cent in the coal-tar and electrical industries, then on that same basis the proportion in the petroleum industry is less than 7 per cent. It is a hopeful sign that prominent scientists are now being utilized by the oil industry to make surveys covering the needs and possibilities of research in this basic business.

Superpower Projects

In the field of the alcohols, utilization of waste molasses from the sugar industry is giving us a large quantity of commercial alcohol. One firm alone now has a potential capacity of 10,000 gallons a day of this product. Scientific studies are throwing new light on dehydration and other practices that were supposedly well known. The amount of alcohol needed to keep the radiators of our automobiles from freezing is estimated to be 28,000,000 gallons annually. But alcohol, mixed with gasoline, is also a splendid supplementary motor fuel. It is clean, has antiknock properties and tends to promote combustion. In present-day engines alcohol used alone does not give the mileage obtained with gasoline. There is no doubt, however, that before long many of our farmers will find it profitable to grow crops that will be used for alcohol motor-fuel production. In Germany they have developed a potato containing an excessive amount of starch, and such a product might be grown in the United States with advantage.

A French girl, daughter of a well-known chemist, has succeeded in making a powerful motor fuel by dissolving the heavy explosive irol in a sugar solution. The product is being hailed in France as an epochal discovery, because it is more powerful than gasoline and can be manufactured at a low cost.

The experiments being carried on in Australia to extract alcohol from the prickly pear, of which there are tens of thousands of acres, also hold forth hope for an additional supply of motor fuel.

A growing recognition of the vital importance of power in industry is causing engineers in all parts of the world to formulate plans for the development of amazing projects.

The state of New York proposes to put the Hudson River to work by building a reservoir as large as Lake George. An earth dam 100 feet high will be constructed, impounding 38,000,000,000 cubic feet of water and creating a lake twenty-five miles long and having a surface area of forty-two square miles. Towns will be submerged and seventy-eight miles of railway will be flooded, but the horse power of the Adirondack Power Company will be increased from 35,000 to 135,000.

Then there is the plan for the Tennessee River which calls for the building of 100 dams, with an ultimate production of 4,000,000 horse power. The preliminary survey for this big undertaking has cost us $500,000, but when the work is eventually completed we shall witness the rapid development of one of the richest industrial regions in the world. The Tennessee Valley contains coal, iron ore, limestone, phosphate, copper, zinc, marble and hardwood timber, besides being surrounded by some of our richest cotton and corn areas. When the power of the upper Tennessee River has been developed, the result will be great reserves of water that will largely increase the efficiency of Muscle Shoals by making it possible for this latter installation to function every day in the year.

This marvelous project will exceed the development of Niagara. Great new lakes will be created, as well as the largest national park east of the Mississippi. The cost of electric power in this new American Ruhr will compare favorably with the cost at Niagara. The big Wilson Dam that is now nearing completion has cost $55,000,000, but it is a marvel of engineering skill and will give us an annual production of power equal to a train of coal cars 1700 miles long. When we have solved the power problem of the Tennessee Valley—and it is one of the greatest undertakings ever attempted by human hands—we shall have settled for once and all the perplexing problem of power development throughout the length of our country. On the outcome of this undertaking will largely depend the character of great cities that will rise rapidly in what are now primitive forests.

Also of great interest is the scheme to get power from the Dead Sea. We are quite accustomed to getting energy from mountain streams and lakes, but the Dead Sea is 1300 feet below the level of the ocean. The proposed plan is to use the basin of the Dead Sea as a sink for water that will be made to run down from the ocean. This would be impossible if Nature had not already installed an adequate pumping system to lift out the water as fast as it runs in. All the water of the River Jordan is sucked up by the sun, and engineers have calculated that an additional flow of water at least equal to the River Jordan can be siphoned in from the Mediterranean and be continuously evaporated. It is estimated that 600,000 horse power will be developed—sufficient completely to electrify the Holy Land. If this scheme works out successfully no doubt other subsea sinks will be likewise utilized.

Back to Methuselah

The present tendency is to do things on a grand scale. A few years ago an electric generating plant was considered large if it had a capacity of 100,000 horse power. On the East River in New York City one may soon visit the largest electrical plant in the world, having a capacity of 1,000,000 horse power—enough to light 3,000,000 six-room houses. Operated at full capacity, this station could provide all the electricity required by any state in the Union, New York excepted. Water from the river will be used and coal will be unloaded directly from ocean-going vessels.

But let us turn from the new subject of fuel to the more ancient and intimate one of personal health. The search for health is as old as the ages, for some of the basic rules of personal hygiene were written almost fifteen centuries before Christ and are to be found in the Books of Leviticus and Deuteronomy. Nevertheless, the science of modern bacteriology started only fifty years ago with the work of Pasteur and Koch. We are now making greater advances in health preservation in a single decade than formerly took place in 1000 years. Not only is the average span of life increasing but some of our most eminent specialists are suggesting the astounding possibility that we may learn to live for several centuries. In our bodies are essential chemical agents, known as enzymes, which eventually deteriorate and cause death. The job of science will be

(Continued on Page 133)

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(Continued from Page 131

to supply substitutes to prevent these agents from wearing out. Human tissues have been kept long after the body from which they were taken was laid in the grave. Organs have been transplanted from dead bodies to living ones and have continued to function perfectly. This has developed the belief that some parts of the body do not die until long after the person has reached the grave. If the cells of living things, properly fed and warmed, can be made to live forever, why can we not perpetuate the vital spark in human life?

So far we have not been able to stop old age. In theory we should do so, but in practice this has not been possible. But we have made much progress in rejuvenation. A way has been found to make up the deficiencies of certain glands and stimulate others, thereby adding materially to the length of life. In view of present achievements, no one can estimate what the future will disclose.

In medicine and surgery the United States has now taken the position of preeminence that Europe formerly held. Because of our superior laboratory facilities, recent scientific discoveries made in Europe are being developed here. Europe's problem is a financial one, the universities there having to depend almost entirely on the state for aid. The work that was formerly done in London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna is now being carried on largely in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Boston.

Under the stress of war the most brilliant minds of the medical fraternity contributed hundreds of new ideas and methods to the art of medicine. The death rate during the World War was only half that of the Civil War. During this latter struggle the death rate from disease alone was four times what it was in the recent war. It is also amazing to note that in our fight with Spain one soldier out of five had typhoid fever. In the World War only 1038 cases of typhoid occurred in the entire American Army, largely due to the use of vaccine.

Poison Gas for Schoolrooms

Painless surgery is a technic that may be said to have been perfected on European battlefields. Patients who are in good condition today may undergo an operation for appendicitis or see one of their kidneys removed while chatting unconcernedly with the doctor or a friend. This represents a marked advance when we remember that the Egyptian physician used to knock his patient in the head to suspend animation, and operated while he was in a stunned condition. In former times wounds festered and gangrene developed. This rarely happens now because of the development of wonderful disinfectants for deep wounds.

We are also witnessing the performance of miracles in plastic surgery. Noses, chins and cheeks are being built up of tissue taken from other parts of the same body. Dentists and surgeons have joined hands, and now functional disorders or a swelling below the knee may be traced to an abscess at the base of a tooth. Prosthetic surgery has so advanced that people who have lost both forearms can be equipped with artificial ones having hands with which they can write or even run a lathe. Artificial legs not only have live knee joints but feet that can be flexed at the ankles and toes.

From the poison gases of war valuable disinfectants, germicides and insecticides have been evolved. Chlorine gas is being used to check epidemics of grippe, colds and influenza. Weak concentrations of the gas are introduced into the rooms occupied by those afflicted. When influenza swept the world in 1918 the military doctors noticed that soldiers in areas where poison gas had been used seemed to be immune from the scourge. It was this observation that probably led to the discovery of the benefits of chlorine gas.

Other research seems to indicate that lewisite is a remedy, if not a cure, for paresis and locomotor ataxia. Of forty-two persons committed to insane asylums with paresis, twenty-one have been cured with lewisite. Experts of our Chemical Warfare Service believe it is practicable to introduce small quantities of chlorine gas into schoolrooms, factories, churches and other places where people gather in crowds.

Infections Killed by Dyeing

Dr. C. H. Biol, of Pittsburgh, has developed a radium gas called radon which is 160,000 times as powerful as radium. Although it would cost $5,000,000,000 to make an ounce of this gas, yet because of its greater activity, it is cheaper than radium at $2,000,000 an ounce. Scientists in the United States Bureau of Mines found that helium, the gas used in dirigibles, when mixed with oxygen, forms an atmosphere suitable for workers in underwater caissons and for divers to breathe. Submarine divers and workmen who labor in caissons under high pressure often contract a disease known as the bends. When they are supplied with the artificial air in which helium is substituted for nitrogen, the men do not get sick so often.

Among the many substances recently discovered are cures for a great variety of ailments. A new substance called buteson picrate is claimed to be both an antiseptic and a local anæsthetic. A weak solution of this substance flooded into a rabbit's eye so numbs it that a pencil may be drawn across the cornea without sign of winking for fifteen minutes, after which time the eye recovers its normal condition. The same solution is a fine germ killer. A new household insecticide that is proving effective against flies, mosquitoes, moths and other insect pests is an amber-colored liquid which may be applied by spraying.

An interesting experiment is that now going on in the treatment of infections with dyes. Some years ago it was discovered that certain dyes destroyed many kinds of germs and parasites. The present effort is to determine how much of the dye can be

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injected into the human body without injury to the patient. The chief advantage of aniline dyes as antiseptics is their non-irritating quality. On the other hand, they are very selective, so that it may take some time for our scientists to discover what particular dye they must use in order to destroy certain microörganisms. Although the work is only in its infancy, results have been obtained that could not be accomplished with iodine or bichloride of mercury. It is an interesting thought that the same substances which lend color to the Easter bonnet or midsummer dress may eventually add years to human life.

Of hundreds of cases of leprosy treated in the Philippines, 75 per cent already show improvement. The new remedy is chaulmoogra oil mixed with camphor and resorcin, and administered in the form of a hypodermic injection. In the past the nauseating properties of this oil, when used alone, were so great that its general use was impractical. Several hundred victims of leprosy have been permitted to return to their homes.

Pure milk for children is a highly desirable thing in any community. One great trouble has been to find a way to test the health of cattle. Now we have a new method that depends upon a small injection made between the layers of, rather than below, the animal's skin. In uninfected cattle only a small swelling is produced, but in tuberculous animals the injection raises a substantial lump.

Insomnia is an ailment that afflicts thousands, so of course it has been brought under close observation. One experimenter, after staying awake five days, reached a number of conclusions. First, sound sleep comes as a result of complete muscular relaxation. Relaxing the muscles brings it on, while muscular contraction keeps you awake. Nervous fatigue contracts the muscles and prevents sleep. The complete banishment of worries and of practically all thoughts from the mind will greatly relieve people who suffer from nervous insomnia. Research at an Eastern university has disclosed that aggressiveness increases with lack of sleep and that food is more conducive to wakefulness than fasting. It was also proved that antisleep drugs such as caffeine, the basic constituent of coffee, do not live up to their reputations as stimulants.

Doctor Ivy, of the University of Chicago, has completed experiments that may lead to the prevention and cure of anæmia, and even the dangers of snake bite are being materially reduced. At present there is a scarcity of serum to combat snake poison, so Raymond Ditmars, curator of reptiles at the New York Zoo, procured a quart of venom from 2500 snakes and took this poison with him to Brazil. Down there they know how to produce the serum in large quantities by first injecting the venom in horses and later getting the protective fluid. About 100 persons die every year in the United States from snake bite.

The Prominent Doctor Sun

The use of both natural and artificial light in health treatments is growing rapidly. From the scientific point of view, low necks, short skirts and silk stockings are just the thing. The aim is to get as many ultra-violet rays as possible into the skin. In treating many ailments, it is better to expose the lower limbs than the upper body. When sunlight strikes the bare skin it knocks out an electron from one of the atoms on the surface, producing a very beneficial electrifying effect.

The action of light on electricity is called the photo-electric effect. It is this effect that causes the photographic plate to record the image which the light casts upon it. It is also this same action that causes the green leaf to store up food by aid of the sun's rays. The human skin is very sensitive to the photo-electric effect, which partly explains the mystery of the curative effects of sunshine on the human body. Sunlight, either natural or artificial, also has a marked effect on mental activity. Children handicapped in schoolwork by illness, when cured with the aid of sunlight, not only caught up with but outdistanced their classmates. Doctor Gourain, famous British surgeon, declares that sunlight is a brain food and that proper exposure to sunshine, if carried out in a rational way, will increase the intellectual output.

Ultra-violet rays produced by quartz lamps are being employed to cure a multitude of diseases, running all the way from pyorrhea to rickets. The light rays appear to stimulate the normal defensive power of the blood, sterilize tissues and inhibit bacterial action. They relieve pain and provide freedom from many infections, but should be used only in conjunction with medical and surgical measures. The electromagnetic wave bath is being employed to

The Growth of New York, by Willie Pogany

lower high blood pressure, quiet restlessness, relieve insomnia and treat nervous affections generally.

This whole art is not yet foolproof, so that those who want to experiment for themselves had better stick to the oldest and most reliable actinic rays—the sun. It costs less, and the worst that can happen is a bad sunburn.

One man out of every ten and one woman out of every eight in the United States more than forty years of age die of cancer. It is vital that we do something to overcome this growing threat to the human race. One remedy being employed at the Memorial Hospital in New York City is meeting with much success. It consists of filtering out 90 per cent of the caustic rays from the emanations of radium and high-voltage X-ray tubes, and then giving all attention to the concentration of the stimulating gamma ray which remains. Dr. Henry Janeway, father of this new treatment, is hopeful that the favorable effects will be permanent. Another new form of attack on cancer is by means of the radium chain. This chain is made of three platinum links, with capsules containing radioactive substances incased in rubber and weighted with a gold ball. The chain is swallowed by the patient and kept in the intestines several hours a day. Doctors Bowditch and Leonard, of Boston, are experimenting with X rays in the treatment of whooping cough.

Just as is true in business and industry, the progress of medicine is being speeded up by an ever-increasing supply of wonderful new devices. By means of the telephoto process, heartbeat pictures have been flashed 1000 miles and a diagnosis sent back immediately. An X-ray photographic negative showing the bone structure of the human hand was sent from New York to Chicago and a diagnosis returned in seven minutes. A novel instrument called the electro-cardiograph takes the voltage manifestations that come from the human heart and makes them visible. The readings may be preserved on a film. The United States Bureau of Standards has perfected a device that increases the accuracy as well as the speed of a blood test. It is based on the phenomena of light-wave interference under a microscope.

Infectious Diseases in Plants

A British inventor has developed a machine for cutting microbes into bits, notwithstanding the fact that microbes are so small that 5,000,000 of them in a mass are invisible, while 1,000,000,000 are only the size of the head of a pin. The microbes are suspended in a liquid and forced against seventy small knives operating at such a high speed that 28,000,000 cuts are made in one minute. This makes it possible for us to employ detoxicated vaccines in much larger doses, resulting in greater protection from disease. Chemists at the Pittsburgh station of the United States Bureau of Mines have designed a carbon-monoxide gas indicator so sensitive that it will register the amount of carbon monoxide thrown off in a single puff of a cigarette.

Children of two thin persons will seldom grow fat. Fat persons, however, may have children who will always be thin. The tendency to produce twins is inherited, as is also the tendency to live to an old age. Not only are malformations and weaknesses heritable, but, worse yet, they are dominant traits. Accidents don't count. A man may lose an arm in a revolving lathe, but his children will have two good arms just the same. One interesting disclosure is that the children of brilliant men rarely inherit their fathers' genius. The talents of the brilliant father may appear in his grandchildren. However, if both the father and mother are geniuses in the same field of endeavor, at least one-quarter of the children will inherit their unusual talents.

But notwithstanding all that science has accomplished, a multitude of problems are crying out for solution. If we could banish the common cold, American employers would save tens of millions of dollars. Simple as it is, the ordinary cold is the enigma of medical research. It is a sister to those other unconquered ailments, Bright's disease and epilepsy.

Plant pathology is also a virgin field for research. The infectious diseases that now attack hundreds of important plants remain a perplexing puzzle. Many maladies in the plant world also exist in animal life, so that a solution of the problem in one field will help greatly in the other. The great need is for us to study physiology as a pure science far from hospitals and medical schools.

We know how old a person actually is, but we don't know why. We know that the growth of a child slows down and finally stops. A finger, a nose, a leg or an ear gets only so long, but we cannot explain what checks the growth. We talk about immortality and death. Does our character or personality disappear with the death of the physical body? Some assert that the body

(Continued on Page 137)

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, ATLANTA GA.

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Your memory may be good . . . *but how about the other fellow's?*

REYNOLDS: *"I told him May 6."*

McLEAN: *"What date did he say?"*

REYNOLDS may be a man with one of those reliable memories, his mind an accurate file of words that were spoken and dates when things are to be done. It would be fine if Reynolds could do everything himself, but business today isn't a one-man affair; it depends on the united work of many men.

Men work together more efficiently and harmoniously when they use adequate Printed Forms to record details.

Write your instructions, report your conferences in writing, put everything you can down on paper, *and date everything*—then watch how blunders stop, how time is saved, how men's minds are left clearer for constructive thinking.

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(Continued from Page 134)

in dying gives up an emanation, a primary body, in a manner similar to the dying phenomenon of radium. It is also stated that the protoplasmic cell is an immortal entity. But where are the proofs? Professor Henry, of the Sorbonne, is employing delicate instruments to measure body radiations that are constant, unchanging, persistent and indestructible. Truly, we are tearing aside the curtain of eternity and may one day bridge the gap between the organic and the inorganic worlds.

Several investigators say that when we think, the brain sends out actual waves. These pass through the air and may be received and understood by another person whose brain is attuned to the particular wave length transmitted. An Italian scientist reports that he hypnotized some people, stimulated their mental faculties, and after isolating them in insulated cabinets, listened to the reactions of their thoughts with a wireless headpiece attached to his ears. The waves were similar to radio-telegraphic transmission sounds, varied in length from four to ten meters and stopped immediately upon waking the subjects. We have heard a lot about telepathy, but for all practical purposes it is still a closed book.

What causes the differences that exist between races? Doctor Bermann believes that the chemical liberated in the body by the endocrine glands is responsible. Are finger prints susceptible to forgery? Milton Carlson, famous as an analyst of handwriting, insists that he can reproduce a finger print as easily as a signature can be reproduced with a rubber stamp. Crime costs us $10,000,000,000 a year. One scientific investigation of Red activities disclosed that practically all the soap-box orators possessed to a greater or less degree one constant functional physical disorder. Therefore we ask, Can medicine cure discontent?

The problems now confronting science are practically endless. Is the earth solid? Are other planets inhabited? What is the shape of the universe, and would a straight line, if extended far enough, return to the point of starting, thus forming a circle? How can we construct earthquakeproof houses for regions where this danger exists? How can we do away with the cycle theory and put an end to booms and depressions in business? How can we meet the attacks of insect pests? The boll weevil has cost us $2,000,000,000 in fourteen years. A Japanese scientist is making progress in controlling the sex situation in insect pests so that all the offspring are males.

The Menace of Argentine Ants

The Argentine ant is probably the greatest insect menace to humanity. It has spread itself to the far ends of the earth and provides us a good lesson in sociology. It is an exponent of communism, for the worker collects food not for himself but for the entire community. This insect is successful and persistent and provides a danger that must be met very soon. Most of Africa could now be inhabited by white men if it were not for the harmless-looking tsetse fly that carries the dread sleeping sickness which kills horses, cattle and people alike.

Efforts are being made to transmit power without wires, but a more intimate problem is to transmit current with less loss than now takes place with copper wire. It would be a great achievement if we could increase the conductivity of copper even 10 per cent. Doctor Davey, of the General Electric Company, is getting close to a solution of this problem. His plan is to build up wires composed of single crystals. The samples give 14 per cent more conductivity, but so far the single crystals are very delicate and difficult to manufacture. Success along this line would save millions of dollars.

Our population will increase at least 40,000,000 in twenty-five years. This will necessitate the creation of a gigantic system of inland waterways. We must run trains and automobiles faster without sacrificing safety. We must make it possible for ocean-going vessels to reach our Great Lakes docks in the Middle West. We must utilize science to make ourselves independent of foreign supplies of raw materials, especially rubber. While we use 75 per cent of the world's output of rubber, we are at the mercy of British owners. The Central American rubber tree might be adapted, or we might develop a new plant similar to a hardy rubber tree recently discovered and brought here from China. It is not impossible that our South can be made to produce rubber as successfully as cotton.

An Artist's Idea of a New York Building of the Future

In fact, in this whole field of plant life are mysteries unsolved. We talk of forest preservation, but first we must have tree understanding. How is it that trees can lift from the earth tons of sap hundreds of feet into the air through an invisible lacework of wood cells without the least noise or vibration? Master secrets of Nature are locked up in trees. Examinations of the redwoods of California are giving us a fairly clear idea of the world's climate for 3000 years back. More trees in our cities and towns would produce cooler summers and warmer winters. The temperature of a tree is fifty-four degrees at every season of the year, so it cools the air on hot days and warms it on cold ones. In summertime, trees cool the atmosphere by absorbing water from the earth and emitting it through their leaves.

Life in a near tomorrow will be totally different from what it is today. We shall stop building our houses around a chimney and all our heat and power will come to us through pipes or over wires. Buildings will be insulated and the air we breathe will be dustless and properly humidified. A few generations ago we lived in temperatures averaging below sixty degrees. Now we demand seventy degrees in our homes and offices, which represents one of the chief causes of the increase in colds and catarrhal affections. Unhygienic heating is largely responsible for the fading of the natural color index of our complexions and the correspondingly rapid rise in the cosmetic index.

Tomorrow we shall give almost as much attention to the moisture content of air as to its heat content. In an atmosphere containing proper moisture, we can be comfortable at a much lower temperature. Hot-house temperatures foster freak dressing and make it necessary to regulate the temperature for everybody to suit the needs of one half-clad individual. The fact is that in order properly to humidify the air in a nine-room house in moderate weather it is necessary to vaporize at least five gallons of water daily.

Tomorrow will be a day of superpower systems, privately owned perhaps, but all under Federal control. Power will be moved to the individual, not the individual to power. It will be put into his hands in the exact quantity and at the precise moment when he needs it. Local power, now used only a few hours each day, will be mobilized and made useful elsewhere for the hours during which it is not used at home. Just as we have mobilized credit in the interest of the public, so shall we mobilize power.

All the World Up in the Air

Tomorrow will be a synthetic age. New discoveries of ways to make many substances will completely do away with industries that now represent important activities. Soon we shall be able to produce morphine and cocaine from chemicals, and the opium crop of India will be wiped out as was the indigo crop by the discovery of synthetic indigo. We shall be getting our potash from cement dust, from alunite and from the volcanic rock, leucite. The whole field of fertilizers will be revolutionized, saving millions for farmers.

Let no one doubt that rain making will be a practical process instead of an inventor's dream. To condense water vapor in a clear sky would be some job, but a process that involves only the coalescence of drops of moisture that already exist in the atmosphere presents no insurmountable obstacles. The curse of our arid regions is not clear skies and a hot sun, but rather the great black clouds that pass over the parched lands without condescending to spill their moisture.

The experiments with electrically charged sand represent merely a crude beginning. Rain-making methods will be employed to dispel fogs above flying fields and to keep our harbors clear for shipping.

Transportation tomorrow will be under the control of radio, which will operate our trains, manipulate switches and give travelers unhampered communication. The railroad supervisor at the central station will be able to visualize on a screen in his office the actual movement of any train on the line. All our ships will be fireproof and nonsinkable, and radio compasses will guide them through the heaviest fog. Fifty miles on a gallon of gas will be an easy accomplishment for automobiles, and aerial navigation will be in metal ships that no longer lose the precious helium by diffusion and that eliminate the fire hazard by using heavy oil instead of gasoline. Air cities will spring up as rapidly as did seaports. Landing platforms will cover the roofs of public and private buildings. One such is already included in the plans for the new Chicago Post Office, and this improvement alone will reduce the air-mail time between Chicago and New York one hour.

No longer will lakes, rivers, roads and railroad stations be the only factors in determining the location of towns. Through eliminating barriers and bridging gaps the airship will change our motives and equalize land values. The mountain top, now worth but little, will eventually be more valuable than the fields in the valley below. Air routes laid out in systematic fashion will connect all important communities. Nonstop mail deliveries by planes flying a mile up in the air will be a reality. Such a scheme is now being tested in England, where the plan is for the plane to drop the mail bag at convenient spots along the

Oh Boy! Some Shave

The wonderful new James Stropper is the answer to every safety-razor-user's morning prayer. It actually does what makeshift devices have claimed to do and *tried* to do.

It mechanically duplicates the sliding diagonal stroke and careful adjustment of blade bevel to strop—flip! flop! flip! flop!——which the trained wrist of the head barber instinctively uses in keeping his blades in such wonderful shape.

No skill needed—just insert blade and pull strop—a few quick strokes does the trick. For Gillette, Gem, Ever-ready, Enders, Auto Strop and Durham Duplex, $2.00, at drug and hardware stores, or write direct if he cannot supply you. Valuable booklet on "Better Shaving" sent free. Specify make of razor you use.

DUDLEY FREEMAN COMPANY
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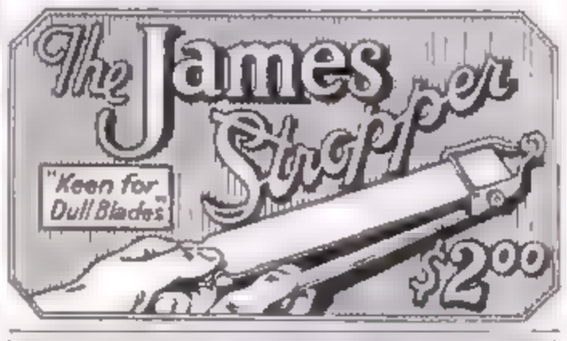

Do you realize what 17 VENUS PENCIL degrees really mean?

VENUS 6B is as soft as crayon, while VENUS 9H is so hard it will write on stone.

The 17 degrees of VENUS Perfect Pencils meet every writing or drawing purpose.

Plain Ends $1.00 per doz.
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Ask for VENUS B—a soft Pencil for general use.

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VENUS—The largest selling Quality Pencil in the world

17 black—3 copying degrees

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Cunard new m. s. "Lancastria," 17,000 tons, 53 days, $550 to $1250. Spain, Tangier, Italy, Riviera, Norway Fjords, Scotland, Berlin, (Paris, London) in 1927; new South America Mediterranean cruise, Feb. 5; 86 days, $800 up. 23d Mediterranean cruise, Jan. 29. 7th Round World cruise, Jan. 19. Books open. *Established 30 years. Largest cruise experience*
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$400 MACHINE EARNED $5040 IN ONE YEAR
$240 machine, $1440; $140 machine, $2160. Many St. Louis machines earned anywhere $4000. One man placed 300. Responsible company offers exclusive advertising proposition. Unlimited possibilities. Protected territory. $2000 to $4000 investment required. Experience unnecessary.
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ACTUAL SIZE CAN
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White Witch
BETTER THAN SOAP
EVERY SHAKE A FRESH CAKE
CLEANSES-SOFTENS-WHITENS
Thoroughly cleanses the pores. Softens and freshens the skin
Packs safe in grip Most convenient for travelers
Removes fruit, berry and vegetable stains and odors
Keeps little hands and knees really clean Children like to use it
WHITE WITCH is economical; use only a very little.

It's New, keeps your Skin CLEAN!

WHITE WITCH cleans the skin like magic! But it's the safe, practical magic of modern science.

This new, fine white powder . . . WHITE WITCH . . . quickly washes off dirt, grease and stains without irritation to the skin; softens and whitens it too. Leaves a fresh, clean feel that is most delightful.

WHITE WITCH deodorizes . . . banishes all trace of perspiration, tobacco stains and odor.

Softens Hard Water . . . WHITE WITCH lathers freely in hot or cold water. Thousands of purifying bubbles give quick, thorough cleansing after active work or play. Wonderfully fine for regular use . . . instead of soap on face, hands and in the bath.

Women . . . at home or in business . . . marvel at the softness and whiteness of the skin after using WHITE WITCH. They also find that it washes off cold cream and makeup easily and completely.

Doctors, dentists and nurses, who must wash their hands many times a day, find WHITE WITCH wonderfully convenient and a great relief to the skin, often made over-sensitive by chemicals and germicides.

WHITE WITCH is most satisfactory for every member of the family . . . the handy screw-top can is economical and sanitary.

"Every Shake a Fresh Cake"

WHITE WITCH is already on sale at many of the better drug, department and general stores. If you cannot get it at your dealer's send us his name and 25c. for a full size can.

NORTH AMERICAN DYE CORPORATION
Dept. S, MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.

Dealers Jobbers in most sections of the country are now carrying WHITE WITCH. If yours hasn't stocked up yet, write us and we'll see that you are supplied.

route. The bags, on being released, will drop earthward like a stone until they reach a certain point in their descent, when a parachute will automatically come into use, causing the bags to land gently and be picked up by waiting motor cars.

Aerial routes to Europe and Asia will be over the Arctic ice packs and across the top of the world, because this passage will cut off thousands of miles. Such a route will shorten the journey between London and Hong-Kong approximately by half. Louis Bréguet, the French airplane manufacturer, is now planning a giant passenger plane to travel regularly between New York and Paris in twenty-six hours. The design calls for seventy-five passengers, with fifty-five tons of freight and baggage. The power plant will consist of eight motors. Such a ship will cost $2,000,000 and the estimated one-way fare will be $200. Therefore the revenue from a service of this kind, making two trips a week, would be more than $1,500,000 annually. In summertime the route would be via Newfoundland, and in winter by way of the Azores. What air navigation holds for us is beyond all conception. As one has said, "Now, with our greatest automobile manufacturer really going in for the quantity production of the flying flivver, it is likely that before long we shall have to keep our window screens in the year round."

Never-ending change is the order of the day. The discoveries that are coming will far transcend those already evolved. The universal interest in radio has focused the attention of millions of young people on the science of physics. All about us are possibilities untouched. Years ago every important college laboratory had among its equipment a Crookes tube that had been used in class work by each succeeding group of students. Every time these tubes were operated they gave off X rays unknown to the thousands of students handling the apparatus. Röntgen later accidentally disclosed these rays and then all the Crookes tubes were hastily pulled out and hundreds of people easily repeated the famous experiment of Röntgen.

Important phenomena of an amazing nature now touch our lives at every turn without our knowing it. Truly there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy. The vital need is for open and receptive minds, free of superstition and skepticism. The greatest discovery of this generation may be made by someone who can lay no claim to an intimate knowledge of science. The nation that will rule the earth tomorrow will likely be the one whose people have the most curiosity.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr Parsons.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28)

"He told me something about funny man making hands go—that was your driving rod—but I couldn't follow him. What else did you play, may I ask?"

It was quite like being on the witness stand, and being requested to tell in your own words precisely what happened on the afternoon of the crime.

"Well," I went on, abashed, "I think we played horsey. Or I did rather."

"Did you say, 'Giddap'?"

"I presume so; yes."

"Well, that would be too ancient for Gerald. If you had said 'Step on the gas,' he'd have known what you meant."

"Gracious powers!"

"And you almost scared him to death with something you said about gallop an' gallop and clang-clang-clang. What was that? An old-fashioned fire engine?"

"I guess so, now that you mention it."

"Well, our fire engines out here are motor-driven and have a siren whistle instead of a gong. If you had made a noise like a siren, uncle, Gerald would have understood you."

It was becoming overwhelming. My vanity was in shreds.

"I'm awfully sorry," I said. "Come to think of it, I was a steamboat, too, during the afternoon, and made my arms go up and down, up and down, like a walking beam. I suppose Gerald never——"

"Of course not. He's seen small power boats, and that's all. He probably thought you were threatening him."

"Oh, come, come, my dear."

"Well, maybe not precisely that, but his eyes had such a frightened look in them when I came home. You must get some new stuff, uncle, if I'm ever going to trust Gerald with you again."

And that's the way it was left. What's to be done when Christmas comes, I'm sure I don't know. I'll never dare to say "Jingle, jingle" in telling about Santa Claus, because I'm certain Gerald never heard a sleigh bell in all his four years.

—*Arthur H. Folwell.*

Chantey of an Old Macadam Salt

HEAVE her to port, lads, heave her to lee:
Shout and yell while the crowd leaps to cover;
Swerve, and all signals in limbo can be,
And blow, blow, blow the man over.
We know the speed limit is twenty-five.
He is now doing thirty, but man alive,
When a fellow is driving, he wants to drive.
Blow, blow, blow the man over!

Step on her blithely, nor spare the gas.
Stoke her, choke her, and cripple and shove her.
Hers not to reason why, hers but to pass
Anything priced at a thousand or over.
Blow the man over with honk and call,
Pull up in front of him, boys, and stall.
While he murmurs sweet nothings to one and all,
Wheeze, gasp, begin it all over.

SOLO:
Most precious by far of all things that are,
CHORUS IN BACK SEAT:
Blow, honk, blow the man over.
SOLO:
The time of the man who has bought at par,
CHORUS:
Howl, yell, shout the man over.
SOLO:
A shattered and battered old touring car.
ENSEMBLE FINALE:
Blow, blow, blow the man over.

—*Hazel G. Sullivan.*

Shivers

IF MAN were only pachydermal,
He'd not repine, who now repines,
Who dwells along these isothermal
Lines.

Or, in a climate that's so horrid,
Had we more hair per capita,
Fewer would emigrate to Florid-
A.

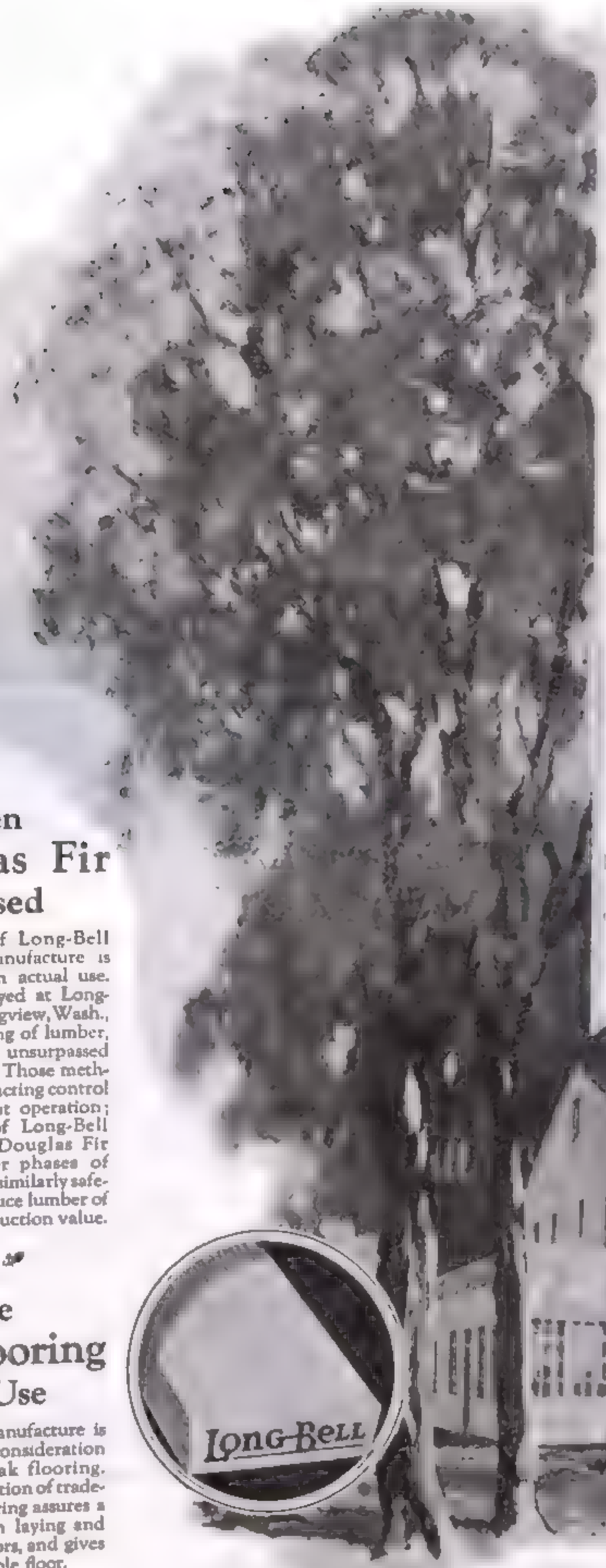
The elephant on the equator,
The lion 'neath the desert's sky,
Have skin or mane that's thick by natur'.
Why?

And we, who suffer so acutely
Beneath our homeland's nipping air,
Why are we almost absolutely
Bare?

Wool undies make me apoplectic;
Without them, though—excuse the blush—
I get the sniffles, and a hectic
Flush.

That Nature fits her sons to grapple
With any clime they come across,
Is all—I have concluded—Apple
Sauce!

—*Ted Robinson.*



A Home for the Tomorrows!

HOW actually unwise is the man who builds his home just for today . . . just on the basis of first cost . . . just a temporary shelter!

Yet here and there are homes whose charms vanish quickly—"investments" that scarcely do credit to the wisdom of the builder.

The home built today can and should be a home for the tomorrows. It will shelter the sort of family associations and memories which have a right to be preserved through the years.

The small home, particularly, can so well be made durable that from the standpoint of economy its slightly greater first cost will in the end stand as a real investment.

Avoid, in *your* new home, the menace of undue depreciation and repair cost, which so often is the eventual despair of owners of inferior construction.

So often has Long-Bell trade-marked lumber contributed its part to *good* construction that it has become recognized as an assurance of *maximum lumber value.* The combination of Long-Bell trade-marked Douglas Fir or other woods and good workmanship, is your best assurance of keeping the first charm of your home through many tomorrows.

Ask Your Retail Lumber Dealer

THE LONG-BELL LUMBER COMPANY
R. A. LONG BLDG. *Lumbermen Since 1875* KANSAS CITY, MO.

When Douglas Fir Is Used

The quality of Long-Bell Douglas Fir manufacture is being proved in actual use. Methods employed at Long-Bell plants at Longview, Wash., in the kiln drying of lumber, for instance, are unsurpassed in the industry. Those methods permit an exacting control of this important operation; and the user of Long-Bell trade-marked Douglas Fir benefits. Other phases of manufacture are similarly safeguarded to produce lumber of maximum construction value.

The Oak Flooring You Use

Excellence of manufacture is an important consideration for buyers of oak flooring. Long-Bell production of trade-marked oak flooring assures a minimum cost in laying and finishing oak floors, and gives a beautiful, durable floor.

To Shippers

Boxes and containers made of wood reach destinations safely!

LONG-BELL

LONG-BELL
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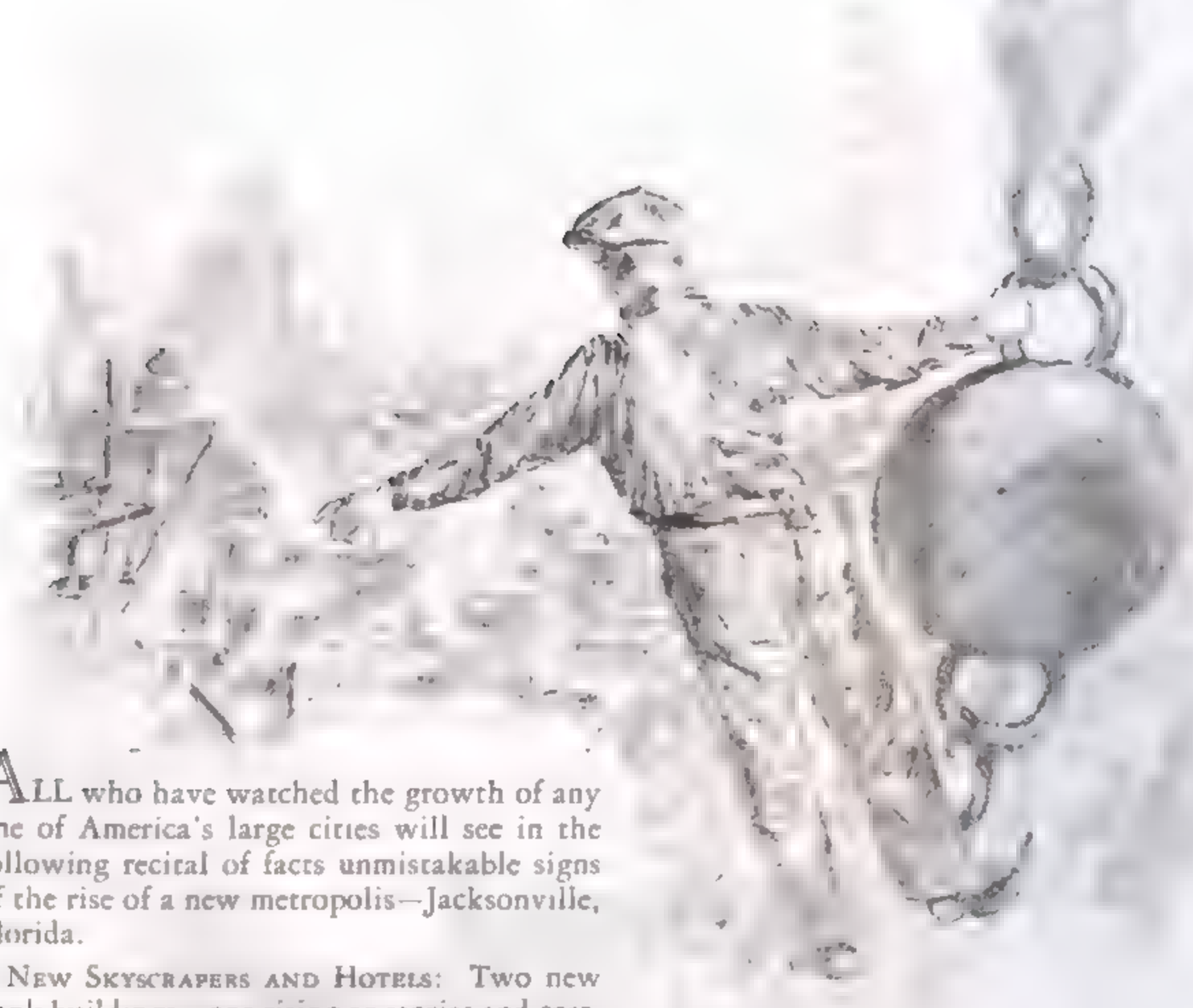
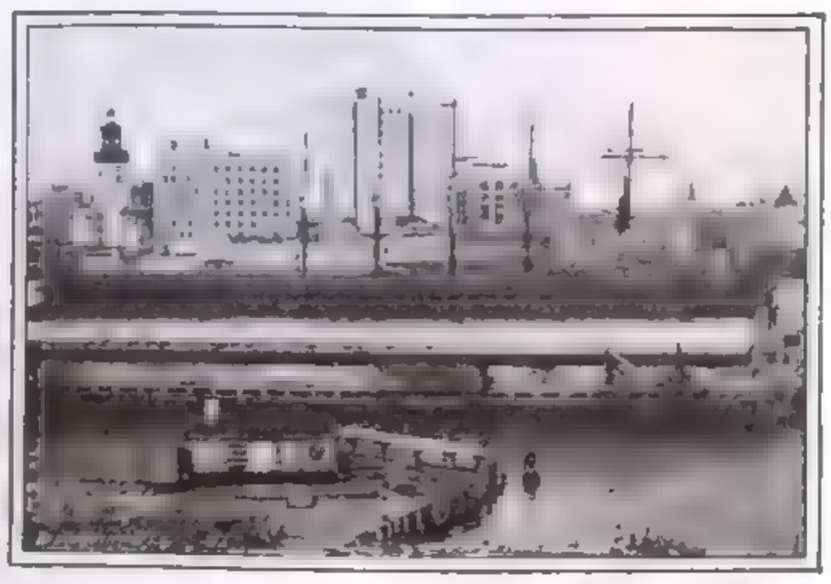
Douglas Fir Lumber and Timbers; Southern Pine Lumber and Timbers; Creosoted Lumber, Timbers, Posts, Poles, Ties, Guard-Rail Posts, Piling; Southern Hardwood Lumber and Timbers; Oak Flooring; California White Pine Lumber; Sash and Doors; Box Shooks.

KNOW THE LUMBER YOU BUY

AS *Florida stirs with awakened growth* JACKSONVILLE *rises to the fore!*



Jacksonville's population, 91,558 in 1920, had grown to 135,866 in 1925.



ALL who have watched the growth of any one of America's large cities will see in the following recital of facts unmistakable signs of the rise of a new metropolis—Jacksonville, Florida.

NEW SKYSCRAPERS AND HOTELS: Two new bank buildings—one rising 10 stories and costing $750,000; the other, 16 stories, costing $1,250,000—are nearing completion. A new office structure, climbing 18 stories and costing $1,500,000, is now building. A $1,000,000 tourist hotel is being built on the St. Johns River near Jacksonville. Two other hotels (one 15 stories high, the other 11 stories), costing a total of $2,250,000, are under construction. Jacksonville building permits for 1925 fell just short of $15,000,000.

NEW BRIDGES AND TERMINALS: The new Florida East Coast Railroad Bridge, spanning the St. Johns River at Jacksonville, and costing $2,000,000—a part of this railroad's double tracking program—nears completion. The Jacksonville Terminal Company's improvements, costing $750,000, will make this the largest single unit terminal station in the world. The new express building, costing $750,000, has been completed. The Clyde Line and Merchants and Miners are spending approximately $17,500,000 in the construction of ships for Jacksonville service. Ford has completed a new $400,000 dock for his large Jacksonville assembling plant. The city is completing new municipal docks costing $1,500,000.

WEALTH: The last comptroller's statement shows Jacksonville bank deposits to be $126,680,856. Bank clearings for 1925 were over $1,400,000,000—doubtless a world's record in bank clearings for a city of this size.

INDUSTRIAL ACTIVITIES: Jacksonville's 432 industrial plants have an output valued at $100,000,000. Because of Florida's development and Jacksonville's strategic position many manufacturers and distributing companies are choosing locations here. Improvements costing $750,000 have been added to Jacksonville's municipal power plant, which supplies power at one of the lowest rates on record.

HOMES AND ROADS: Duval county, of which Jacksonville is the county seat, is completing a $4,500,000 bond issue for new roads and bridges. Millions are being spent in Jacksonville to build new schools and churches. Jacksonville's comprehensive system of home building is increasing as more and more people come here to work and live.

Come and investigate personally Jacksonville's opportunities for investment and as a home. Write for the free booklet describing this beautiful, prosperous city where opportunities are legion. Come as soon as you can—write for the free booklet now! Address, Believers in Jacksonville, P. O. Box 318, Jacksonville, Florida.

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INCORPORATED FOR THE SINGLE PURPOSE OF COMMUNITY ADVERTISING
AFFILIATED WITH JACKSONVILLE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE"

THREE TO GET READY

(Continued from Page 37)

struggle calling for wit and brawn in equal proportions, and the smarter a nation becomes, the more of its people you will find upon a far-flung links. It rewards mental dexterity and alertness as well as the vigorous blow. It permits mellow reflection and friendly conversation. It whets the appetite, reveals the mental machinery of a man, lays bare his soul to his comrades, sharpens the perceptions and in all ways fits a devotee to become a discerning citizen, a pride to his family and a credit to his assembly district; and it is one of the bulwarks in America today that will probably keep us from hitting the greased chute along with Rome, Babylon and Carthage.

In one single week of play, golf turned Norman Titensor inside out and let us look at him, seeing the real man beneath; and I knew, as I had suspected, that here was no husband for Frances Pearce.

At the Lakeside Country Club we organized a foursome, Clarke Denny and myself playing Norman and Babe, and we had many an exciting battle, learning more and more about the newcomer from New York. He wagered upon the outcome of each match, as we all did, and it pained him intensely whenever he lost. It annoys any golfer to lose a contest, but there are many ways of taking defeat, and they generally reveal whether one is a regular lad, or whether his cosmos is streaked with a light shade of yellow. Norman certainly was so streaked.

When he lost, he moaned pitifully and at length, placing the blame upon Providence, Nature, the weather, the Ten Commandments, his caddie, the traffic laws in Spain and other outside agencies. We listened always attentively to the harrowing details and assured him that there was not a dry eye in the house.

He displayed, too, a ferrety brand of cunning which is not endurable in anyone It was his custom, when we arrived at a selected golf course, to idle into the caddie house and pretend to have a shaft wrapped or an iron polished, whether it was needed or not, leaving the others to their own devices. Three impatient players then moved out to the first tee and prepared to drive off, while Norman lingered with the caddie master, fooling away the time and in particular annoying Clarke Denny, who is wiry, fretful and inclined to blow up. First-tee delays invariably shatter Clarke, and Norman took advantage of it.

Time and again we teed up and waited, standing upon one foot and swearing mildly, whilst the laggard pottered out of our sight. Balls went up on the little tee and came down to let another foursome start; and after we had passed through various stages of annoyance into exasperation, we would finally behold Norman striding forth with assumed briskness. He was now ready to make his wagers. The more irritated he found Clarke, the larger the wagers were, and this simple trickery time and again whipped my partner and me before a shot was fired.

Mr. Titensor discovered that by discoursing continually, quoting ancient or rare rules, questioning the legality of certain shots and being jocularly peeviah on the greens, he frequently could cause us to miss short putts. He whispered to Babe at tense moments. He indulged in a hissing laughter which he pretended to cover with his hand. He grunted and made low coughing sounds, and generally he picked on poor Clarke just as that outraged gentleman was about to bend over a putt and send it home. Nobody but a barbarian would so behave on a golf course, and that is why I contended from the start that Norman Titensor should be dropped from our foursome. Clarke was willing enough to be one of the droppers, but Mr. Babe Joyn said no.

Babe actually defended him and stated that whatever Norman did, he did in fun. He saw no ill in the stranger who had come to town and who was carrying off Frances Pearce. And sure enough, that business reached a nuptial stage. It was formally announced that Miss Pearce was to marry Mr. Titensor

"Congratulations," said Babe, shaking Norman by the hand. "She's a mighty fine girl."

"And," I said, "she's got a lot of money."

He laughed his high, cackling laugh, thinking I was joking.

At this point in her affairs, Frances was so young that she still believed all men to be worthy, honorable souls, and had placed Mr. Titensor upon a pedestal. He inspired her, which Babe did not. When the engagement was announced, I paid a formal call, found Frances under a canopy on the lawn and talked things over.

"You're making a fine mistake," I told her.

"I have made several," she said. "What is it this time?"

"You know—throwing over Babe for Norman."

She looked at me coldly.

"Did Babe send you?" she asked.

"No, and you know that too. Babe thinks more of you than this other lad ever will, and I have the facts. Norman loves himself, and don't ever forget it."

"You are no doubt speaking with the freedom of an old friend?"

"All of that, and likewise as the one who tried to marry you first. Now that it's past, I don't mind telling you I would have made a very ordinary husband. Babe is the right man for you, and if I didn't know it, I wouldn't be here."

"Babe is a good friend of mine," said Frances mildly, "and I am very fond of him, but I am going to marry Mr. Titensor. After all, Gerald, you can't come over to visit and pick out my husband for me."

"No, but I can give you some durned good advice. I've known you since you were a small child, and I speak with the ready insolence of a playmate. Norman Titensor will make you a Class B husband, and I would say the same before him if he were here. In fact I have said so."

I wasted exactly one hour on the enterprise, and when I came away, conditions were approximately unchanged. Frances merely stated that, as she saw it, the trouble today was that too many people were going around tinkering with other people's affairs.

Regardless of my growing dislike for Norman, I continued to play golf with him. He was crazy about the game and always ready to start on a moment's notice.

Time moved swiftly forward, and I beheld the approach of Frances Pearce's wedding day with mournful emotion. Babe displayed no outward change and was as jolly as ever toward the successful lad from Park Avenue. Frances and Babe remained the same warm friends, and our large companion called often at the Pearce home and talked things over with the girl he was loeing, but I never could find out from Babe what they talked about. As the fatal moment drew nigh, Babe lost not a jot or tittle of his usual amiability, though I began to sour perceptibly around the edges.

"As long as she still ain't married to him," I said fretfully, "it still ain't too late."

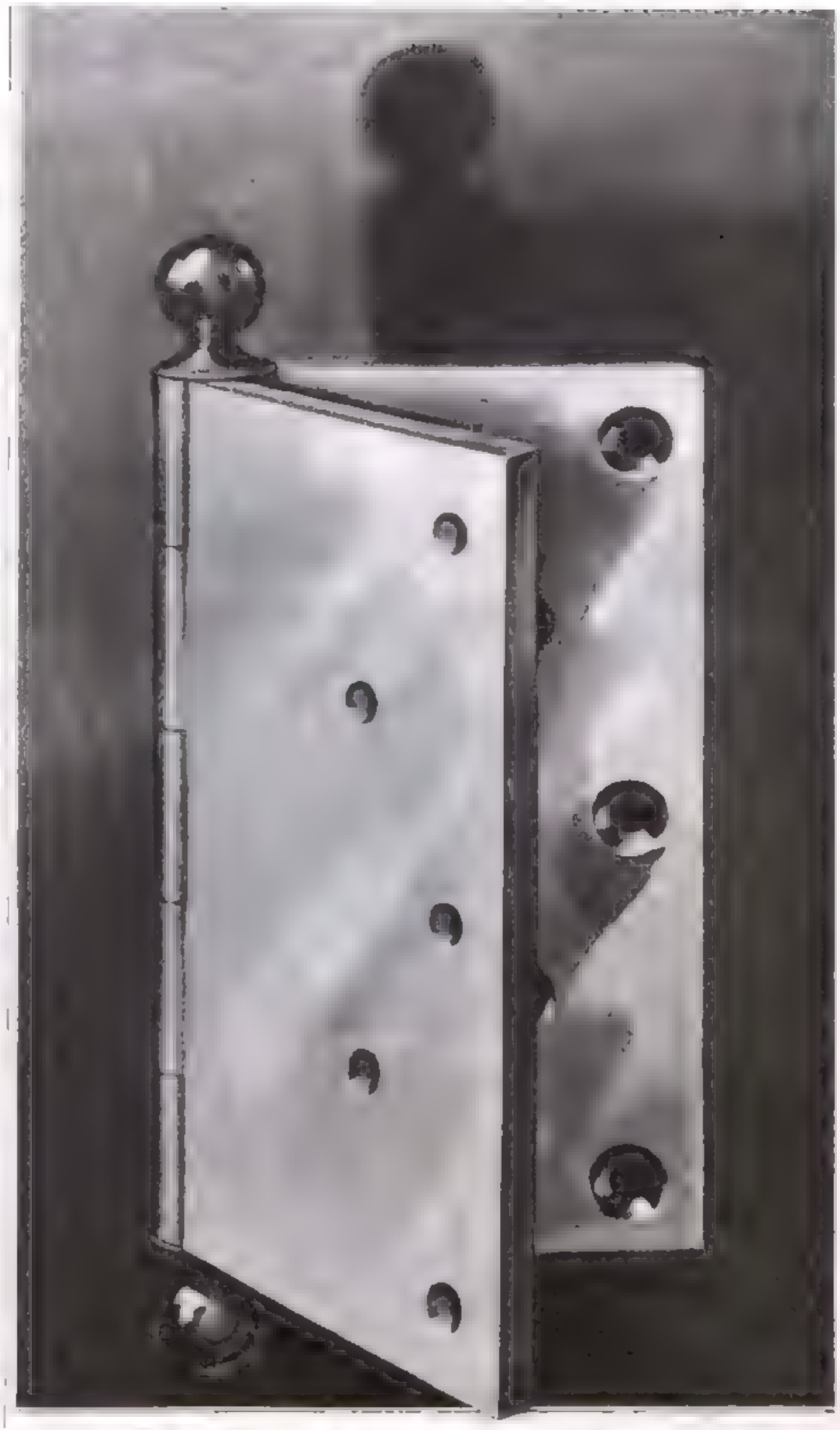
"Two ain'ts in the same sentence," Babe said calmly, "win you the pearl-handled bed warmer. If I can stand it, you can."

"Of course; but it's a ridiculous situation. This man is not the noble fellow she thinks he is, and you have played golf with him often enough to know that."

"Certainly," Babe admitted. "What are you going to do about it? You going to edit a girl's right to marry any man she prefers merely because you don't like the way he plays golf?"

"Yes," I said.

"Gerald," said Babe, "when you die you won't need to leave your brains to



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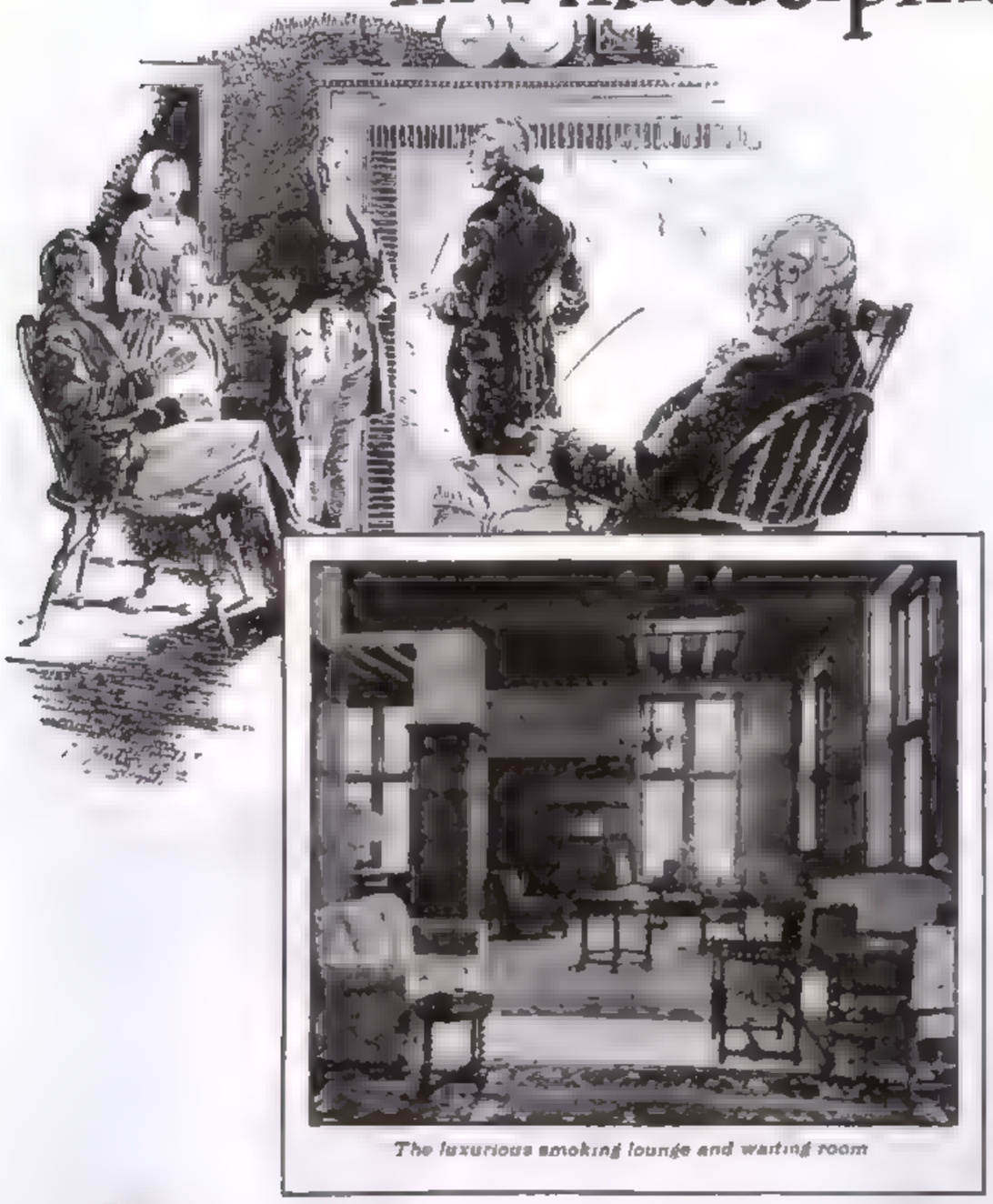

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For here, within the House, he would have his Major needs Fulfill'd in manner most Compleat. Food and Drink and Bed, of course, and much Beyond. For Example:

His Cloathes press'd or repair'd; his Linen wash'd and iron'd; his boots polish'd; and his hair Trimm'd; and, should his good Wife accompany him, her tresses Dress'd, and fair face skillfully Treat'd as Ladies of the day demand.

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Electric Telegraph and Telephone, now Happily but little disturb'd by Storms. Tickets upon Steam Railways in advance of departure, and Information of their Schedules.

The Publick Prints as issu'd, and full-bound Tayles, as well choice Tobaccos, in ev'ry want'd form. Drugs and potions and Sundry wares in the Apothecary's shoppe; Haberdashery, Hose, and Footgear for both Sexes in their respective Marts, Jewels and the wares of Goldsmiths and Silversmiths in the Jeweler's shoppe, lovely Blooms in the Florist's shoppe. Aye, even a Kennel for the valu'd Canine pets of guests.

And, withal great Handsome publick Halls and Rooms, fitt'd most Comfortable, wherein to Lounge at ease, to enjoy the pleasant Weed, or to indite one's Letters, two Restaurants most Beauteous and enchantingly Design'd, with a Coffee Shoppe as well.

Thus, 'tis Shown how little hardship could Ensue upon a guest's Confinement here because of Storm, or of Illness, or Whatever

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science. Just put them out on the back porch with the tin cans."

"If you had any gumption ——" I began.

"Listen"—he smiled—"did you ever try to tame a humming bird?"

"No, I did not."

"Well, you get some honey—not much—just a little honey, and you sit down quietly on your back stoop, reading a good book and keeping your feet perfectly still, because a humming bird always thinks a man's feet are cats, and humming birds are afraid of cats. Pretty soon the bird will pause over the honey, which you have placed in a small can about twelve feet away. You then move the honey nearer, day by day, until finally you hold it in your hand, and the humming bird alights on your thumb and sticks his beak down into the jar, which you hold lightly."

I looked at him in alarm, figuring that the catastrophe had pushed him over the thin line amongst those forbidden to vote.

"What's all that got to do with Frances Pearce?"

"Nothing," he roared. "That's why I'm talking about it. You get out of here before you begin to annoy me."

I did so.

The Pearce-Titensor wedding was arranged for Saturday, the thirteenth of June, and Lakeside began grooming days in advance. We were guaranteed a brilliant and memorable spectacle of modern society, a complete church affair, with all the decorations, and a local movie man promised to come and take pictures of the bride and groom getting into their car. Innocent little girls were selected to carry orange blossoms and the sexton bought a new tent to drape over the sidewalk in front of the sacred edifice. Distinguished guests purchased tickets to Lakeside, and one man wired that he would come all the way from Gallup, New Mexico.

College girls promised to take time out and be present when Frances said the binding word. The whole town warmed up and Clarke Denny sold more shirts than usual. The newspaper had a picture of Frances and Norman drinking tea at the club and there was a beautiful piece in the society column, wherein Frances was compared with an orchid.

I was invited to the wedding, of course, and sent back a courteous letter to Frances, stating frankly that I certainly would not be a party to any such gigantic mistake and urging her to cancel the whole deal. I received no reply. Babe? Sure he was going. In fact I had all I could do to keep him from being best man.

On the very last day of Norman's bachelorhood, we played golf, and Norman came with us to swing a final niblick. It was his valedictory appearance upon the local turf, because on the morrow he would begin his honeymoon with the fairest flower of Lakeside, and there would be no golf in Cuba or wherever they were going. Most single men would elect to remain at home on the afternoon before the fatal step, polishing shoes and ironing out neckties, but Norman Titensor was a true golf nut, and he joined us readily and even eagerly.

We forgathered in front of Babe's radio store and started for the Westbridge Country Club in Clarke Denny's sedan, and it only goes to show again that trifles light as air determine the destiny of empires. Usually we played at a local club, of which there are several. Westbridge is Clarke Denny's personal, private golf course, and he wanted to go there. It was his car, we were his guests for the day, so we went to Westbridge.

We arrived at the course about two in the afternoon. Babe, Clarke and I strolled immediately to the first tee, after picking up three caddies. As usual, Norman disappeared into the caddie house to have a club rewound and began his ancient trick of delaying the game, holding us up in the hot sun, as he had so often done before.

Even on the sacred day before his marriage to one of earth's loveliest creatures, when you might expect a man to bury his tricky instincts, this fellow ran true to form. He appeared presently, smiling and joking, after Clarke had fretted himself into a froth and was already cursing in a low, bitter tone. We had let two foursomes start in our place and one of them contained old man Schramm, the slowest golf player in the United States, including Alaska.

"Ten out, in and on," said Norman briskly.

"Make it twenty," snapped Clarke, who gets little white wrinkles about his mouth when exasperated.

"So much on birdies and so much on this and that," Norman continued, building up a fair structure. Clarke and I accepted everything and Clarke then led off with what would have been, in normal circumstances, a swell drive, but which now proved to be a miserable hook that wound up disconsolately in a trap. Norman laughed lightly and the game was on.

It was one of those games that you discuss with your family at the dinner table where nobody can leave the room. I don't suppose that in a long life I have ever played in such a bitter, quarrelsome game of golf. Clarke Denny, starting poorly, grew steadily worse, both in his mind and in his game. Usually a brilliant shooter, especially on his run-up shots, he began flubbing everything within reach; and on the very first green he missed probably the shortest putt in the history of the Nordic race, a putt presenting such a supreme lack of difficulty that it could have been kicked into the can by a blind grasshopper with a wooden leg. I groaned audibly, for that miss cost me seven dollars, adding up everything.

We moiled onward from tee to green and from green to tee. Norman was in grand form and full of airy conversation. Babe, his partner, plodded silently from shot to shot, his round face void of expression, but a vague unhappiness apparent in his manner. Norman talked to him on each green, making sounds of repressed laughter at our pitiful exhibition, and giving off faint clacking noises between his teeth. I stood the gaff well, because I never let circumstances disturb me in a golf match; but Clarke Denny, playing the ninth hole, reminded me strongly of a man entering the first stage of a serious breakdown. He snarled at Norman, jovially at the start, but dropping the jollity as we went on and on to bitter defeat.

On the eleventh green, with Clarke and myself so far down that you couldn't see us with a night glass, the wrangling seemed to reach its apotheosis. Clarke glared at Norman, who smiled.

"It seems to me," Clarke said in a low but acid voice, "that you could, from now on, cut out the conversation."

"How about yourself?" Norman asked, looking closely at his putter.

"I never talk. You know that. I never say a word when you're about to putt."

"It wouldn't do you any good," laughed Norman, "because I am above such trifles. You are naturally a poor putter, so you blame your misses on other things."

"Very well," Clarke said, "but if you chatter on this green while I'm putting, I'll just about brain you with a club."

"If you did," replied the pest, "you wouldn't know which club to use."

He laughed boisterously. He happened to laugh at the exact moment when Babe Joyn, crouching over his ball, tapped it toward the hole. It moved gently and paused on the rim. Babe remained motionless, still crouching.

As I have tried to show, Mr. Babe Joyn is as amiable as a summer breeze; a calm, unruffled soul, with the kindly instincts of a setting hen. He is a man who rarely loses his temper or rises to words even of mild anger.

He now looked up from his squatting position and said, without a trace of rancor, "Norman, far be it from me to crab, but I do wish you would be still once

(Continued on Page 144)

"Using all of them is quite novel. What's your idea?"

"Confused, my dear, over what my teeth need. So I'm taking no chances. Yours look fine—what do you do?"

"Long ago I cut the confusion—see my dentist regularly and use Dr. Lyon's."

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Continued from Page 142

in a while. I missed that shot, Norman, and I am sorry to say you made me do it."

"W-e-l-l!" said Norman, stretching the word to its utmost and speaking in a tone of pained surprise.

Babe said nothing and considered the incident closed.

"Well," repeated the bridegroom-to-be, "so that's how you feel about it, is it?"

Again Babe made no answer.

"Very well," murmured Norman, and there was a strong dash of drama in the gesture that followed.

He walked deliberately across the green to where his ball lay ten feet from the cup, picked it up, dropped it into his pocket and called to his wondering caddie.

"Come along," he said lightly, politely and yet somehow magnificently. "These gentlemen don't seem to care for our company, so we will leave them to their game."

He then strode vigorously toward the clubhouse, followed by the boy, who turned and gave us a slow wink, followed by a slower tweak of his own freckled nose, which meant a terrific insult for Mr. Titensor if the latter had only known. Babe Joyn, Clarke Denny and I glanced at one another and Babe smiled.

"I didn't know he was that touchy," he said apologetically. "We'd better finish this as a threesome."

We did so, calling off all original bets and making a fresh batch for the remaining holes. Without exaggerating, I may say that we enjoyed a genuinely pleasant afternoon. There was not an unkind word spoken. Everyone was polite, courteous and gentlemanly, and Clarke conceded several putts, some of them six feet long. We finished the game, paid off, and at a late hour, we strolled into the clubhouse, just as the sun was folding up for another day. It then occurred to us to wonder what Norman Titensor had done with himself.

You cannot hire a taxicab at Westbridge, after you have had trouble, and leave the place in a dignified manner, and there is no street-car line for miles and miles. Norman had come in Clarke's car, and he now detested Clarke and no doubt never intended to set foot in his car again.

We asked the club manager if he had seen a tall, white-faced gentleman, carrying a golf bag and acting as though annoyed about something.

"You mean Mr. Titensor?"

We said we did.

"He went home."

"How could he go home?"

"He walked."

When we reached Clarke's car we found evidence that this statement was true. Norman had brought with him a light sweater and a heavy sweater, carried in a strap. These were no longer in the bottom of the car.

"I'll bet you two dollars that simpleton has started to walk home," Babe said musingly.

"He couldn't," I argued. "He's got those sweaters and that bag of his, and you know that his bag contains eighteen clubs and weighs a ton."

"And another thing," put in Clarke; "he couldn't walk, because he's wearing spiked shoes, which I personally sold him the other day. You can't walk on concrete sidewalks with spiked shoes."

"I'll bet two dollars," repeated Babe. "I know that boy. He's sore, and when he's sore, he wants to show the world. So he's walking."

We got into the car and started. Feeling that mere courtesy demanded it, Clarke drove directly to the old Dowden place, stepped out, went up and rang the bell.

"Norman home yet?" he asked the maid.

"No, sir," she said.

"That's funny."

Mrs. Titensor appeared in her jingling spangles and jet beads.

"Where is Norman?" she asked, in the manner of Queen Victoria talking to the milkman.

"He left ahead of us," Clarke replied. "Probably be here any minute."

Clarke hurried back to the car and we spread to our several domiciles, wondering what had happened.

The town clocks were striking ten the following morning when I strolled into Babe Joyn's radio bazaar and found him sneaking a short-wave coil into a superheterodyne set so as to fool a broadcasting station in Pittsburgh.

"Heard anything of the bridegroom?" I asked

"Not a sound," he said. "I meant to telephone up, but I forgot it."

"Frances Pearce certainly ought to be warned."

This was as far as I got with the warning, for at that instant the front door opened and Frances herself came in. She did not stroll in idly. She came in at a brisk, businesslike pace, slamming the door behind her. Her face was slightly flushed and she was breathing a bit.

"Good morning," she said.

"'Morning," we answered, wondering why the radio business should be of interest to a beautiful bride upon her bridal morn.

"Have you heard the news?" she demanded, and there was a metallic note in her voice, which is usually gentle.

"What news?"

Frances sat down abruptly at the desk where Babe figures how much he owes the wholesalers. She picked up a bronze paper cutter and began stabbing holes in a pink blotter.

"Mr. Titensor," she said, lingering upon the word, "cannot be married today."

I suppressed a whoop of sheer delight. Babe said nothing at all, which is his custom in moments of astonishment. He leaned against a shelf of B batteries, opened his mouth and left it partly ajar as though intending to use it presently.

"Why can't he be married?" I asked.

"Because he is laid up in bed, and cannot get out of bed. That is why," said Frances, looking at us with angry blue eyes. "Something has happened to his legs—can you imagine that? Something has happened to his precious legs and he can no longer walk on them—at least not for several days."

"Oh-ho!" I said, not meaning to howl, but howling. "I see."

Frances told us the ghastly details, and Babe was right.

Carrying his elephantine golf bag and his sweaters in their bright red strap, Norman had walked out of the Westbridge Country Club, spurning transportation, and wearing, of course, his golf shoes with the metal hobs, the same shoes sold him by Clarke Denny. Footgear of this type is not intended for persons about to walk on sidewalks. The spikes are made so as to stick down into the velvet turf and give the golfer a rigid stance, but they are not made to stick down into the ordinary highway of commerce

Cameron Lake, Vancouver Island, British Columbia

He had stridden away, full of indignation, and presumably had spent the afternoon and early evening getting back to Lakeside, most of the time on foot. It is exactly fourteen miles. As we learned in aftertimes, he had found a stray street-car line at one point, which had given him a lift, but it was not going far in his direction.

He also rode a short distance on a vegetable truck. But mostly he walked, his spikes ringing pleasantly and throwing off occasional sparks.

Some of these facts Frances had from Norman's wrathful mother, who beheld in the incident a low, vulgar joke, for which she held us responsible. The neighbors said that they had seen Mr. Titensor, long after the dinner hour, sitting on the curbstone, surrounded by his golf bag and sweaters, moaning and massaging the calves of his legs. There he was found by his anxious mother. She took him home and put him tenderly to bed, and the best doctor in Lakeside explained that the steel cams in Norman's golf shoes, sold to him in all good faith and innocence by Clarke Denny, had brought about what you might call acute strangulation of what might roughly be termed the flexor longus digitorum tendons, and that the said digits had tied themselves up into sundry knots, known in baseball as charley horse; and that it would be further necessary for the suffering victim to lie still in bed for at least three days and nights.

"And," said Frances, finishing her bitter narrative, "I am to be married at high noon. My friends are here. Others are coming. The canopy is up over the sidewalk and hacks have been hired. I don't believe a single word of all this nonsense. No man who loves a girl would do such a thing."

"Certainly not," I said with great heartiness. "Didn't I always tell you that ——"

"You hush up," Frances said, looking at me, and I did so. She turned to Lakeside's foremost dealer in radio.

"Babe," she said.

"Yes, Frances," said Babe.

"Do you still feel—do you—you remember—ah ——"

"Yes, Frances," said Babe, breathing hard. "If you mean do I still love you, the answer is without a doubt and a great deal more than anybody else ever will."

"Then," said Frances, "close up the radio store and go home and get into your Sunday clothes so that you can be married. This is one wedding that shall not be stopped by a man in bed with cramps in his legs."

Babe was already dazedly closing the shop. He paused and thought of something to worry about.

"There is one thing ——" he began slowly, and I could see the big booby spoiling everything by last-minute observations, possibly wise, but wholly needless.

"There is not one thing," I interrupted. "Hurry up and go home before your luck changes."

"I haven't any suitable wedding clothes," he protested.

"You can get married in a coffee bag if you have to. I'll lend you clothes."

Frances had already pulled down the shades.

"Now," I said, "I'll come to your wedding, Miss Pearce. I had no intention of going, but now I will; and not only that, but I shall be delighted to be the best man. There is an old custom in Lakeside which permits the best man to kiss the bride at any moment up to train time."

"Come on," said Babe, taking Frances by the arm, and they started out, leaving me with the broadcast receivers.

"And," I said, as they headed for the Pearce car, "if anything happens to Babe between now and noon, such as if he falls dead, I'll be somewhere around town, because this is one wedding where we've got plenty of reserves."

"Go home," yelled the delighted Babe, "and put on your other suit."

I did so.

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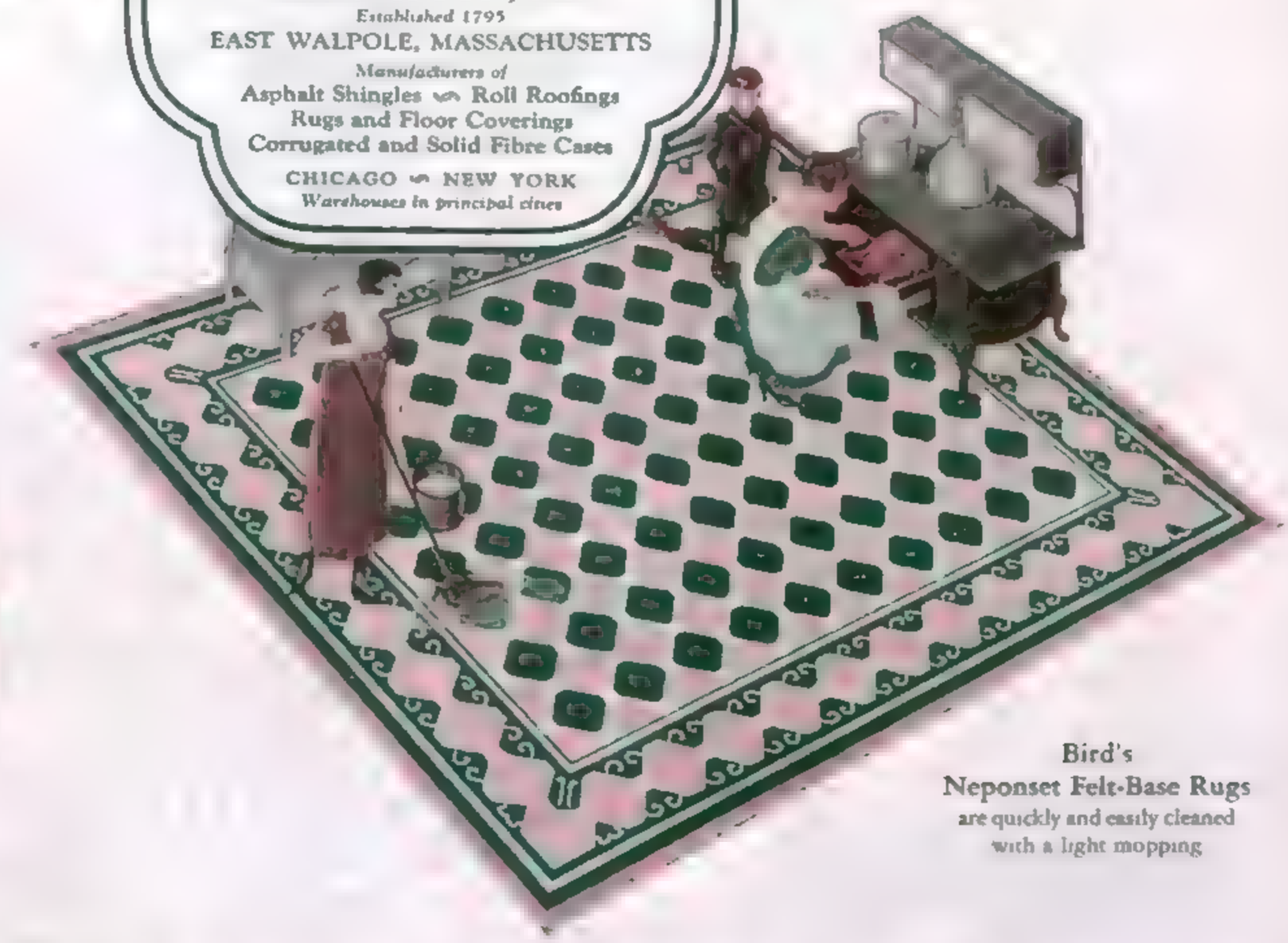

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ESTABLISHED 1833

GEORGE H. JAY AND THE LAVENDER BLONDE

(Continued from Page 11)

will float that hill on to the public in a company with a capital of half a million—for the hill is next thing to a solid pyramid of tungsten. And only he—and us—know it, Mr. Jay!"

Miss Lavender threw away the stub of her cigarette and reached for George H.'s box.

"If he cares to be kind to her for a fortnight he'll get that hill, Mr. Jay, for mistress responds to kindness like an ass to thistles. But she has been a wonderful mistress to me—as well as she knows how, I mean—and I can't stand by and watch that hill snatched from her like that. I can't do it. But what else is there to do, Mr. Jay? If I tell her what master is planning against her she will say, 'June, you are a good girl and you may take the sea-green dance frock,' leaving her with half a million more money—in tungsten—than she knew she had or needs. If I don't tell her, master gets the hill, and they part, both satisfied. Now, I—and Gaston the valet—have found out everything and I can't see that that's fair to us—to me. It's a puzzle, Mr. Jay—and I've brought it to you. What am I going to do? If I tell her, I get nothing worth having. If I tell him, he will laugh and tell me to tell her and get nothing. She'll believe him, not me. He's hard and he's dog-tired of her. He sounds hard, don't you think? I can't see any way out for me, so I've come to you to find one."

George H. Jay caused his eyes and features to go entirely blank.

"Ye-es. It's decidedly a problem, Miss June," he admitted. He thought a moment, then asked, "But just where did you get all that information? It's not all on this paper."

June smiled a superior smile.

"In this office your key is the hardest-worked thing, you say. Well, Mr. Jay, in the house where I earn my living the keyhole's a galley slave and the wastebasket's a daily newspaper," she said cryptically.

Her voice hardened.

"A girl's got to run with the pack in that house, or she'll find she's playing fox to the hounds before she's earned another month's pay. What I know I've got from the wastebasket and the keyhole. If they were any good, I guess I would let it go. But it's dog eat dog where I work and I believe I am entitled to my bite."

Her fine eyes sparkled, hinting at hidden grievances.

Geo. H. Jay grew bland.

"Surely, surely, Miss June. A girl has to fight for herself these days, just the same as a man. I know."

He touched the paper.

"Something has to be done about this of course. And quickly. Um! What is this hill of tungsten worth?"

June laughed.

"Oh, I don't know—a ton, if that's what you mean. But going on what I've heard master and his sweet friends saying—by keyhole wireless—it would be cheap at a hundred thousand pounds."

"And your mistress doesn't know there's any tungsten in it?"

"No, nor care. She thinks it's just the rocky end of a grouse moor without a sprig of heather on it, if she's ever heard of it at all—which is doubtful. She's far too rich to need to count her own money. If I told her that Gaston—the valet—and I were going to marry and settle down to build and run a small sportsmen's hotel in Scotland with our savings, I believe she'd sell us the hill for a thousand."

Mr. Jay asked a perfectly natural question.

"Well, why don't you buy it?"

June's smile was almost contemptuous.

"Where's a lady's maid going to get a thousand pounds?" she inquired. "And as for Gaston!"

She shrugged about Gaston.

"I see."

Mr. Jay thought for some time.

"Well, Miss June, I must turn it over in my mind. The thing bristles with difficulties, but I'm accustomed to difficulties. It's clear that, properly handled, there is quite a little fortune in it for you—quite a lit-tel fortune, ha-ha! I will think it over and telephone you first thing in the morning—you must give me the number—with my advice. Meantime, I urge secrecy."

June rose.

"Oh, secrecy, certainly. And I'll call you, Mr. Jay. No need to bother you to call me. But don't allow the grass to grow under your feet. Master is a quick worker when he starts and if you think too long we may wake up to find ourselves watching his dust—and not much of that!"

Geo. H. saw her out—easy, hard, impudent, pretty—quite a different woman from the quiet, remotely furtive client that Gus had shown in.

Mr. Jay peered at himself in the office glass as he returned to his desk. He did not look so excited as he felt, and that was a great relief to him.

He took off his coat and looked up in a trade telephone directory a firm of metal merchants. He wanted to know something more about this tungsten. His eyes were very glassy and bulged a little when presently he hung up. He mopped his rather heated brow and began to telephone and telegraph furiously to all the sporting agents he had ever heard of. He was in search of the name and address of any lady who owned three grouse moors in Scotland. It would be a great help to him—if Gus Golding failed to follow the flippant lady, June, to her abode, as he was now desperately endeavoring to do.

Mr. Jay was going to buy that hill of tungsten before next morning if it was humanly possible. It would be quick work but, as he was prone to claim, he was a quick man.

II

BUT at closing time that afternoon Privacy, London, sat, heated, hungry, bothered and all but heartbroken, in his office, his silk hat practically on the back of his neck, an unlit but dreadfully mangled cigar in his teeth and something like desperation in his eyes.

He had worked like a large and very active horse from the moment the candid lady, June, had swayed herself out of his office; he had worked his telephone till it was deaf in its diaphragm; he had hounded Gus Golding into the anteroom of a nervous breakdown and, at the end of this frantic day he was no nearer to snapping up Half-a-Day Hill than he was to purchasing the hanging gardens of ancient Babylon.

He had not expected the lady who sailed under the rather obvious incognito of June Lavender to prove bright enough to hide her trail so expertly. She had struck him as one of the keen, unscrupulous type who is too reckless to be particularly careful; and, anyway, he would have risked a heavy bet that the excessively sophisticated Mr. Golding could have shadowed unerringly anything visible and much that was invisible through the streets of the London he knew so well.

But Gus had returned to the office in less than twenty minutes with the news that June had shed him off her trail with about as much difficulty as a galloping race horse sheds a clot of mud off its hind near hoof.

"Ah, that's a bad job for you, my boy. Success in this small matter would have meant a substantial rise of salary for you," Mr. Jay had said with extreme sourness. "You need to keep your eyes open in this business. These are no times for an agent's assistant to lean up against a wall in the sunshine and scratch himself to sleep. Let it be a valuable lesson to you—for you've paid a stiffish figure for it! Clear out now."

Gus had cleared, snarling soundlessly and invisibly—not at Mr. Jay, but at himself and pretty Miss June. . . . The thing was serious. Geo. H. Jay told himself so, seriously.

"What wouldn't I give to see little Miss Winnie O'Wynn walk in here now?" he said twice in quick succession. "Here's a case that's crying for her—she'd step right in, smiling and cooing, and waft hers to her and mine to me just as cool as fanning an ice cream with an ostrich-feather fan. Hey?"

He spoke of his star lady client, Miss Winnie O'Wynn.

"And there she is, gliding about the south of France in circumstances of luxury with Lady Fasterton. Damn the south of France and Lady Fasterton with it."

He pulled himself together.

"Still, that helps a whole lot!"

He selected a fresh cigar to chew upon.

"And here I sit like little Tom Fool in search of nothing on the road to nowhere, while that blackguard of a husband is creeping down on Half-a-Day Hill! And I'm doing nothing about it—because I just don't know what to do about it. Me? I'll take a farm and leave the City of London to stew in its own deuce! Eh? Go down among the farmers! They'll probably get my money, but they'll leave me my soul. Most farmers'll let a man keep his soul, anyway, once they've got his money."

In this acrid frame of mind he hung about the deserted office until he received the last useless reply to a truly formidable bale of telegrams he had sent off to every land and estate agent dealing in Scotch grouse moors, inquiring for the name of any person who owned three of these or, alternatively and as a long-odds shot, for the whereabouts of any hill in Scotland called Half-a-Day.

Scotland being entirely composed of the hills which go upward where it does not consist of those that go downward, called valleys, and the whole of them being quaintly named, Mr. Jay perceived that he might as well have asked the agents to count all the heather in Scotland and wire him the result.

So he closed the office and went out to eat, coquetting sourly with the idea that if he spent all night searching the night clubs he might chance to light upon June, perhaps even track her home to where the owner of Half-a-Day Hill was to be found and negotiated with.

"After all, these night clubs are about the places where I guess a lady like June would go to make merry," he muttered, with some shrewdness.

Theoretically, it was a first-class idea, but as serious consideration over a good dinner showed him, there was practically rather less than nothing in it.

In the dance-mad city of London a somewhat considerable number of dance clubs are needed to provide floor space for the many millions of feet that begin to suffer from nervous palpitation at each going down of the sun, and Geo. H. Jay saw that as he finished his fish.

"Might as well search the hairdressers' shops in the daytime on the chance of finding her having a shingle. Bah!" he said, and ordered a bottle of wine that was much more expensive than the present state of business appeared to justify.

"All I can say is that there's something mighty wrong with a country where a willing buyer can sit with a willing seller maybe not five hundred yards off—and yet not get in quick touch."

But June put that right for him within five minutes of the moment he and his headache reached the office next morning.

The telephone rang at him like an irascible rattlesnake before he had time to start on his mail, and it proved to be doing so on Miss Lavender's account.

If Geo. H. had any lingering belief in the lady's innate charm and refinement left over from yesterday he now proceeded to discard it enthusiastically. For June was

(Continued on Page 149)

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Houston, Tex.
Hutchinson, Kan.
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Wichita, Kan.
Winona, Minn.

(Continued from Page 147)

startled, worried and in a very great hurry. Her voice was vibrant, her tone was terse, and her words were frank and free.

"Is that Jay's the agent? . . . That you, Mr. Jay? . . . Well, this is June Lavender. Listen! . . . Half-a-Day Hill is sold! Sold! . . . And so are we! Yes, you can moan. But moan later, will you? There's just one chance in a million to get it. Mistress has sold a friend of hers—a dear friend, you understand—a fortnight's option on it. He's also an unfriend—call it that—of master's. He's gleaned that master wants the hill, but he doesn't know why. Do you see? He's taking a chance of scoring off master. I can't get what he gave for the option, but that doesn't matter."

She was talking at a furious speed—as indeed she needed to.

"Mr. Jay, we've got to snatch the hill out from under the paws of all these aristocratic double-crossers and we've got about five minutes to do it in! Listen! Go to 27 Lombard Lane, off Lombard Street, and force your way in on Mr. Eustace Roy Fitzroy—his office is in the building somewhere—and buy that option from him for love or money. But watch him all the time you're talking, for he's the shrewdest, sharpest razor-beaked young swordfish that ever took a stab at the City of London. He will rook you, anyway; at least, he will think he's rooking you. But he doesn't know yet. It's just a question of who gets to him first—you or the master. And you've got about five minutes' start. Is that clear? Good. Now, listen. I got some backing last evening and I am going to throw it in with you. It's £500 cash. Five hundred. Put that plus my information side by side with what Fitzroy charges you for the option and we go halves in the hill . . . fifty-fifty, Mr. Jay."

"I'm sorry! That's impossible . . . oh, quite!"

There was never a semiquaver in the gentle George's clarion call, though his hand was shaking and there was dew upon his brow.

"Eh, Mis-ter Jay?"

"I say I'm sorry, Miss June. I never do business at fifty-fifty. No agent of my quality can afford it. Sixty per cent to me, forty to you. I got a heavy overhead; you haven't."

"Haven't I? What do you know about my overhead, Mr. Jay?" inquired June. "No! Fifty-fifty or I'll hang up now." He heard her laugh. "And you can hunt for Mr. Fitzroy till you're tired, Mr. Jay. You'll find nobody of that name at 27 Lombard Lane. I was testing you . . . do you hear? . . . testing you. And I thought you were brighter, Mr. Jay. You are letting a fortune slide past you for 10 per cent. I wouldn't mind that, but you're letting it slide past me too. Now, make it fifty-fifty or I hang up and go right away to the City and buy the thing myself, if I have to pawn my soul to raise the money. And I mean it."

She did. Geo. H. Jay could hear her meaning it in every sibilant she hissed.

"Very well, Miss June . . . fifty-fifty and you put up five hundred!"

"Good. Go to it and good luck. The Honorable Basil Greye is the man—first-floor flat at ——, Jermyn Street. And he's razor-edged—it ought to be Bayonet Greye, not Basil—you can't be too careful. Go to it and good luck. I'll ring up every half hour till I hear. The hill is called Rest-and-be-Grateful in Kirkcudbrightshire and the owner is Lady Lochachalagan—pronounced Lah-gan in the South. My name is not Lavender, of course. I'm Miss Weatherall, maid to Lady Lochachalagan at ——, Eaton Square!"

George H. flung the receiver on to its hook, grabbed his hat and a check book, wiped the perspiration from his brow and swung himself at the door.

Lady Lochachalagan! Richest woman in Scotland—and that meant rich. He had heard of her where she circulated—way up near the top.

The way in which Mr. Jay pulled himself together in the taxi en route to Jermyn Street was extremely creditable, if violent to the nerves. But, then, he had to—and he knew it. He was almost within grabbing distance of the biggest thing that had ever ventured within reach—and he knew that.

All he had to do was to keep his head and remember the girl's warning that he was dealing with a clever and unscrupulous man . . . the Honorable 'Bayonet' Greye. Some society hawk, no doubt.

It was not without real difficulty, some expense and considerable persuasion that the tenacious Mr. Jay got past a rather hard-featured manservant at the Jermyn Street flat and intruded himself upon a rather pale, middle-aged-looking youth with a well-bred face, who, wearing an elaborate dressing gown, was breathing in his first cigarette over the spoiled ruins of what might have been an appetizing breakfast until Basil began to push it about with a languid fork.

Basil turned lackluster eyes upon Mr. Jay—but, warned by June, the gentle one was not deceived by it. There was that about the general hang of Basil's jaw and the line of his thin lips that—in conjunction with the telephone in a corner—advised the gentle George that no time could profitably be invested in close bargaining It was with a rather sickly sinking of the heart that Privacy, London, realized the difficulty of his quest.

The Honorable Basil did not know yet the extreme value of that upon which he held the option, but he might know it the instant the telephone woke up. As soon as the charming Lord Lochachalagan learned that the option was gone, he would be busy.

There was no time for delicacy. "Smash through somehow" was the motto.

Mr. Jay introduced himself briefly and got to the point after a short businesslike preliminary, to which Mr. Greye listened with about as much cordiality as a porcelain Chinese god.

"I understand—from my client—that you, Mr. Greye, own an option to purchase this rather barren hill, Rest-and-be-Grateful, in the county of Kirkcudbrightshire, Scotland. That is so?" he concluded his preliminary address.

The Honorable Basil nodded without vivacity.

"That is so. I bought it from my good friend Lady Lochachalagan yesterday afternoon," he admitted.

"Quite so. Decidedly. And now may I ask if you would care to entertain the idea of selling your option?"

"Not at all," said Basil, with a kind of even and toneless indifference. But his eyes flickered for a fraction of a second to a heap of letters on the breakfast table. It was hardly perceptible, but the falcon from Finch Court caught it.

"Bills—unpaid bills!" flashed his thoughts. "All Jermyn Street breakfast tables are famous for the bills they bear up under."

"I am sorry to hear you say that, Mr. Greye," he declared.

"Why?" asked Basil. "I don't see that it matters."

"To you, possibly not—just an amusing, shall we say diversion, to you."

Basil smiled a rather wan, morning-after smile.

"By Jove, Jay, that's true enough. To be quite honest about it I only took an option to buy the infernal hill in order to annoy that overbearing brute, Lord Lochachalagan, who wants to buy it himself for some whim or fancy."

His face hardened at a thought.

"You don't represent him, do you?"

Mr. Jay repudiated the idea with a sort of grim horror that was hall-marked all over with truth.

"Not that it matters, of course. For, flatly, Jay, the option is not for sale. We needn't bother any more about it, I think. So, good morn——"

"One moment—pardon me, but permit me to—ah—trespass upon your leisure yet

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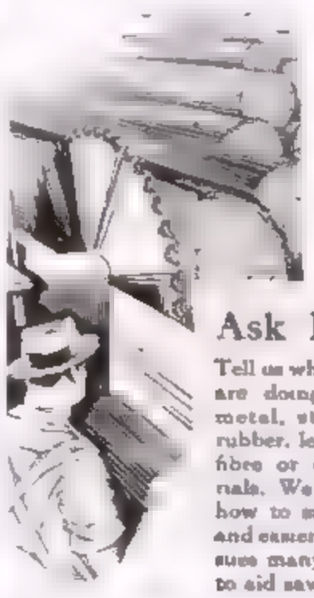
Your own hardware dealer will sell you, today, a Disston Saw that cuts better than ever.



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V A MARINI Santa Cruz Cal., (Nov 1924) reports $11,275 sales in 3 months George Alexander of Pennsylvania made $[illegible] in 4 months making and selling CRISPETTES with this outfit. (Nov. 7th)

Jacob Gordon, New Jersey, (November 2nd), says: "Profits over $4000.00 in two months" I Mesner of Baltimore $250.00 in one day! M L Croneo Ohio, (November 3rd), writes: "Doing big business—sold over 200,000 packages Crispettes last year" Mrs Lane Pittsburgh, says "Sold 8,000 packages in ONE day"

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a moment, Mr. Greye," said George H., in rather a hurried manner.

"Oh, do"—languidly—"but it's useless, you know."

"The facts, as far as I can see them, are these, Mr. Greye," began Geo. H. "You have very neatly and—if I may say so—amusingly snapped up the option on these few God-forsaken acres of Scotch rock purely as a small pawn in some social or personal combat with Lord Lochachalagan."

The Honorable Basil smiled faintly.

"That's rather dashed well put, Jay, don't you know. You have hit it off to a T, my dear man," he confessed. "I've got the—the—what was it?—God-forsaken heap of Scotch rock or, if I choose, I can have it—and yet to be candid I shan't know what the devil to do with it when I've got it."

"Precisely," Mr. Jay nodded with solemn appreciation. "Well, now, may I put it to you from another and a very different angle? This hill is at the tail end of a fine grouse moor, is it not?"

Basil nodded.

"They tell me so," he conceded.

"It is, however, at or near the tail end of several other shootings. Sufficiently so, at least, to make it rather an attractive site for the erection of a small — quite a small — hotel. Scotland, as you know, is full of small, neat hotels which are busy only a few months of the year. That is, in the summer with the tourists and in the autumn with the grouse-shooting people—overflows from the big house parties and people who have taken a moor without a house on it."

Basil nodded dreamily.

"Rest-and-be-Grateful Hill is, thus, a fairly good hotel site in a small way. I represent two clients—worthy folk of Scotch origin—a man and wife who wish to retire from service and, having saved just about enough money to invest it in building just such a little hotel, wish to do that and so earn their living in their—um—native banks and braes."

"I see," said the Honorable Basil thoughtfully, his face warming a little.

"Mr. Greye, I am not going to endeavor to urge you against your wishes"—Mr. Jay followed himself up, very earnestly—"but I am being paid to put these points before you, and I confess that I really do feel that what is a lifelong ambition of my two hard-working, well-deserving clients is really little more than just a—what?—a jest to you, a man about town. I have had the privilege of this conversation with you and I will say frankly that you do not appear to me to be a man likely to allow a matter which is comedy to you to become a tragedy to two—*er*—toilers!"

He thought he saw a faint, far unease in the Honorable Basil's eye.

"Give them a chance, Mr. Greye. Take a good profit on your option, and get your laugh over Lord Lochachalagan at the same time!" he urged, with feeling.

"Eh? Oh, well. I don't know. Don't want to be a—er—Shylock, naturally. Still, dash it, what's the beastly option worth to you, Jay? I gave Flora—er—Lady Lochachalagan seven hundred and fifty pounds for it. I've no doubt Lochachalagan would give me a thousand to save his face."

Neither had Geo. H. Jay.

"In fact, I'm expecting he will telephone me—rather noisily—about it at any moment!"

So was Geo. H. Jay.

He faced the Honorable Basil firmly. He knew that the languid one had given nothing like that money—if indeed any—for the option, but he had not the time to argue.

"Quite—oh, quite!" he said. "But—Lord Lochachalagan apart—may I ask if you would care to tell me in a word just what you would accept for the option?"

Basil's eyes wandered to his bills and back again.

"Oh, I don't know. I'm not a bally business man. What will your people pay?"

"A level thousand—in one word. And that's their limit, Mr. Greye."

"Oh, no, really not. I should want eleven hundred, naturally, Mr. Jay."

Geo. H. stood up, and drew his check book like a man drawing a dagger.

"I will pay you one thousand and fifty, Mr. Greye, and that's fifty past my instructions!"

"Guineas, Jay—it must be guineas—I give you my word it must be guineas!"

"Guineas it is—to a sportsman! Those poor old folk will bless you!"

"Jolly old souls, what? I'm glad I've given way to you, Jay—yes, glad, dash it!"

Geo. H. figured furiously for a second, then scribbled a check to bearer, and an assignment of the option to himself, carefully scanned and took the brief written option signed 'Flora Lochachalagan' and was satisfied.

The bells in his head were ringing a very joyous peal indeed as he reached for his hat and hastened his farewells. All he wanted now was to get out of the flat before the ravening Lord Lochachalagan rang up.

He achieved it, but only just, he fancied, for the telephone whirred viciously as he left the flat.

"Got it! I knew the merry old Jade would whirl her wheel my way some day sooner or later! Tungsten! I'll show them a thing or two about tungsten yet or my name ain't George Tungsten Jay!"

He snapped at a passing taxi en route to notify Lady Lochachalagan of the change of proprietorship of the option, and the perfectly ghastly gears of the vehicle played harp tunes to him all the way.

His faint resentment against June in the matter of her stubborn insistence on a fifty-fifty split vanished like ordinary white snow under the rays of an unusually golden sun. After all, she was a clever girl and she had earned the extra 10 per cent.

"Yes, I'll say that. I'm not too greedy to own to that, thank God! Give me my fair half and I care not who gets the other half," chanted the gentle Jay as he listened to the harps under the floor boards.

III

DIPLOMATIC George, duly arrived at the Eaton Square residence of Lady Lochachalagan, inquired first for Miss Weatherall. The footman looked at him a little oddly, reflected, then invited him to step into the hall, adding that he would send the butler to him. It occurred to the elated Mr. Jay that the butler, a ruffled-looking but plentiful old gentleman, stared at him even more queerly than the footman.

"You desire to see her ladyship's maid, Miss Weatherall?" he asked. "You are a friend of hers?"

Mr. Jay passed his card.

"Miss Weatherall is not merely a friend—she is a client of mine," he said professionally. "And, I may add, an important client—one, indeed, whom I am proud to regard as by no means the least important of my whole clientele! I am anxious to confer with her upon a matter of extreme moment!" rolled out the squire of Finch Court.

The old butler nodded thoughtfully.

"I am afraid, sir, that it will not be possible to arrange for an interview this morning."

Geo. H. raised his eyebrows.

"Pardon me, my man, but I have just told you that it is a matter of great importance! Really, I must insist. Come now, send the young lady to me, or conduct me to any place where it is fitting for me to see her. If she is engaged upon her duties to her ladyship I am, of course, prepared to wait until she is free." He took out his note case.

The butler's face changed, and his eyes hardened a little.

"Oh, it's not that," he said frankly, as one man to another. "But you can't see Miss Weatherall and you never will—nor any of us. You see, she disappeared about an hour ago—and her ladyship's royal diamond-and-emerald necklace went with her. Luckily, it was the only bit of jewelry that happened to be out of the safe! She's bolted—and the detectives are on their way here now."

Geo. H. Jay laughed.

"But, my good man, there is a mistake. Miss Weatherall doesn't need to steal dia——"

"Don't she? Then she must do it for fun! All I know is that it was the biggest mistake her ladyship ever made to let that wildcat into the house at all," snarled the butler, with great feeling. "She's upset the whole place, and one way and another she's swindled practically everybody in it, including myself. Hey? Why, the she hawk did me for every penny of my winnings over the Cambridgeshire! She's a plain croo——"

The world went all black for Mr. Jay then; he tottered where he stood, and—as it seemed to him—only saved himself by a stupendous effort from falling headfirst into a dark and abysmal profundity which, later, he discovered, consisted almost wholly of the huge and awful vacuum which the butler's news had created under his fourth waistcoat button.

Even as he fought for the breath which a stunning suspicion had knocked out of his body, a rather sweet voice behind the butler tingled musically across the hall.

"Is this the detective, Plumbley?"

The butler turned.

"No, your ladyship, this is a professional gentleman inquiring for Weatherall."

He found a salver somewhere among the hall furniture, put Mr. Jay's card on it and passed it to her.

Even in his misery the gentle George was able dimly to perceive that Lady Lochachalagan was one of the loveliest little ladies that ever came out of a country which produces bonny lasses with apparently as much ease and certainty as it puts forth brawnsome and good-looking, if slightly appetiteful, laddies. She was little more than a girl, and even though she looked bothered she spared Geo. H. a kind smile.

He needed it.

"I am afraid that it is impossible for you to see Weatherall. You see, she—she——"

She turned to Plumbley.

"Have you not explained about Weatherall, Plumbley?" she inquired.

"Oh, yes, by all means, your ladyship," stated the butler.

The lady and the agent gazed at each other.

"So, you see, I cannot help you very much, Mr. Jay, can I?"

George pulled himself together—he always seemed to be pulling himself together these days.

"You are most kind, Lady Lochachalagan," he said nervelessly. "It is a matter of panic importance. There has been a deadly misunderstanding. May I explain?"

She made a sign and Plumbley evanished, just as a friendly looking youth in plus-fours appeared in the hall and came over to them.

"You do not mind explaining to Lord Lochachalagan, as well," she informed Mr. Jay and greeted her husband.

"Dick, dear, this is Mr. Jay, a professional gentleman inquiring about Weatherall."

Lord Lochachalagan grinned a friendly sort of grin. He was about twenty-one. It was quite obvious that this little couple had never got within sight of the desert—or oasis—of divorce.

Geo. H. was drowning, mentally, in a sea of horrid suspicions. And time was short—fearfully short. He brought out the option he had bought—written in the lady's own hand—and holding it before their surprised eyes read it hoarsely.

"This is the option you sold to Mr. Basil Greye—an option to buy Rest-and-be-Grateful Hill in Kirkcudbrightshire, is it not, Lady Lochachalagan?"

Both of them peered at the paper with real curiosity.

"Basil Greye?" asked the lady. "I don't think I know anyone named Basil Greye. And I—really, I am so sorry, but, you

(Continued on Page 153)

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(Continued from Page 150)

know, I do not own any property at all in Kirkcudbright. Do you, Dick?"

No, Dick didn't either—not a solitary bowlder.

"But—pardon me—are you quite sure?" asked Mr. Jay desperately. "You see, I've just paid a thousand and fifty guineas for that option!"

Lord Lochachalagan's observation to that was a low but liquid whistle.

The lady's eyes filled with pity.

"I am so sorry—but you have evidently been seriously imposed upon, Mr. Jay. That is not my writing—I have never heard of a hill called Rest-and-be-Grateful—though there is, in Argyll, I think, a hill called Rest-and-be-Thankful."

George H. turned to Lord Lochachalagan.

"And you, my lord, are you interested in this hill, and the tungsten it contains, or any other matters bearing on that tungsten?" he asked hopelessly.

"Not in the least. Tungsten? What is tungsten?"

But Geo. H. had no time to spare for a lecture on metallurgy. Checks was what he wanted to lecture about now—to an audience of two, Basil and the Lavender lass. And there was just a chance in a million that Mr. Greye might not have got to the bank yet.

"May I use your telephone—an act of Christian charity ——" he asked a little wildly.

"Why, of course!" It was Lord Lochachalagan who steered him to it.

George was through to the bank quickly, and he spoke with a peculiar frenzied curtness.

The Lochachalagans watched him like two curious children, and when, after a swift questioning, a look of almost unearthly relief illumined Geo. H.'s anxious face it was reflected unconsciously on that of both Dick and his wife.

They were charming kids, but the great book of quick business was a sealed mystery to them.

"Oh, do tell us, Mr. Jay—is it all right? Have you won, after all? Business is like a kind of warfare, is it not?" asked the lady naïvely.

Mr. Jay hung up the receiver, breathing heavily.

"By the mercy of providence, I made a mistake in the check," he said. "It was presented half an hour ago, and because the written sum on the face of the check was one thousand and fifty guineas whereas the amount written in figures was £1112.10 the bank declined to pay. You see, one thousand and fifty guineas is £1102.10. I was figuring from guineas to pounds in a hurry and I made a mistake in one figure. No bank would pay on a check bearing two different amounts without first referring the check back to the drawer—myself in this case. I've stopped the check, of course!"

They congratulated him with a charming and quite sincere pleasure and he was about to commiserate with them upon the loss of the necklace when the telephone again wailed for Mr. Jay.

"A gentleman who gives the name of Mr. Golding is asking for you, sir," announced Plumbley.

Two minutes later Geo. H. hung up again.

Mr. Basil Greye was evidently a swindler of iron nerve, for Gus had reported that he was now at Mr. Jay's office furiously demanding another check. No doubt he figured that he had just that margin of time before George H. discovered the fraud. The gentle one thought hard and fast.

"It's a chance," he said, and rejoined Lord and Lady Lochachalagan.

"Selfishly, I fear, I have said little about your own sad loss," he began. "I trust sincerely that it is not heavy."

"Intrinsically, no, Mr. Jay," explained Lord Lochachalagan. "The necklace is not of any excessive value, but it was a wedding gift to my wife from one of the members of the royal family and naturally we treasure it highly without regard to its intrinsic value."

"Quite, oh quite," said Mr. Jay blandly. "You will, of course, engage the best detectives, offer heavy rewards and ——"

"Oh, yes. Detectives have been telephoned for already and I shall offer a thousand pounds reward for the return of the jewels."

Mr. Jay nodded.

"Sound—very sound. If I can be of any service please command me. Meantime ——" His bow was impressive—miraculously so, considering the literally cyclonic haste he was endeavoring to conceal. . . . He found a taxi at once and headed at a very high-priced speed for Finch Court.

"I see what happened," he told himself. "It was my own greediness that let me down. Too much of a hurry to make get-rich-quick money. But what an actress that Lavender she-eagle is—and not even the late Sir Henry Irving had anything on that confederate of hers, Basil, blast him! . . . Tungsten! And not one half word of her story true! Not one word—and I sort of believe it yet. That waste-basket stuff! Lord, she didn't tell me her lies; she engraved 'em on me! . . . Hey, I'm growing old and kind of foolish!"

He leaped like a large and bristly bear from the taxi, commanded the dark-visaged bandit at the wheel to wait, and charged down Finch Court very much like the tail of a typhoon.

He saw instantly that Mr. Basil Greye, waiting for him in his private office—with the door ajar, the jar aligned with the intelligent Gus Golding's best eye—was working at high pressure, was fully aware of the risk he ran, was angry, anxious and, probably, extremely dangerous. The effete idler with the cold deck of bills, dressing gown, Jermyn Street flat, and so forth, had utterly vanished. In that one's place now was balancing a hard-eyed, tight-lipped fighting crook. But George H. Jay was a fighting business agent. Really, it was quite an unequal contest.

"My dear Mr. Greye, I owe you a thousand apologies," declared Geo. H. earnestly. "It was too stupid—that mistake. Quite inadvertent, though. Have you the check? Good. I'll give you another one."

He did so quickly. He was quick about checks.

"And as I'm going to the bank myself—there's a taxi outside—I'll come along with you and see that the money is paid. There you are! . . . By Jove, but you let me into a bargain with that hill, Mr. Greye!"

Basil's tight lips opened in a grin of gratification and relief.

"Well, I told you, you know, that I was not much of a business man!" he admitted. "Did I not? Anyway, what does it matter? I am glad you are satisfied, Mr. Jay."

"That's all right, then—nothing like mutual satisfaction, ha-ha! Have a cigar! If you hadn't insisted on guineas I wouldn't have made that blunder."

"Oh, that's quite all right."

Busy with cigars, they made for the taxi, followed by Mr. Gus Golding in obedience to an order from his principal as he passed.

"The London, Suburban and Counties Bank, Holborn," ordered Geo. H. quite gayly. "You don't mind my secretary sharing the taxi, Mr. Greye?"

"Oh, not at all!"

The car moved off, Basil facing George H. and Mr. Golding.

Five seconds later the squire of Finch Court leaned forward, reaching out.

"Excuse me, Mr. Greye," he said—and his powerful white hands closed like hooks of steel on the biceps of Mr. Greye. He rose as he reached and his heavy, heavy knee pressed gently but ominously against the stomach of Mr. Greye. And a pair of green-flint eyes stared into the hard but startled orbs of Mr. Greye.

Mr. Jay was a large and powerful party—and an anxious one.

"And now, you hound, I've got you, do you notice? Call for the police if you feel injured, but don't struggle, for I could hold

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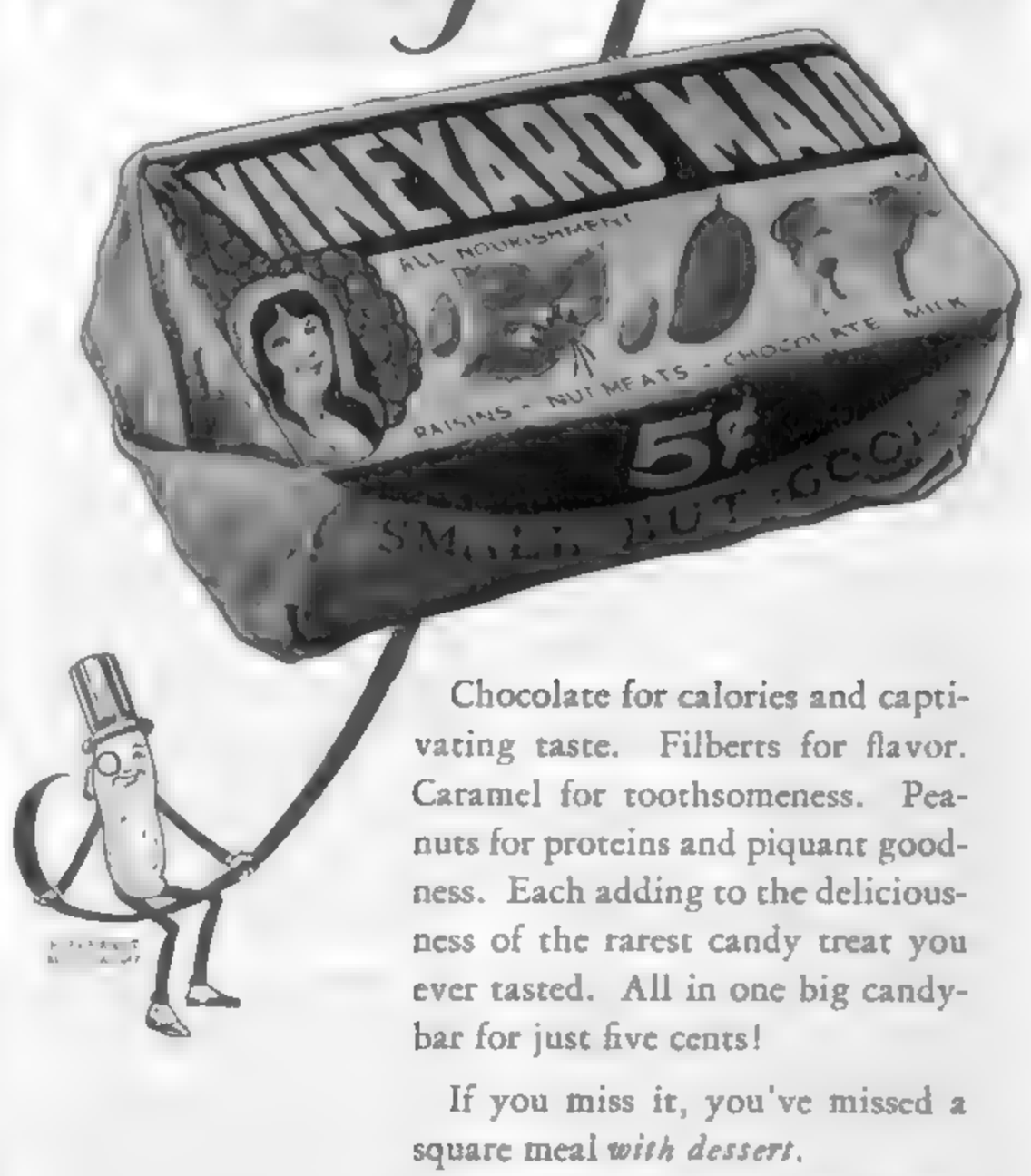

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Investigation of the Economic Value of Reinforcement in Concrete Roads by the Highway Research Board, Division of Engineering and Industrial Research, National Research Council, Washington, D. C.

[The investigation covered conditions on about 3000 miles of concrete roads, both plain and reinforced, located in 26 states.]

Summary of Conclusions

1 The amount of cracking and subsequent disintegrating is a function of time; thus, the rate of cracking is a measure of the life of the pavement.

2 The data show that steel reinforcement reduced the rate of cracking and thus increased the life of the pavement. This applies both to concrete pavements and other pavements laid upon a concrete base.

3 Crack reduction is more economically accomplished by the use of steel reinforcement than by additional thickness of concrete.

4 A greater reduction was afforded by small steel members closely spaced than by larger members wider spaced.

5 Increasing weight of mesh from 25 to 56 lbs. per 100 sq. ft. considerably reduced cracking.

6 Mesh reinforcement, 25 to 56 lbs. per 100 sq. ft., reduced cracks 35% to 70% in pavements of like thickness.

7 Mesh reinforcement, 25 to 56 lbs. per 100 sq. ft. and bar mat reinforcement 64 lbs. per 100 sq. ft.—25% longitudinal—reduced cracks more than one additional inch of concrete, but one additional inch of concrete reduced cracks more than bars (43 to 48 lbs. per 100 sq. ft.) placed transversely only.

8 With good crushed stone aggregate, 56 lbs. per 100 sq. ft. mesh reinforcement or 170 lbs. per 100 sq. ft. bar reinforcement, 50% each way, caused a reduction in combined transverse and longitudinal cracks equal to that indicated for 2 inches additional center thickness.

9 Mesh reinforcement of 38 lbs. per 100 sq. ft. has been effective for a thin layer of concrete laid as resurfacing upon an old concrete road.

10 One additional inch of edge thickness reduced corner cracks more than mesh reinforcement 25 to 68 lbs. per 100 sq. ft. or ⅜ to ¾ inch bar reinforcement, but progressive destruction following the appearance of corner cracks was arrested by steel reinforcement.

11 All types of steel reinforcement across cracks tended to hold together fractured slabs.

12 Bar reinforcement across transverse joints, without proper provision for slippage and clearance, resulted in breakage and subsequent expensive repairs.

13 For long slabs, 75 to 100 feet or over, edge bar reinforcement with continuous bond caused corner cracks if the area of steel exceeded ¼ sq. inch.

14 A remarkable agreement was found to exist between results of observations on roads in service and results furnished by a wide range of experimental roads and laboratory tests.

An outline of the procedure of the investigation, together with statements of indications and conclusions of the findings, supplemented by supporting data arranged in tables, charts, sketches, and photographs, were presented at a conference at the National Research Council on November 4th and 5th, 1925. The conference was attended by the following:

A. T. Goldbeck (*U. S. Bureau of Public Roads*)
F. H. Jackson (*U. S. Bureau of Public Roads*)
V. C. Kivisto (*Purdue University*)
H. J. Kirk (*Ohio State Highway Department*)
C. A. Hogentogler (*Highway Research Board*)
G. H. Henderson (*R. I. State Highway Dept.*)
H. E. Breed (*Director of Department of Highway Engineering, New York University*)
V. R. Burton (*Michigan State Highway Dept.*)
C. C. Ahlers (*New York State Highway Department*)
Clifford Older (*Consoer, Older & Quinlan, Consulting Engineers, formerly Illinois State Highway Engineer in charge of Bates Test Road*)
L. B. Mills (*U. S. Bureau of Public Roads*)
P. M. Tebbs (*Pennsylvania State Highway Dept.*)
H. M. Westergaard (*University of Illinois*)
E. B. Smith (*Iowa State College*)
L. W. Teller (*U. S. Bureau of Public Roads*)
J. T. Pauls (*U. S. Bureau of Public Roads*)
W. D. Somerville (*N. C. State Highway Dept.*)

The findings of this conference were approved, at a special meeting held on December 2nd, 1925, by the Executive Committee of the Highway Research Board, including:

A. N. Johnson, *Chairman, Iowa College of Engineering, Chief Engineer, State Highway Commission of Maryland*
W. H. Connell, *Vice Chairman, Engineering Executive, Pennsylvania State Highway Department*
Chas. M. Upham, *Director (State Highway Engineer, North Carolina State Highway Commission)*
S. S. Steinberg, *Assistant Director*
Thomas H. MacDonald (*Chief, Bureau of Public Roads, U. S. Department of Agriculture*)
Wm. Spraragen (*Secretary, Division of Engineering and Industrial Research, National Research Council*)
T. R. Agg (*Iowa State College*)
A. J. Brosseau (*President, Mack Trucks, Inc.*)
H. C. Dickinson (*U. S. Bureau of Standards*)

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you pinned this way for several thousand years. Search him, Gus, my boy."

The crook was overmatched and knew it.

Gus was happy to oblige. He found a small but efficient firearm in the magazine-pistol style, which he put in a place of safety. Also he removed Mr. Jay's check—useless bit of commercial currency, for Geo. H. had long rendered it void by telephone to the bank.

"Listen, Basil," said Mr. Jay evenly, good-humoredly. "You and June nearly had me. But for that lucky mistake you'd have had me quite—and no doubt you would be well away with the Lavender lassie and the Lochachalagan necklace. Yes, it was a near shave—near enough, anyway. But—well, I've got an offer to make you, Basil, and you won't need more than two seconds to decide about it. Quick work, yes, but I'm a quick man, ha-ha! Listen, then—take me to where your little Lavender lady is standing pat with the necklace she stole, cause her to hand it over to me—acting, as I am, as private agent to Lord Lochachalagan—and I'll say 'Go away.' D'you understand? I'll compound the felony for the sake of peace and quietness. Give up—disgorge the loot—and I'll let you go. Refuse and I'll tell the driver of this rattle hutch to jaunt merrily on to Holborn Police Station! Is that clear?"

Basil did not take even one second to decide.

"You win, you lucky, large buffalo," he said deliberately. "What star were you born under?"

He gave an address, considerably wide of his late Jermyn Street nest.

"Star? Star?" triumphed the gentle George. "I was born in the broad daylight—the wide-awake sunlight, Basil!"

"Yes, but it was getting mighty close to dusk," said Mr. Greye sourly.

"So be it," accepted Geo. H.

He could afford to be philosophical but not careless—he held Mr. Greye in a grip of iron until, after maneuverings and messages competently conducted by Gus at the door of the flat to which they drove, the charming Miss "June Lavender" Weatherall appeared at the taxi door—no longer a blonde, for June was in disguise.

"June, old girl, this beefy sportsman nailed me by the heel just as I was vanishing," explained Basil. "Sorry, girlie. But he's giving us a free get-away and a good start if you'll hand over the Lochachalagan necklace. He's got his money back from me and he can't rest and be grateful without the necklace."

Basil watched her a little anxiously. Mr. Jay watched her too. He didn't like her—she was not at all the sort of girl he felt he could ever like—but he could not resist a feeling of admiration for the perfect control of the lovely, beautifully remade, gypsylike face at the taxi door. Not a ripple, not a flicker of change touched it.

"I see," said June quite gently. "That's rather a pity, isn't it?"

She thought for a moment, looked about her, then smiled a shade thinly.

"Even if I weren't willing to stand by you, Harry, this town is so choked with large, bony detectives and policemen that it wouldn't be worth while taking a chance. I'll buy you—you've blundered this thing some way—but I guess you're worth a necklace to me. God knows why," she added slowly, but with something in her voice that bit and burned like acid.

"I'll get the gaud," she said, and moved back into the house.

Harry sighed with relief.

"They always take it hard—women," he said easily to Mr. Jay. "Don't they? Now, men—men like you and me—can take a K.O. and still wake up from the little old anæsthetic smiling. But the best of them always want to dart a claw—nothing much—just one little dig and they're happy again. Queer, that." He shrugged.

"You're well out of this business, Jay. But 'pon me soul, you ought to be more careful. We nearly got the jolly old pincers shut on you, what?"

He was an easy-minded, fluent sort of man.

But before George H. Jay could answer, June reappeared, thrusting in the necklace.

"Here you are, Mr. Jay. Take it. It's not so much of a necklace, at that. Thanks for being broad-minded. You're a nice old thing, in your funny, old-fashioned way. I suppose you rope a reward for this trinket?"

Stung, George Henry rapped home his cold-cash repartee.

"Oh, just a thousand. Nothing much! Still, it keeps the old sedan in running repair."

He slipped the necklace into his pocket.

"All right," he said, and unclenched himself from his captive at last. "Good-by, you two."

Harry crawled out of the taxi.

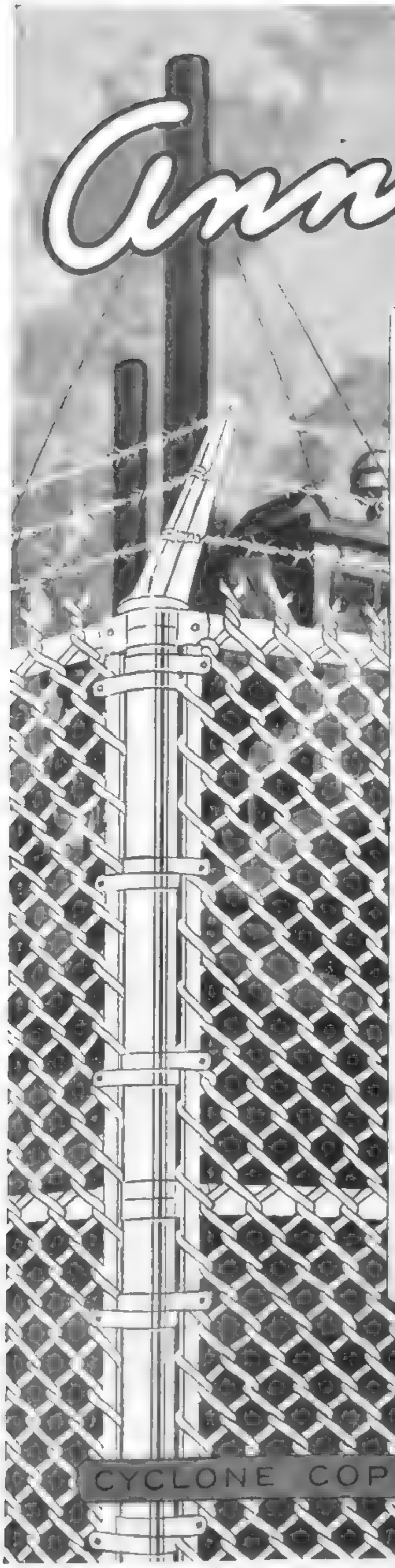
"Well, well," he said, with a species of humorous resignation.

But June's philosophy couldn't take her that far. Her response to George H.'s really polite and heartfelt farewell salute was like the glare of a newly caught leopardess looking through bars at the gentleman who had done the catching. . . . George H. leaned back in the car.

"Now, that's the way to handle folk of that kind, my boy," he said to the adoring Gus. "They thought they'd swindled me for a thousand-odd guineas. What's the result? I'll be sending you to the bank with a thousand-pound check—plus, of course, my commission—from Lord Lochachalagan tomorrow." He did. "You need to keep your eyes open in this city, Golding."

You do.

ECONOMY. *Smith: "Hello, Jones. Why the Trick Costume?"*
Jones: "They're My Wife's Last Summer's Furs—Out of Date, You Know—But as I'm Still Paying for 'Em, This Saves the Cold-Storage Fee."



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Chain Link Fabric and Tubular Frame-work All Copper-Bearing Steel!

A rust-proof fence! For years this has been the goal of fence manufacturers. A fence that would defy the elements and last for generations.

Now this long-sought-for fence is a reality. It is made possible by adding the *correct percentage* of copper, the metal eternal, when producing the steel used in Cyclone Fence. And again, as in all other major improvements in fence building, this is another Cyclone achievement.

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Cyclone Copper-Bearing Steel, in itself the steel of greatest rust resistance known, is still further protected against corrosion by the famous "Galv-After" process.

Double protection against the elements! This new All Copper-Bearing Steel Fence is the most enduring, most economical, most practical fence ever produced. Provides permanent, dependable property protection.

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Six factories strategically located, and branch offices in principal cities, insure prompt service wherever your property is situated.

Phone, wire or write nearest offices for new catalog and complete information on Cyclone All Copper-Bearing Steel Fence.

CYCLONE FENCE COMPANY

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Waukegan, Ill., Cleveland, Ohio, Newark, N. J., Fort Worth, Texas

Pacific Coast Distributors:
Standard Fence Company, Oakland, Calif.
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Cyclone Fence

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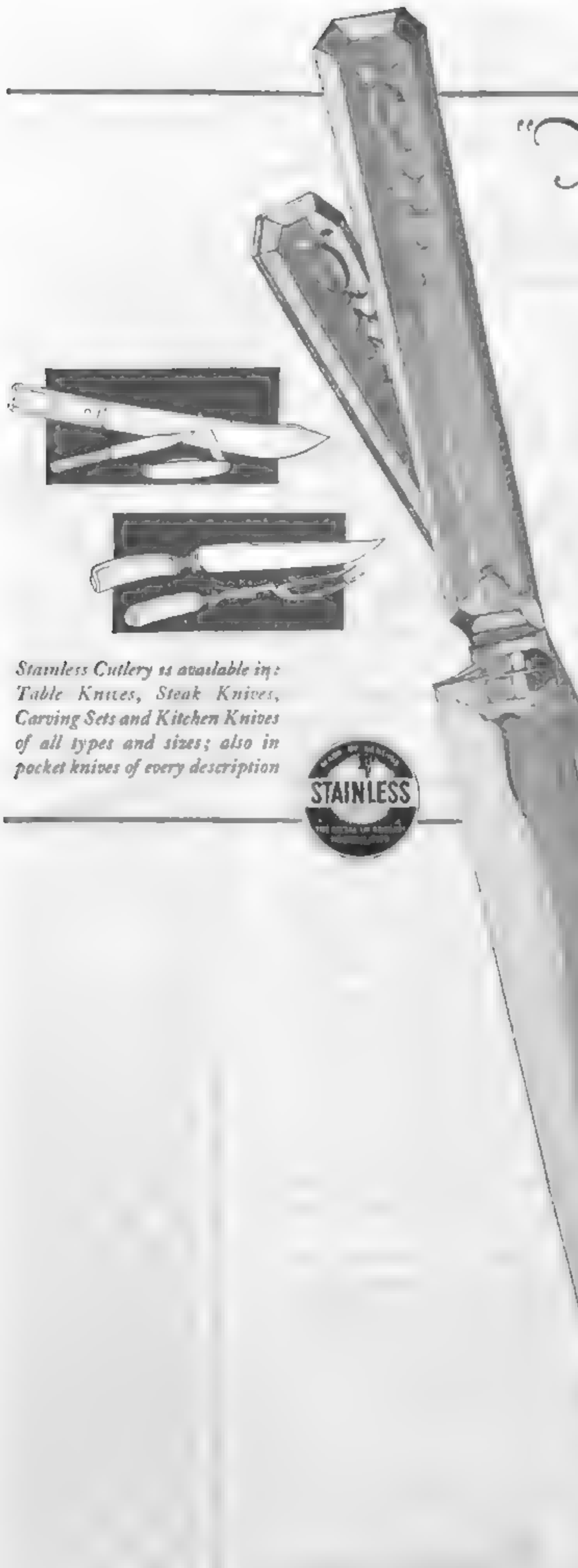

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STAINLESS

"No one thinks of buying cutlery unless it's STAINLESS"

THOUGH the most exquisitely designed silver is chosen *the knife blades must be Stainless.* So quickly has it come into its own that today no one thinks of buying cutlery unless it's Stainless.

Not only in the finest homes in our land, but in the leading hotels and clubs—wherever shining cleanliness is obligatory—Stainless is chosen.

Stainless cutlery is always easy to clean—it needs no scouring, no polishing, no rubbing and scrubbing—even fruit acids do not affect it. The beauty of Stainless is practically everlasting.

Stainless blades will hold an edge much better than those of ordinary steel—but Stainless, like other cutlery, is made in various grades and qualities to suit all pocketbooks—therefore the better the quality of cutlery purchased the finer the edge and the longer it will hold its original keenness.

Always look for the name Stainless—it is your guarantee of genuine Stainless Steel. For sale in all leading cutlery stores.

AMERICAN STAINLESS STEEL COMPANY

COMMONWEALTH BUILDING · PITTSBURGH, PA.

STAINLESS

Always Easy to Clean

Cutlery

SMARTER THAN WE ARE

(Continued from Page 13

never used it when I, in my heart, believed that the real majority was on my side. It is essentially a minority campaign artifice and a confession of fear.

In those days of my mischievous activities I liked to ask, "Are you for this?"

Under no circumstances did I ever ask also, "And if so, what do you think it will cost?"

This is not, as I have said, an article written against the World Court. The World Court is respected as a tribunal, primarily European, which may assist slightly but not decisively to preserve the peace of the world. Behind the green-baize doors of those who know about such matters they say, "Oh, yes. The World Court is all right. But it can't summon anyone or send an arresting officer, and after it has rendered a decision the League is the only body to enforce the business, and the League already has quit cold on the Ruhr, on Corfu, on the Russian question, on the war between Greece and Turkey, and so on. The League files treaties made outside itself, such as the one at Locarno, and smiles on the Dawes Plan, in which it had no finger, and maintains a good social-welfare department, but as a sheriff, except in the little Greco-Bulgarian case, it has been a thumb twiddler.

"So the Court, which is the League's dependent, may do a lot of judicial welfare service when required, but as for results of importance—results involving real national interests—the World Court is really no sunburst."

That is the naked truth as the insiders know it. The World Court is a hope and a facility. It is labeled Court instead of arbitration body, but the difference, aside from a legal and technical hocus-pocus, is indeed slight. The important similarities between the Permanent Court of Arbitration and the World Court are two:

1. Neither can compel parties to submit disputes.

2. Neither can enforce their awards or judgments unless the League is to be, as it appears in the Mosul decision against Turkey, a kind of sheriff and politician.

A Law-Governed World?

It appears therefore that this World Court which has been advertised as a bulwark against war, except in one regard, is about as much of a bulwark against war as any list from which to pick good arbitrators would be. What prevents war as far as the World Court is concerned is not the Court, but the willingness of the parties to submit the case to a body without power to enforce decisions.

The only exception perhaps to the uniformity of character of the World Court and arbitrators is that the World Court builds up a set of decisions which morally if not legally constitute an attempt to mold international law.

Professor Manley O. Hudson, of the Harvard Law School, a chief exponent of the Court, says of it, "If it continues to hold the confidence of lawyers and foreign offices, if it can go on for half a century building up the jurisprudence which its first eighteen judgments and opinions have begun, it seems clear that the twentieth century will have taken a long stride toward a law-governed world." Elsewhere he says, "It has already made a significant contribution to international law." But listen to this from the same Professor Hudson:

"On the other hand the advisory opinions given by the Court to the League of Nations have related to the legal phases of boundary disputes in three instances, of disputes about the protection of minorities in four instances, of disputes about the interpretation of treaties of great political importance in four instances. It seems only proper to conclude that the main contribution to be made by the Court to maintaining peace will be in the judicial assistance it gives to other bodies set up for the purpose; bodies [meaning the League and other European treaty commissions] with which the United States does not now cooperate."

In other words, this ablest exponent of the Court sets forth the fact that the greatest contribution the Court can make for peace is as a servant of the League of Nations; he discloses that whatever technicality may be argued such service builds up principles of international law, that whether the United States is in or out of the Court a set of precedents, practical if not technical, are to be built up—not only by the force of technical decisions but by advisory opinions to the League.

It is time to ponder what Professor Hudson says: "The twentieth century will have taken a long stride toward a law-governed world." Is the United States to be in this "law-governed world"—to wit, entangled in the United States of Europe as a minority member, or outside as a forbidding independent? Will the United States sooner or later face a "law-governed world" in which the Monroe Doctrine, for instance, is outlawed?

Political Aspects of the Court

It is the presence and not the absence of the so-called international mind which suggests that one of our conditions precedent to joining the World Court shall always be maintained as specific recognition on the part of the other members of the Court, that the Court shall write down in its book of international law a recognition that ambitious European nations shall continue to answer promptly when we say, "Hands off the Americas."

It is not the technical fact that we may submit to the jurisdiction of the Court only when we desire, that is significant. That is the strictly legal side of it. The real point is that the Court—this Supreme Court of the United States of Europe—may build up an international law, to which our membership gives something of an assent, on the basis of political decisions, on the basis of accumulated precedents, which will gradually pare the Monroe Doctrine down and down until even the core and seeds have gone.

No one nation would dare to do this; but the United States of Europe will row a boat of international law and politics where our oar, little by little, will be considered as having an obligation to swing in time to the stroke of the European crew.

I am not half so interested, nor can any intelligent man be so interested, in the debates which have been made on the legal consequences of joining the Court as the intelligent citizen must be in the concealed questions which have to do with the political consequences.

The Congressional Record on my table discloses that some advocates of our adherence to the Court have said that in joining the Court we take no responsibility. Others on the same side say we should not longer remain out of the family of nations and should gird up our loins and take responsibility.

Some, who wish to appease the worthy hope for peace in the world, say that the World Court will suppress war and others admit that it will not.

Some say that the Court is not a creature of the League and others say it is blessed by being created under the League.

Some say we are not taking the first back-door step into the League and others say with joy that we are approaching our duty to enter the League.

Some say the Court has been a great success without us and others say we must join it in order to put the Court on its feet.

Some say the sheriff for the Court is the League and others say the Court's decisions are merely for publicity.

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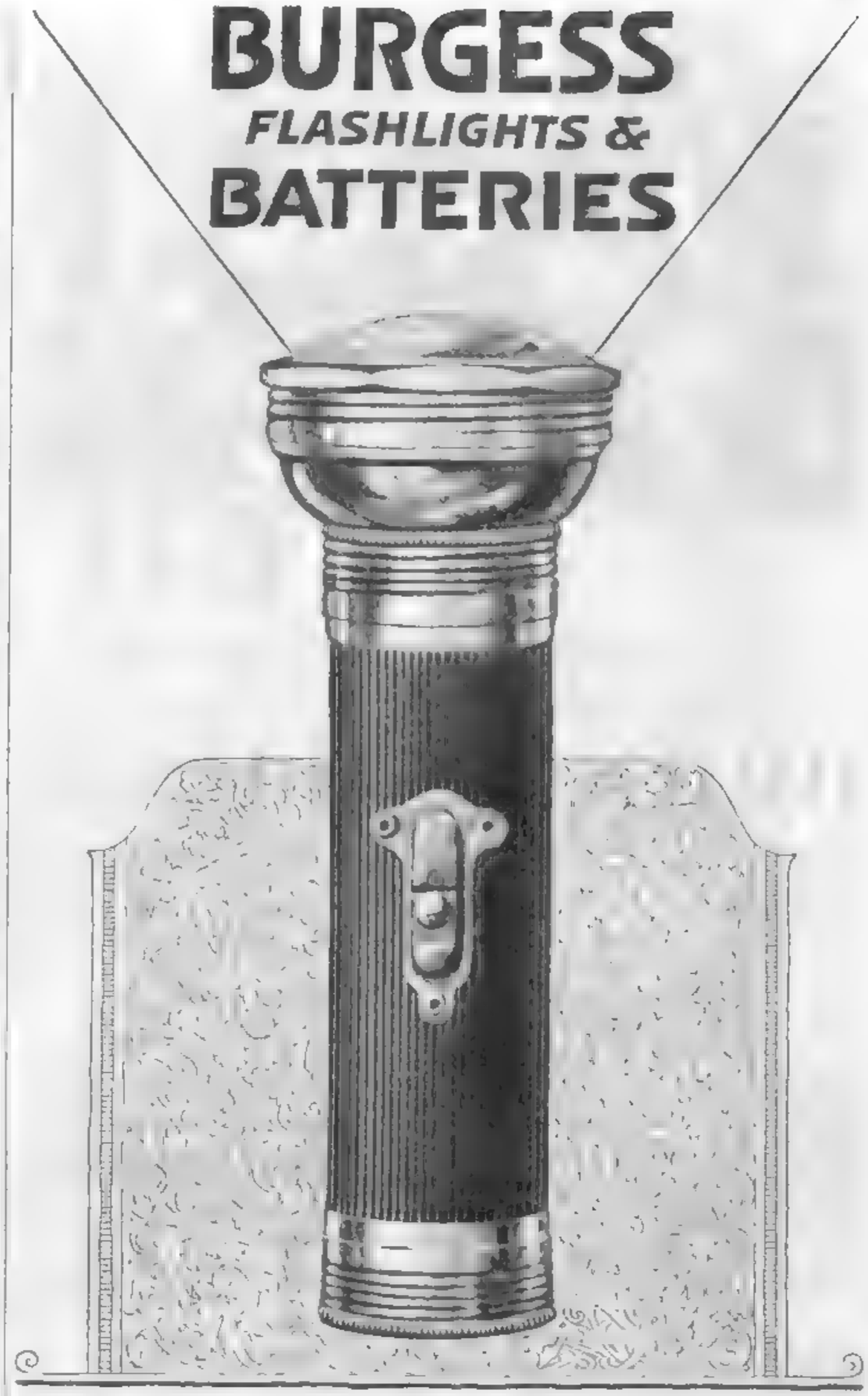

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WWJ .. Detroit..... Detroit News
WOC .... Davenport ..... Palmer School
WCCO Twin Cities .... Washburn-Crosby

Alternate Thursdays—
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WSOE ..Milwaukee ..... Wisconsin News

Alternate Tuesdays—
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WEAN Providence..... ..... Shepard Stores

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WFAA . Dallas ..... News & Journal
WMC Memphis ....Commercial-Appeal
WDOD. Chattanooga... Chatta. Radio Co.

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KGW.... Portland..... Portland Oregonian

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KHJ .. Los Angeles....Los Angeles Times

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KFOA Seattle ..... Seattle Times

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KGO.. Oakland .... General Electric Co.

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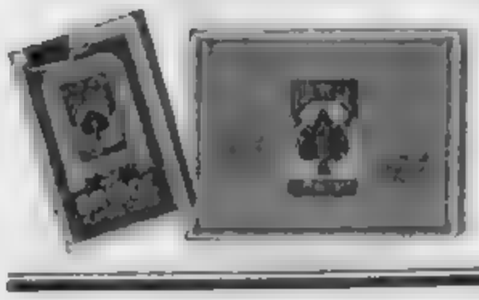

BICYCLE
PLAYING CARDS
CONGRESS PLAYING CARDS

Some say the Court is not only a court but a consulting attorney for the League, and others say the Court is only a detached court—like the Supreme Court of the United States.

But when it comes to the political consequences the debates have not made certain considerations clear. Let me do so.

First: Without question, whatever those may believe, those who think we should keep out of the European game where the United States of Europe can deal the pack and we bring nothing but the chips, those who believe that we should entangle ourselves in the United States of Europe are going to use our adherence to the World Court as a lever to push us deeper toward the League.

I do not take half so much pride as I do confidence in the prophecy that the propaganda for the League will be off on a barrage assault within a month or two of our adherence to the Court. The League, run by the United States of Europe, will continue, even in spite of its record of almost utter failure, to act as a European policeman, to conduct its campaign to get us out of the Americas where our self-protection lies and into Europe where we have no meddler business. Though Europe is solving her own questions without our political help and by our economic and unofficial and friendly assistance, we are faced by a European policy, definitely taking form, to involve us in their own hemisphere and to isolate us in our own hemisphere. It is a gorgeous but inevitable plan to take our influence—even our influence for benevolence, integrity and peace of the world—away from us. The international banker and the well-meaning citizen who believe so whole-heartedly and so lovingly in the good faith of a world's friendly council table will be wildly active again for the League. Watch and see!

The United States of Europe

Let none but fools believe that whatever merit adherence to the World Court may have in itself, politically, abroad and at home, it will not shove the United States of America nearer to the position of being a minority and hog-tied member of the League of Nations. Let's tell ourselves the truth!

Second: What is the hurry? All the advocates of the World Court point with pride to its success. If so, the failure of the United States to join it in 1926 would hardly wreck this admirable institution. We have no cause of importance which we wish to present. We have no great need of expressing good will to Europe. We have done so in bringing about the Dawes Plan, outside the League, and congratulating Europe on the Locarno Treaty, negotiated outside the League. Europe is settling down, outside the League. There is a strong movement on in Europe to create what will amount to a United States of Europe, which would either leave the League out on a limb or turn it into a federal European government a good deal like the Federal American Government in the United States. In this trend we might as well ask Great Britain to hurry to join our own continental federation of states on an equality, say with Pennsylvania, as for any European power to ask us to join the League, which may become for all practical purposes the federal center of the United States of Europe. Why not ask the United States of Europe to join the Supreme Court of the United States of America or one to be formed under a Pan-American Union? If we had our eyes on the fact that League action is taken after all has been settled behind the closed doors of Europe's foreign offices, if we had our eyes on the fact that the League's political and interference and policeman functions have been actually about a 98 per cent failure and that its reputation has been kept alive on its welfare and social-service work, if we recognized that it had failed to keep peace and sometimes has irritated toward war, we would have gone half the way to realization—perhaps unwelcome reality, but there just the same. The other half of the way is for us to recognize that more and more as Europe composes her difficulties she will approach the form of a United States of Europe, that such a United States of Europe, even vaguely formed, will owe America money, will have resentment against our tariff wall, will have resentment against our expansion of foreign trade, will have resentment and intrigue against any doctrine, including the Monroe Doctrine, which cramps her joint or separate power to gain new footholds on rich American soil as an outlet for population and production.

What's the Hurry?

If under these coming circumstances the urge is upon us to put ourselves in minority positions, good political sense appears as making the inquiry, "What's the hurry?" The World Court is not on fire. Europe is healing herself. We are helping her, when we are asked, as much as we can fairly be expected to help. Our foreign policy is all for peace and good will, and against stealing anything. If we have power it is because it has grown from a virile people on a virile continent; we have no disposition to snatch power, purses or territory. Why gallop in a foam under the whip of propaganda into a gesture such as the adherence to a creature of the League? What's the rush? It is well known to the wise among the foreign-policy makers in the United States, here in Washington, that there are some rising questions in the Americas which may be referred to us and make us unpopular, as arbitrators always are. But does that alone count for the precipitation of the United States into even a side show of the League? Whom have we been trying to save? The World Court? It is doing well without us. Is it ourselves? Let someone coherently answer that! Why not a little later? What's the hurry?

The truth of the matter is that we have not as a people, and, I regret to say, we have not as a Government, sufficiently examined and weighed our position in the changing world. The war took all our minds over to Europe. We have disproportionately bent our attentions on the questions of Europe's rehabilitation, and idealism of a fine and prayerful kind has gone so far in the United States that our foreign policy, instead of being created by the wisdom of facts and conclusions, is now often molded by a benevolent impulse propagated by groups who are afield from their own sphere of duty.

I and every other American with pride and faith in our republic and the need provided in our Constitution to have our foreign affairs decided ultimately by the people rather than by the way foreign policies are still decided, even in the democracies of Europe, are glad that we are so democratic in our foreign affairs that our answers to any questions thrown in our faces by any international body like the League must be made only after a long and painstaking consultation with our people, by a responsive President with the advice and consent of a responsive representative body. I am glad that even if we were a member of the League—not the welfare-service League, which as a separate body I would join, but the politician and policeman League—we would require years to decide answers which most foreign offices could give in five minutes. Our system is one which gets down to the conscience of our people; the European system is one which has been forced into autocratic foreign policy by the pressure of all the old hates and rivalries of Europe. To preserve this democratic foreign-policy system of ours, we must keep it from being the plaything of propaganda, we must keep it out of the hands of sentimentalized minorities. The inevitable result of one great national folly—one great calamity—would be to indicate that the European non-democratic system of foreign-policy making was smarter than ours. It would expose

(Continued on Page 161)

REED & BARTON

WAKEFIELD

A New Pattern in Solid Silver That Revives the Memory of a Famous But Almost Forgotten Birthplace

THE weeds run in riotous possession of Wakefield today, and only the gaunt spectre of an ancient chimney marks the hearthstone of the nation's first President. The Wakefield that gave Washington to America is almost obscured and forgotten.

Perhaps then, it is fitting that Wakefield with its memories of bygone glories—with its fallen walls that once echoed the laughter of the countryside's gentlefolk, should have inspired Reed & Barton designers to achieve the very latest in Colonial silverware design.

In the Wakefield Pattern in solid silver, there is the unparalleled beauty of perfect simplicity that is characteristic of the Colonial Period. You admire the Wakefield Pattern for what it is—its grace, its charm, its perfect proportions—rather than for any decorative motif that has been *applied* to it.

And so we announce this new pattern as a distinct triumph in silverware design. Perhaps you, too, when you view it will catch the spirit it awakens of the Wakefield of old, with its stately elms, its gentle, soft-voiced gaiety, and even the gleam of candle-light on other silver that once served the First House of the Land.

Perhaps you'll see in the basic worth of Wakefield Solid Silver another suggestion of the sterling character of the man from whose birthplace it takes its name.

Ask your jeweler to show you this unusual pattern today. It is typical in design and workmanship of the character of fine tableware that has been produced by Reed & Barton for more than a century.

All dinner, dessert and breakfast knives have the new *Mirrorlele* blades (registered trade mark applied for). They are stainless steel with all the brilliance and lustre of silver. Furnished exclusively in Reed & Barton Solid Silver Flatware.

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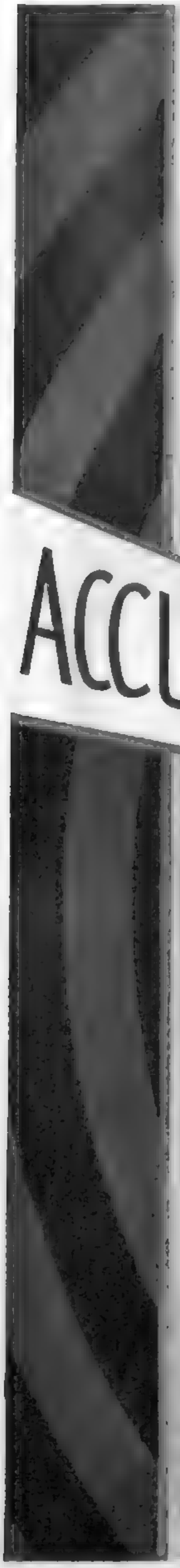

How this pump protects you

THIS Milwaukee Visible Pump guards you against mismeasure of gasoline.

Its measuring and serving controls are interlocked—it is *automatically correct* in delivery.

You get "Accurate Measure, or No Gas"—the pump is locked until correctly set to the gallonage ordered.

ACCURATE MEASURE or NO GAS

These pumps are built in 5 and 10 gallon sizes, hand and motor driven.

No eye estimating or hand measuring. The operator simply sets the easy-acting Flow-Lock to the amount of gasoline you order, the pump unlocks, and you get *exactly* what you pay for.

In patronizing stations with Visible pumps, always look for the Flow-Lock—the sign of "Compulsory Accuracy".

Oil Marketers: *Write for the Plan that has increased station gallonage up to 300%.*

MILWAUKEE TANK WORKS, Milwaukee, Wis.

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MILWAUKEE

The Pump of Compulsory Accuracy

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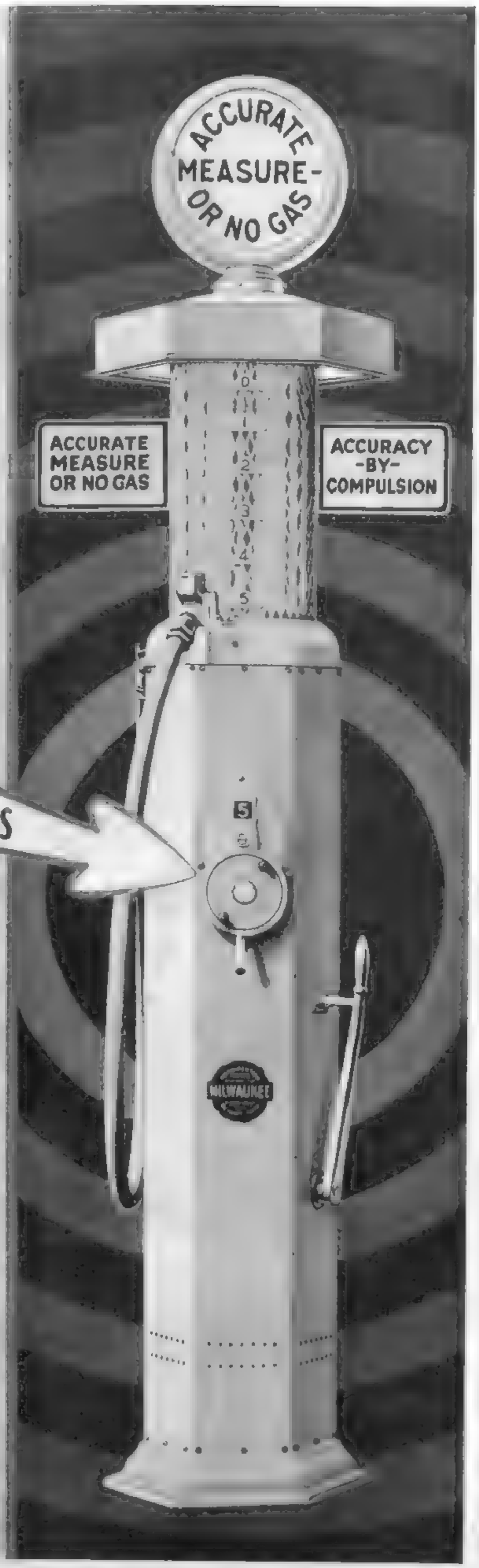


(Continued from Page 158)

as unworkable any foreign policy made by democratic consultation with the people.

There would be no other way for us to compete with the systems of the United States of Europe. The will of the people in foreign policy would be broken in the first stronghold where it was set up—in our own country. The greatest protection in the world against war—our democratic form of decision after long debate and some balance of power between President and Congress—would have to be shelved. There would be nothing else to do.

Intelligent Irreconcilables

When criticism is hurled at the Irreconcilables, who were a minority in the Senate in spite of the fact that it turned out that the country was not with the majority, but by the election of 1920 was overwhelmingly with the Irreconcilables, this criticism strikes at the very roots of the democracy of our foreign policy. When in 1926, Borah and those who are with him are called obstructionists, it may well be that it is they who are keeping alive the desire of the temporarily inarticulate majority while a minority are making all the noise. When Borah, who stands for the outlawry of war which would have teeth, wishes to protect us against adherence to the World Court which has no teeth, lest they be those in the mouth of the League of Nations, when he wants to do more for peace and sees the weakness in a body which does infinitely less than he proposes, it is utter absurdity to call him a destroyer. He is a creator, amazed by the feebleness of those who do not see that the World Court is not a great instrument to preserve peace and may be the first snare to get us into Europe and to isolate us in the Americas. The truth of it is that Borah's program, like it or not, is a larger program, not a smaller—a program nearer to peace and not so near to one which proves that others are smarter than we are.

It is only fair to state that the World Court program has certain advantages to us. We in Washington who look on with some foreign training, who realize that the European emphasis on bad will or plans inimical to fair play and protection of ourselves or the smaller countries in the Americas may be damaging, know that the World Court would furnish a temporary relief to us from further arbitrations as embarrassing as the Tacna-Arica dispute and several others perhaps to come. The Latin Americas always want a large power to be a conciliator, and frankness compels an honest reporter of observations to say that we are put in a hole whenever that unpopular rôle is wished upon us. As a fact, we—one nation—have composed more differences and wiped out more causes for war in the past five years than the whole labor of the League of Nations rolled up into a sum total which, except for the trivial dispute between Greece and Bulgaria, analyzes down to a round zero, if not less.

No doubt it would be a jolly relief to be exempted from the strain and as a member to be able to refer such arbitrations, our own as well as others', to the World Court. On the whole, this and none of the debate in Congress is the best reason for our adherence.

Europe is perfectly cognizant of the fact that Latin America suspects the power of the United States. It is well known that certain European nations have fostered that suspicion.

That idea is a clever one. It offers to a Latin America, traditionally suspicious of the United States, a refuge among the powers of Europe. It is distinctly a move on the part of Europe not openly to attack the Monroe Doctrine, but to wheedle the South Americas into playing the cat's-paw part in appealing themselves, under propaganda, for a breaking down of the Monroe Doctrine.

In brief, the long-sighted politics behind the scenes in the League is to pry apart the hemisphere where debts are due and riches lie. If certain senators, the minority, representing perhaps the majority of unherded, unpropagandized American opinion, have been shrewd enough to see and discreet enough, as I am not, to be silent on this political rather than on the technical side of the World Court question, they are owed not the abuse but the thanks of the country.

There is, as all those in Washington on the inside know, whether they deny it or not, a long-visioned question. It is this:

Assume that the World Court is not the great agency for peace as advertised; assume that the Hague arbitration tribunal or any other set of arbitrators have the same power and no more to summon parties, and the same power, except for the League sheriff, to enforce decisions, is the United States to be drawn into the first back-door step of the League with ultimate entanglement in Europe, and is she to be isolated in the Americas by the fulsome invitation of Europe to transfer the management of the Monroe Doctrine and the probable unity of the Americas as fostered by Doctor Rowe of the Pan-American Union, to Geneva and adjacent points?

I am not against the World Court as a legal institution. I am, after a good chance to observe with friendly but, I trust, clear eyes, able to see the foreign policies of Europe now tending to make the League a United States of Europe—a continental bloc—perhaps to use its combined power in future years to send population and production and even military occupancy overseas to the Americas over our protest. I am a good deal of a doubter about the haste, the precipitation, the sentimental clamor which asks, exactly as Europe asks, for some strange reason, to have us join in one political part of the League. And the World Court is a political part, whatever the pros and cons may say in that technical legal debate which really interests almost no one. It is political because it will start us toward taking a hand—an unpopular hand—in old European quarrels, disputes, enmities and feuds; it is political because it marks the slow, insidious drawing of the Americas into the power of Europe.

We make our great mistake in not observing the future. We make our great mistake in not realizing that a creditor nation, with a high-tariff wall, with power not seized but grown normally, is marked as the victim of every game the others can play.

Are they smarter than we are?

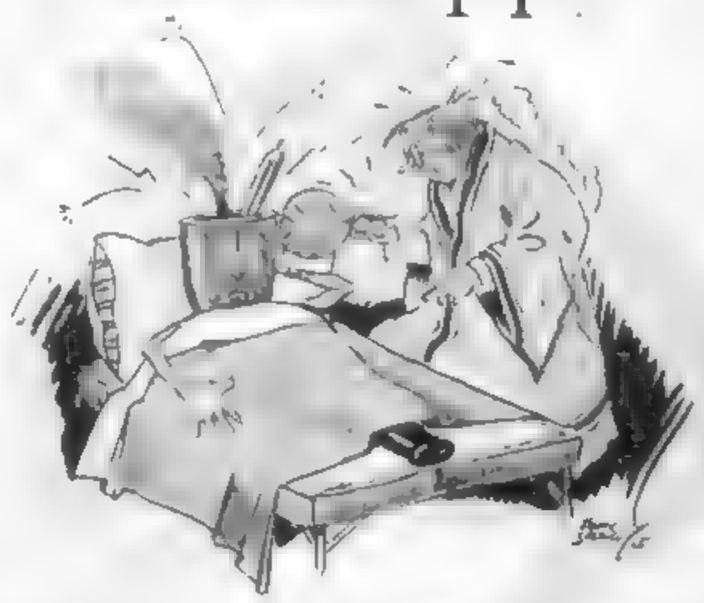
Yes, they are.

The Need of a New Policy

In one foreign office in Europe, as I write this down, there is more knowledge of the state and weakness of American public opinion, more knowledge of how to play upon it, than even our bankers who want to transact big loans in Europe have. They trade upon our kindliness and even upon our benevolent zeal for peace. They know, as I know, that the pro-Leaguers in America are divided today into two camps. One are the Pussyfooters, who want to get us into the League on the quiet. They believe that Coolidge will be susceptible to that, although I do not. The other crowd knows, as I know, that we who have a tremendous and wholly praiseworthy idealism will fail to see the facts of life—the hard realism of the actual situation. They know, as I know, that thousands in the United States will believe that I, an American, free from every tie and free from every political ambition, may tell the truth from Washington and be berated. Like Borah, who is an individualist, I do not care.

I know that the United States is on the verge of necessity to formulate a new foreign policy. I know that Europe can save herself without our official intervention and that this is the only way she can save herself. She will do so. If no dazzled President or no ambitious Secretary of State—which Kellogg, the faithful successor of the great Hughes, is not—seeks honor and power in European foreign fields, we shall be safe. Otherwise there is the plain truth that we

For men who are nursing a feverish pipe



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"It's the gas that kills them"

have been invited—and I speak with all friendliness to the peoples, if not to those who are behind the green baize doors of Europe—and we shall be trapped.

Once when the Harding campaign was on, I, who never listened to the speeches but listened to the comments on the outer edge of the crowd, asked a West Virginia mountaineer why he was against internationalism.

"Brother," said he, as I have said, "I am agin any game where the other fellows have all the cards and we have all the chips."

I said to him, "But that is a selfish point of view."

He replied, "All right. Let's be generous and give 'em half our chips and come on home."

Rather than become involved in a game where the other players fix the deal beforehand, rather than let the coming United States of Europe in any manner get us into Europe while the United States of Europe cajoles the South Americas to let them get into the Americas and isolate us, with a final certainty of warfare, I would be glad to wipe out every foreign debt we have.

The movement of internationalism will not take place from any top. The movement for peace and sound internationalism, as one of the senators who is forced by his constituency to stand behind the World Court admitted to me the other day, "will come up only from the bottom."

Interdependence of the Americas

If Europe in the next ten years can accomplish a healing we will help her all we can. If the two Americas can find trust and mutual development in each other—God bless us all.

It is not only South America which is important to the United States but the United States which is important as the friendly and—through European propaganda—suspected nation. It may be sordid to speak of the growth of our economic interdependence with South America. But it is significant that South America and Latin America show an astonishing importance to us. As customers of Europe in 1913 our imports were $558,000,000 and more, and from Latin America they were $460,000,000 and more.

But in 1923 our imports from Europe were only $814,000,000 plus, while from South America we imported nearly $1,000,000,000 of commodities. Perhaps even more significant are the investments we have made in the Latin Americas. In 1914 we had made about $1,000,000,000; in 1924 we had made about $3,500,000,000.

While this economic friendship goes on, some of Europe is busy sowing in our hemisphere the groundless suspicion that Latin America will be the victim of our power. At least one European nation carries on an active propaganda in South America to say that if our power is misused, as it never has been, the Latin American countries can always find a refuge in the League—in the United States of Europe.

World Welfare Work

There is a project, as few Americans know, for a Pan-American court. Every indication is that the League will try to pan it.

These considerations are not set forth to add to international suspicion. They are set forth only to ask why we should become snarled up in the affairs of Europe when every wise statesman in the Americas knows that the policy of the so-called United States of Europe is to isolate the United States of America—in the Americas—at home.

We can do little officially and politically that we cannot do unofficially and economically to set Europe on its feet. The World Court is not a guaranty of peace, and our adherence prejudices the erection of a Pan-American court while it does nothing, except in sentiment, to bolster up a going concern. Our adherence to the World Court will set on fire a new sentimental though unintelligent campaign to join the League.

If we join the League we shall be joining a body which has failed almost 100 per cent, even in the European field, in keeping peace or acting as policeman.

If we join any League it will be because the sub-League of Nations has succeeded in its secondary function, in which we may always join enthusiastically without commitments, when it is divorced from the policeman. It is the new social-welfare worker of the world.

Why the haste? The Court will be going next year.

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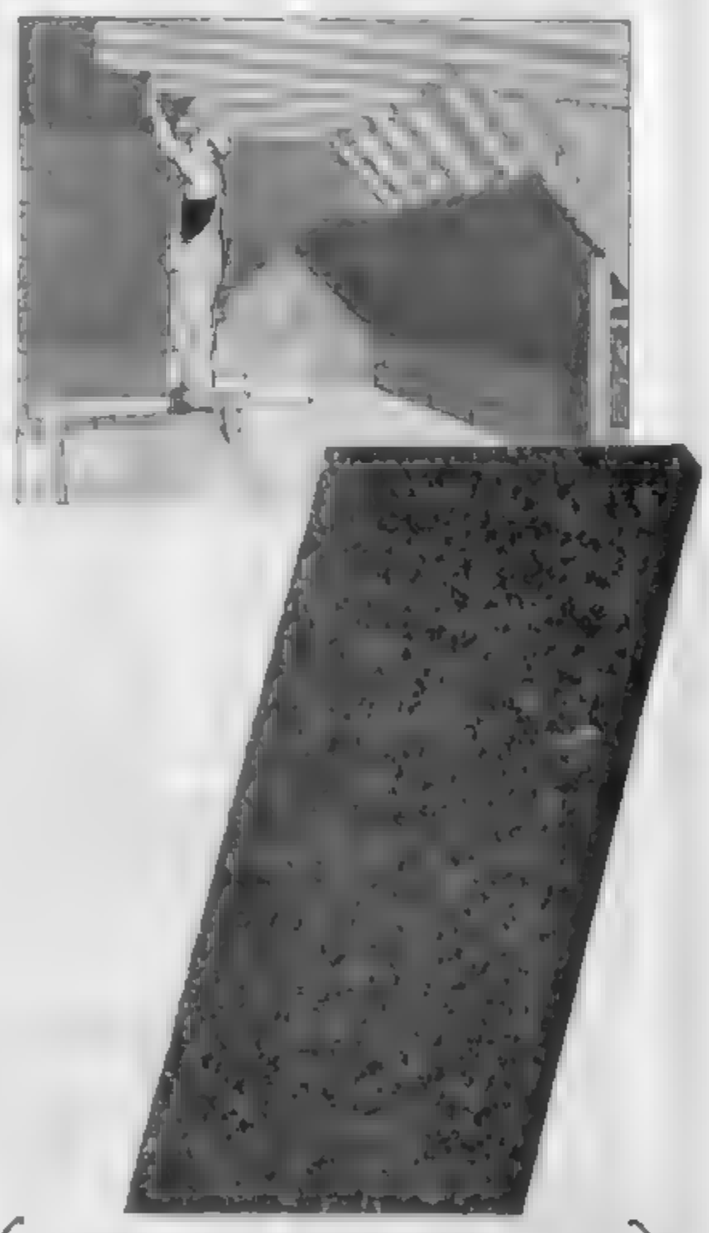

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ALONG CAME AÏDA

(Continued from Page 40)

Outside of a discussion between me and Miss Mozart over whether Verdi was right or wrong in cutting out the Palestrina chorus he'd originally written for Aïda, there's not much said on the way to the opry house. When we gets there I'm hammed in between Lizzie and the music teacher, with Hank on the other side of Miss Mozart and with the frau between Jim and his tug of war. We've no sooner squatted than the orchestra starts up.

"Oh," I moans, after a few bars, "isn't that terrible?"

"What is?" feeds Ritter.

"The way that second violin is flattening his G," says I. "A little thing like that can spoil a whole performance for me. Don't you notice it?" I asks Miss Mozart.

"Now that you mention it, I do," she answers; "but perhaps he'll correct it."

"I hope so," I tells her. "Can you imagine what a flattened G would do to"—I looks at the notes I got crumpled in my hands—"the Vieni O diletti and the Numi Pieta? I remember once in Milan an entire opera being ruined for me on account of a loose valve in a piccolo."

"What opera was that?" inquires Hank, with a malicious grin.

"So's your Aunt Chovy," I growls at him, running the words together fast so they'll sound like something foreign.

"I never heard of no such opera," butts in Lizzie.

"It only ran one night," I explains. "The next day the crowd coming back from the funeral of the piccolo player started a riot and ——"

"You mean," interrupts Lizzie, shocked, "he was killed just for having a loose valve?"

"That's nothing in Italy," says Ritter. "The average span of life of a piccolo player over there is something less than eight days and three hours. In fact every spring they have a swat-the-piccolo-player campaign."

I'm about to make a few more remarks on the mortality among Italian piccolo players when I catches a flash of the wife. I can see that she's struggling with a suppressed desire to wear black and buy flowers for me on Decoration Day, so I pipes down and turns my attention to Miss Mozart. She's smiling, and I figure her for a good fellow who knows what a blah-brain Lizzie is and is getting a run out of our kidding with her.

Along about this time Tillie Ritter spots a gal in the audience who had got three wound stripes in divorce-court battles and was just then front-paging another suit, and me and Aïda are lost in the tongue scuffle that follows. However, while our gang's necking and knocking the marriage wholesaler I gets a chance to look over the notes I've stuck in my program and I'm all ready with my recitations when the curtain goes up.

The opening scene's in Memphis, with a lot of soldiers and others sticking around like they were waiting for the Robert E. Lee. For a while I sees no opportunity to show my stuff, and I sits still taking in Céleste Aïda with one ear and a lot of whispering about matched pearls and square-cut diamonds with the other.

"Keep quiet," says I, irritable, to the wife and Tillie. "You're drowning out the deminotes in the lower registers. Ah," I continues, my eyes half closed and my hands clasped together like a maiden's prayer, "what phrasing! What a motif!"

"Perfect," agrees Miss Mozart.

"Doesn't it strike you, though," I asks, with a frown, "that the cellist is a trifle off key?"

"How can you tell," horns in Lizzie, "with all those instruments, if one of them is off key?"

"To natures like mine," I returns, "the falling of a leaf out of turn sounds like a calliope in a graveyard on the outskirts of Philadelphia."

"What," cuts in Hank at this juncture, "are those people doing?"

"That's Ramphis at bat," I explains, "sacrificing to Isis."

"Sacrificing, eh?" repeats Ritter. "I guess that makes the score for Aïda."

"Cut out the cheap comedy," growls Magruder. "I want to hear what she's singing."

"What good will it do you to hear?" I wants to know. "You can't wrestle with wop, can you?"

"I suppose," slams back Jim, "you can talk Italian better than anybody in Rome, Georgia. Go on, Pietro, tell me what she's saying now."

"That's easy," I answers. "She's all fussed up over the idea that her sheik is going out to battle her old man and she doesn't know whether to wish her boy friend luck or whether to hope he'll slip on a pyramid and break his blooming neck. That's not exactly what she's yodeling, but I'm keeping it simple so Lizzie'll understand."

"As if you could make it simple enough!" says the Magruder fluff scornfully. "What is she saying, Miss Mozart?"

"Right now," replies the teacher, "Aïda's saying, 'Never on earth was ——'"

That's the tip-off to one of the notes I'd memorized and I let no guilty chance escape.

"'——heart torn by more cruel agonies,'" I picks up swiftly. "'The sacred names of father, lover, I can neither utter nor remember. For the one—for the other—I would weep, I would pray!'"

"That's correct," nods Miss Mozart. "You do understand Italian, don't you?"

"Just enough," says I modestly, "for operatic purposes. I thought every child knew the words in the Ritorna Vincitor scene which ends with the Numi Pieta."

"They should," agrees the teacher.

"Is my husband acting silly with you?" scowls the missus across the seats.

"No, indeed," comes back Miss Mozart. "It's a real pleasure to listen to him. So few men nowadays go in for the better sort of music."

"My Jim does," retorts Lizzie.

"Good!" I applauds. "Maybe he can tell us how the tonal effects in this temple music are produced."

While everybody's looking at Magruder I take a quick peek at my notes.

"Go on," Lizzie urges her meal ticket, "tell them."

"I didn't come here to give music lessons," says Jim stiffly. "Ask Miss Mozart."

"I really can't explain it myself," returns the do-re-mi expert. "Perhaps Mr. O'Day will. I'd really like to know."

"Sure," I obliges. "That oriental streets-of-Cairo effect comes from the intervals G to F flat and D to C flat in a scale of three semitones."

"Not to mention a couple of hidden notes," grins Ritter.

"Thank you," says Miss Mozart, bathing me in the sunshine of her smile. "I have learned something tonight."

That, coming from a gal that was brought along to teach a hick how to sit down proper in an opera house, and to keep him from biting the plush off the chairs, knocks the Magruders and the frau for a row of bass tubas. I catch a kind of puzzled respect in Kate's eyes, not unmixed, however, with a wait-till-I-get-you-alone expression. The curl fades out of Jim's sarcastic lips and Lizzie just stares pop-eyed.

As for Tillie Ritter, it doesn't faze her one way or the other. She hasn't looked at the stage since the play started, just swinging her lamps around from one section of the house to the other and giving the patrons of the game the up-and-down. Operas may mean music to some folks, but they're just fashion shows to Tillie.

And she's got plenty of company, too. You'd imagine, with all the palaver going on in our seats, we'd have been rousted

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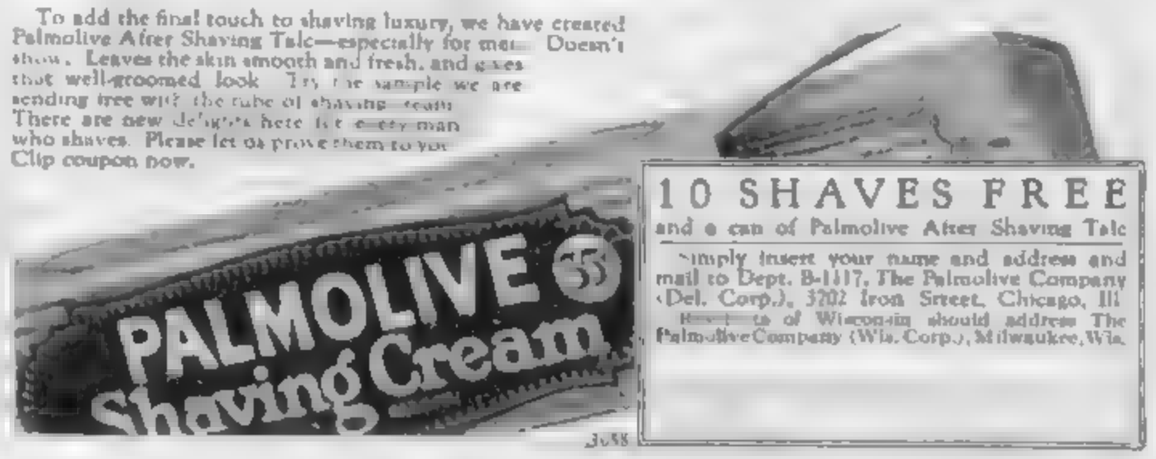

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out of the place for disturbing the cash customers, wouldn't you? As a matter of fact we almost had to yell to make ourselves heard above the buzzing and the cackling that was going on all around us. The only difference between an opera and a *kaffee klatsch* as far as I could discover is in the amount of bare back you expose.

I take it easy the rest of the show, just dropping a few remarks from my notes every now and then to keep my reputation warm. Me and Miss Mozart get real chummy between the acts, not that I'm particularly kicked in on her, but I wants to get the idea over that we have much to talk about in the way of music that couldn't possibly interest the rest of the party. Besides, I've got a suspicion from a couple of droops of that gal's eyelids that she's kind of wise to what I've been putting over and it's to my interest to keep her on good terms with me and away from Kate.

Toward the end of the opera I feels a tap on my shoulder and I turns around.

"Pardon me," says a gray-haired gent, "but you seem to be familiar with Aida. Is that the Ah, Fly With Me duet they're singing now?"

"Oh, no, no," I comes back on a chance with my last memo, "that's O Patria Mia, O Cieli Azzuri."

The old guy sort of blushes at my disgusted expression and I retires, as an expert witness, for the evening.

"Well," says I to Hank, as we are passing out of the theater, "how was my work?"

"Great!" returns Ritter, slapping me on the back. "You knocked 'em for an octave."

"What," I wants to know, "is an octave?"

III

"NO MORE operas for me," I growls to the wife as soon as we get into the house.

"Why not?" she inquires.

"What's the sense," I answers, "of a fellow who appreciates and understands music getting mixed up with a lot of fatheads that don't know an octave from a barrel stave, and besides are gabbing all the time? The whole show was spoiled for me on account of having to answer a lot of silly questions about seminote scales and Palestrian intervals that a three-year-old kid ought to understand."

"When," asks Kate, "did you get to know so much about operas? I thought you always said you didn't care about them and ——"

"That's true," I cuts in, "for the simple reason that if I'd told you that opera was the passion of my life you'd have dragged me along every winter with the Magruders and the Ritters. What pleasure do you imagine Verdi would have had going to a musicale with a couple of street cleaners?"

"But when," pursues the missus, "did you study up on music?"

"My dear," says I gently, "I had a life before I met you. When my voice failed—— Oh, let's not talk of it. It still hurts me a bit to listen to those who have succeeded." And I lets my head sink on my chest.

"If you'd rather not go to the opera," remarks the frau, after a spell of silence, "I won't force you. I would like to go to the one next Monday, though. I've always wanted to hear Rigoletto."

"And you shall," I tells her with spirit; "but you won't ask me to go to any more, will you?"

"No," she agrees, but there's still a dazed, unsatisfied look in her eyes when I beats it upstairs.

"What do you know about Rigoletto?" I asks Ritter at lunch the next day.

"Not much," answers Hank. "It's one of Whitney's horses, but he's a dog in the mud. I wouldn't play him."

"I'm talking about an opera," I growls, "not an oat-chewer."

"Never heard of it," says Ritter, "but I can get you a book that maybe has."

"Dig it up for me," I orders. "I'm making my farewell tour of the opera next Monday and I want to quit with an ovation."

"What do you mean—farewell tour?" splutters Hank. "We got tickets for the whole season."

"You maybe have," I tells him, "but not me. After next Monday I'm through."

"Does Kate know it?" jeers Ritter.

"She does," I assures him, "and she agrees with me that it's too much to ask a music lover like me to have to sit with a gang of low, ignorant clodhoppers like you and the Magruders."

And I spills the talk me and the missus had the night before.

"You lucky stiff!" exclaims Hank.

"Lucky nothing," I comes back. "When you're married as long as I've been, you'll learn that no wife insists on her husband doing anything that might give him pleasure."

I'm kind of busy the rest of the week, but I gets some chance to scum through the dope on Rigoletto that Ritter digs up for me, making a few notes about the names of the songs in the piece and memorizing a dozen or so doggy musical expressions.

Miss Mozart is not in the party Monday night, and I'm kind of relieved, me being afraid that frill'll bust out laughing in the middle of some of my deep stuff and scramble the eggs for me. On the way downtown I tells the boys and girls about the plot of Rigoletto, how it was written in forty days in 1851 and the wow Ranconi and Galassi were in the parts.

"It's really a tour de force of musical creation," says I, quoting Note No. 4.

"What's a tour de force?" asks Lizzie.

I'm not prepared for that question, but I got a quick answer.

"That's just an Italian expression," I explains. "It seems there was a fellow named De Force that made a bicycle tour of the country in forty days. Ever since then anything that's done in forty days is a tour de force."

We gets into a traffic jam on the way to the opera house and the overture's about shot when we steps over enough feet to get to our seats. Before the gals have their wraps off the curtain's on its way up.

The first scene's a swell room with a lot of folks trooping around. It doesn't look exactly like the layout described in the book, but I guess the opera folks have to do the best way they can with the props they got.

"How often," I murmurs, "have I watched that scene in the salon of the Duke of Mantua. I guess I've heard Rigoletto fifty times. It's my favorite opera. Listen to that minuet," I goes on, enthusiastic, as the orchestra strikes up again. "Isn't it gorgeous?"

"Uh-huh," mumbles Kate.

"Some folks," I continues, "find it curiously reminiscent of the minuet in Mozart's Don Giovanni; but, pah, that's just professional jealousy!"

"It doesn't sound like a minuet to me," complains Lizzie.

"What better proof," says I, "that it is. Listen! That's the '*questo e quella per me pari sono.*' It's the heart of the opera. When you hear that, you're hearing Rigoletto at its best."

Just then I feels a tap on my shoulder and I turns around. So does the wife and the Magruders.

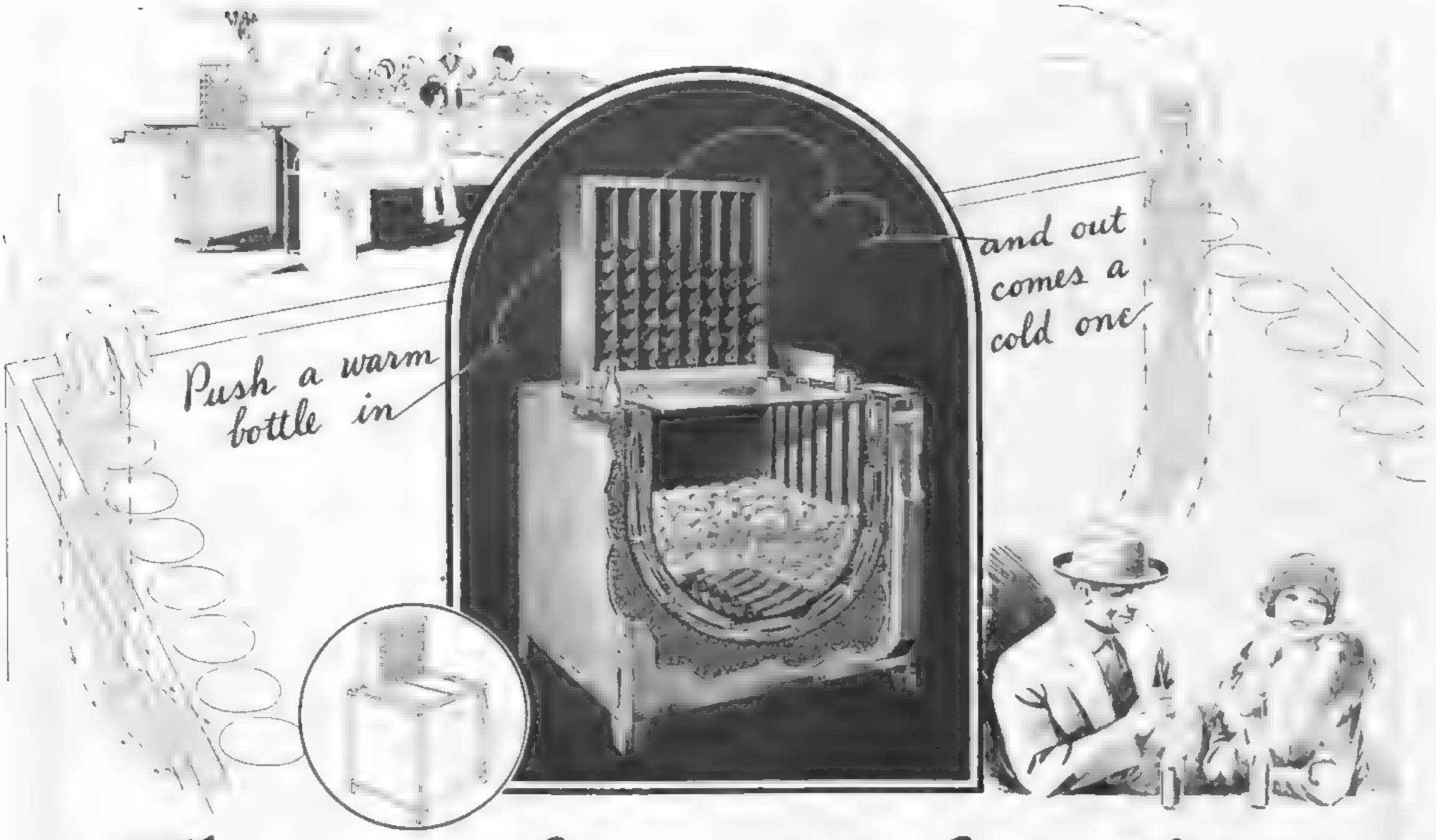
It's the old gent that had asked me the question in Aida.

"I beg your pardon," says he, "but that's not Rigoletto they're singing."

"What?" I gasps.

"Madame Torrino was taken suddenly sick," he goes on, "and La Traviata has been substituted. They announced it from the stage just before you came in."

I go to operas regularly now. Miss Mozart and Lizzie are helping me to understand them.

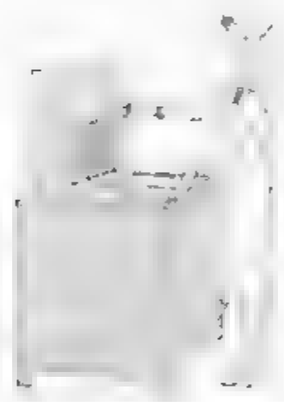


The new fast way of serving Bottled Drinks

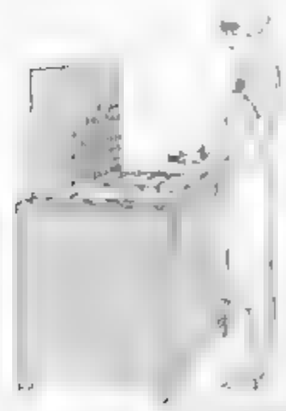
Push a warm bottle in and out comes a cold one

8 Cold Tubes for 8 Different Flavors

—the Right Flavor always right on top and COLD



1—*Take warm Bottle out of Reserve Rack above*



2—*Push warm Bottle In and Out comes a Cold One —the Flavor Requested*

THIS remarkable creation—the Liquid Bottle Servitor—cools and dispenses bottled beverages like lightning and gives stores and stands of every description a clean, neat, quick, convenient method of making new-found profits in the sale of soft drinks. Look—

Profits up to $675 a month and more from a little waste floor space 30 x 35 inches.

More than 6000 of these little treasure chests have already been installed on easy terms and are quickly paying for themselves by

- —attracting 100% to 400% more trade
- —saving 50% in ice
- —saving larger sums in clerk hire
- —saving valuable floor space
- —abolishing all muss of the drippy old ice box and tub of ice water
- —ending the time lost fumbling among unassorted bottles for the flavor called for
- —saving the customers lost through finding the bottle warm or finding the wanted flavor not in stock.

One drink stand served 4800 cold bottles a day with two Liquid Bottle Servitors and made $90 profit.

This dealer says: "One man with a Liquid Bottle Servitor can handle as much trade as six men without it."

$100—*Pay from Profits*

"Paid for itself in 3½ months," say Piccola Bros., Alma, Mich. "Used only half as much ice."

"Saved a clerk's salary for one of our dealers," says Schenectady (N. Y.) Coca Cola Bottling Co.

Attractive grey enamel with nickel trimmings, strong wood and metal construction, scientifically insulated and backed by the Liquid Carbonic Co., the largest makers of bottlers' machinery and supplies in the world.

Eight bottle channels or tubes encircle a roomy ice chamber—a separate tube for each flavor—72 cold bottles below, with upper rack for reserve of 72 more—144 bottles in all.

Send for "Buried Treasure"

Act quickly and get our new illustrated book—"Buried Treasure," including full description, proof of profits and easy terms. Sent free, but only if you give the name of local bottler. Address

THE LIQUID CARBONIC CO., Dept. 2S, CHICAGO, ILL.

Manufacturers of Carbonic Gas, Bottlers' Machinery and Supplies

BRANCHES IN 11 CITIES

Liquid BOTTLE Servitor

Draws the Crowd Because—

1—People get the flavor *first* asked for—(not forced to take a second choice or go without).
2—They get it QUICK and COLD
3—They get it CLEAN—APPETIZING
4—Its novel operation is fascinating to watch.

Dealers Like It Because—

1—Can serve more people with less help and serve them double-quick.
2—The Right Flavor always right on top and cold
3—No need to plunge arms into icy tub of water or fumble in ice box for the flavor called for
4—Attracts trade; increases sales 100 to 400%, makes up to $675 per month from a little floor space 30 x 35 inches.
5—Saves 33⅓% to 66⅔% on ice
6—Shows at a glance number of bottles of each flavor in stock, so dealer won't run short

SEND COUPON

Liquid Carbonic Co.
Dept. 2S, Chicago, Ill.

Send your free book, "Buried Treasure," and easy terms on "Liquid Bottle Servitor" to

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Local Bottler's Name

ANOTHER SECRET OF NATURE IS UNFOLDED

Announcing

a new step in the development of a great product-

SINCE "the beginning" there has hovered over mankind the shadow of mortality — the passing of loved ones. And Man, in his helpless sorrow, has ever sought to preserve and protect the precious remains.

Nature has seemed cruel to take away, to destroy, allowing but a short period of happy association. Yet, while Nature was creating the ruthless elements of dissolution, it also was providing means whereby those elements might be defeated, and the grave held inviolate.

Only as Man has discovered these "secrets" has he been able to find comfort in his trying hours.

The first great secret to be revealed was the immutable law of nature, the air seal, as demonstrated by the diving bell. Not only has this law been applied to the construction of the Clark Grave Vault, but the law has been made absolute through the use of metal which is non-porous. Thus, the design of the Clark Grave Vault plus its material, Keystone rust-resisting copper-steel, has enabled the Clark Grave Vault to provide unfailing protection over a quarter of a century.

Now this same vault, which seemingly could not be improved, offers still greater assurance of permanent and positive protection because another great secret of Nature has been revealed and utilized.

Science has discovered how to make steel more immune to rust. This newly unfolded secret—in the form of the Udylite Process—applied to the Clark Grave Vault, assures burial protection beyond the conception of the human mind. It is in the form of a very fine pure cadmium plating that becomes an integral part of the metal. It is wholly different from all other rust-prooting methods that have been used in the past.

Thus, a great product has been made greater. Protection that has proved unfailing is now made more positive than ever. The admitted superiority of the Clark Grave Vault now is more evident than ever because its manufacturers have the exclusive right to use the patented Udylite Process. Further, this new process makes possible a very beautiful and distinctive silver-tone finish, unlike anything ever seen before.

Obviously, the leading funeral directors in every section of the country recommend and supply the Clark Grave Vault. It may be had with double Udylite plating in the silver-tone finish as described above, or with single Udylite plating in baked copper enamel finish. The Clark Grave Vault without the Udylite Plating will continue to be supplied in white, or gray enamel finish.

Udylite
RUST PROOFED

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THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT CO., Columbus, Ohio
Western Office & Warehouse, Kansas City, Mo.

LESS THAN CLARK COMPLETE PROTECTION IS NO PROTECTION AT ALL!

REFORM OF THE SENATE RULES

(Continued from Page 27)

recent history that it is only there where full opportunity is had to protect and preserve the rights and the liberties of our people.

The evil in the Senate procedure, so well pointed out by the Vice President, is the ability to filibuster, which comes about on account of the rule which permits unlimited debate. The filibuster is an extraordinary procedure. It is illogical, and conditions should be so changed that it will not be used or attempted. A study of the procedure of the Senate will demonstrate that the filibuster always takes place in what is known as the short session of the Congress. Every other session of Congress must end on the fourth day of March because of the expiration of the terms of members of the House of Representatives and one-third of the Senate. It is known throughout that session that on the fourth of March, when the gavel falls, everything on the calendar not enacted into law falls and dies. No filibuster can be successfully carried on unless the adjournment of the Congress is definitely fixed. Filibusters therefore take place in this short session. A cloture would not end the filibuster unless it absolutely prevented debate and the offering of amendments. A cloture which permitted reasonable debate after its adoption would not prevent filibusters if they were attempted just before the final adjournment.

Mr. Dawes has not given us a concrete rule that will work, and I defy him and challenge him or anyone else to put in writing a rule that will prevent a filibuster when the final adjournment is definitely fixed by law. If a filibuster were commenced, let us say, on the fifteenth day of February, it would be more difficult to keep it up and succeed than it would be were the filibuster commenced on the last day of February, shortly before the final adjournment. A filibuster commenced thus early would require quite a number of senators successfully to carry it out; but a filibuster can be commenced at eleven o'clock on the fourth day of March, and carried to a successful conclusion by one man, if he is allowed any debate whatever. A filibuster commenced on the first day of March would be comparatively easy if one or two men would devote their time to it—so when Mr. Dawes says he is not advocating a rule that would end all debate he is simply giving away the entire question. A rule that will prevent filibuster must be so drastic that no debate whatever can take place after the rule is put in force.

Revolution by Filibuster

The history of Senate procedure will show that all successful filibusters have taken place in the short session. It is a desperate procedure, and is justified only in extraordinary conditions and circumstances. It is akin to revolution in the political world, and revolution is usually a bloody and heartless struggle against entrenched power—and yet, no American will say that revolution is never justified. We exist today as a country as the result of a revolution by our forefathers, and those who laid the foundation of our United States after eight years of bloody struggle were all revolutionists. They violated the law of the land, they were guilty of treason to the mother country, but they justified their action upon the fundamental principle of human liberty, and all the world honors them today, and Americans particularly hold their memory in sacred remembrance because of the very revolution they fought to a successful conclusion.

Should we make it impossible for a filibuster to take place? Under our Government, in the United States Senate, can senators ever justify themselves for participating in such a desperate method of preventing legislation? The filibuster is in fact a legislative revolution. It defies the apparent legally constituted majority; it stands, for the time being, in the way of their progress, and through main strength prevents the constituted majority from having its will. If this majority were uncoerced, if its entire membership were unselfish and standing for the highest type of legislation, unmoved by the selfish desire to trade votes for office—in short, if the entire membership were absolutely free to follow the dictates of their several consciences, then I concede there would be no excuse for a filibuster. But on examination of the history of every filibuster that has ever come to my notice—and I have participated in quite a number—I find none that would have been even attempted if one or more of these elements above described had not existed and stood out in bold relief. Let me give an actual illustration that occurred during the administration of President Harding.

Pushing a Pet Measure

The President was very anxious to pass the bill known and generally understood as the ship-subsidy bill. In the first or long session of the Congress it was not even attempted to pass this bill—it was known that it could not pass either House of Congress—but when the short session convened the Administration immediately got busy to crowd this bill through both branches of our national legislature. In the election that had just taken place, many members of the House and the Senate had been defeated for reëlection, their successors had been elected, but had not yet been sworn in. The short session takes place after the election and before the members chosen at that election are inaugurated into office. It was known also that the new House and the new Senate, just elected and not yet sworn in, if in office, would refuse absolutely to pass the ship-subsidy bill. The old Congress was opposed to it before the election and the new Congress was overwhelmingly against it. If it were to be passed at all it must pass during the short session.

The bill had been more or less an issue in the campaign, and it had been repudiated by an overwhelming majority at the polls. I am not discussing the merits of this legislation, my dear reader—it is immaterial whether you favored it or were opposed to its enactment. If the means attempted to bring about its passage were unfair, dishonorable or objectionable, then the method must be condemned regardless of the merits of the legislation.

There was no difficulty in the House, where this blessed majority-cloture rule prevailed. The skids were greased and the bill went through in one-two-three order, but in the Senate it was different. There was no cloture in the Senate; there was no way to shut off debate, and although the President had a majority in favor of the bill he was unable to secure a vote, and this vote was prevented by a filibuster carried on by those who were, as far as legal membership of the Senate was concerned, in a minority. This minority backing up the filibuster knew that the bill could not have passed before election. It knew that the new Congress just elected was opposed to the measure. It knew that votes in favor of the bill were being secured by the power of Federal patronage. Was this filibuster justified? Was this minority of senators justified in resorting to this desperate remedy to prevent the political machine from carrying out this plan which had, as a matter of fact, been repudiated by the people of the country? As one who participated in that filibuster, I have no hesitancy in saying that every step we took was justified under the circumstances; and to show that our position was correct so far as the new Congress' attitude was concerned, it should be added that after the newly elected Congress came into office there was not even an attempt to pass this legislation.

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

If you notice your shoes as others do you will find greater satisfaction in dressing your feet in style with Florsheims.

Most Styles $10

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FOR THE MAN WHO CARES

Blue-jay will enable you to wear the loveliest, most extreme shoe styles without fear of corns

"Unskilled use of corn razor invites infection"—*says Chiropodist*

"'The blade slipped!'—that explains hundreds of cases of foot infection," says Rachel H. Freer, well-known New York chiropodist. "No unskilled hand should ever pare a corn. It is a job for a chiropodist."

Visit your chiropodist as often as you do your dentist, if you would keep your feet in prime trim. But between visits, when a corn needs attention, put on a Blue-jay plaster.

Blue-jay is the safe, gentle and sure way to remove a corn at home. Even the most obstinate corn seldom needs more than a second plaster. Standard for more than 26 years . . . . May be had at all drug stores.

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by filtering all dust, sand, grit and other abrasives out of the 9,000 gallons of air that enter the motor with every gallon of gas, thereby preventing wear 75% to 85% and carbon deposits 60% to 75%.

Protectomotor makes it unnecessary to filter the oil. It is better to keep abrasives out of the oil than try to filter them out after the damage has been done.

Protectomotor is an air filter and should not be confused with mechanical devices designed to clean the air by agitating the dust in the air.

There is as much difference between the Protectomotor and an ordinary air cleaner as between the vacuum cleaner and the broom.

There is no substitute for filtered air
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See that your car is equipped with a Protectomotor. If your dealer can't do it, send us the make and model of your car and carburetor and we will see that you get one.

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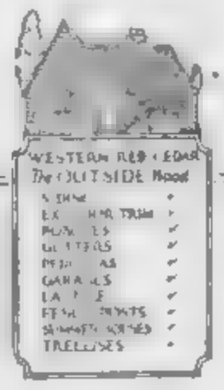

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4049 Stuart Building, Seattle, Wash
Enclosed is 10 cents to cover mailing. Please send me "The Wood That Nature Armed Against Decay" and "Preserving the Charm of the Pergola"

Name

Address

City State

I have given an illustration of a filibuster that took place under a Republican Administration. In order to show that this is no partisan matter, let me now give an illustration that happened under a Democratic Administration. It was the filibuster which took place against President Wilson's bill authorizing the arming of private ships. It was just before we went into the war. In an official message delivered to the Congress a few days before the adjournment of the short session on the fourth day of March, the President asked for authority thus to arm the merchant marine. As usual, the bill went through the House without any difficulty. It was passed by that body because of the power of majority cloture—and I ought to pause here to say that where the power to put cloture over rests in the hands of a few men, it is not always necessary that cloture be adopted. The rank and file of the membership know that the power exists, and they sometimes submit even if it is not actually put in force. They know that if they resist it will be invoked, and they follow the line of least resistance.

The bill came to the Senate just a day or two before the first of March, 1917. It was promptly reported. The power of the Executive was sufficient to bring in line behind this bill a majority of the members of the Senate. A reasonable debate on its provisions would have carried it beyond the fourth day of March. Its importance was conceded, everybody acknowledged that, but it was necessary, of course, to pass it before the fourth of March, and it was not difficult to organize a filibuster to defeat the proposal, although the sentiment, due to Executive and newspaper pressure, was almost irresistible. A comparatively few men in the Senate defeated the bill. We were condemned in the severest terms by the country.

The day after the adjournment, President Wilson issued his famous statement denouncing the "willful twelve." Many of us were burned in effigy in different parts of the United States. The country, by propaganda that had been put forth through the newspapers and through political and partisan leaders, had been set afire in its indignation against these few men who had stood in the way of the passage of this bill. It would be interesting reading, I think, at this point, if I were able to publish the letters of condemnation which I personally received. It would be interesting, perhaps, to read the letters that threatened human life and that advocated death as the proper punishment for one who was engaged in this unholy filibuster. Even the Federal judiciary participated in it, and one of these judges went so far as to advocate the standing of these men up against a wall and shooting them. When such desperate remedies are advocated by men in high places, it would not have been strange if at least a part of these filibusters had become the victim of some fanatic or crank. I have now in my possession a beautiful medal made out of Mr. Mellon's aluminum on which the names of the "willful twelve" are inscribed, and on the reverse side of which is engraved President Wilson's condemnation of the "willful twelve."

A Wartime Filibuster

This filibuster could never have succeeded, would not, of course, have even been attempted, had it not been that the session of Congress must expire on the fourth day of March. And yet, as one who had perhaps more to do with its organization and carrying out than had any other one man, I am as confident in my own heart that a majority of the Senate was against this measure, as I am that I still live. During those few weary days and nights, I was privately informed by many a senator who was standing for the passage of the bill that the filibuster was justified, and that the passage of the proposed legislation would be an outrage. It is a remarkable fact that some of the men who stood on the floor of the Senate and argued in favor of the passage of this bill and who, as far as the Administration knew, were as anxious to bring about its passage as was the President himself, had privately urged me not to cease in this filibuster, but to carry it on to success. Some of these men made speeches in its favor at my own request, because by talking, even in favor of the bill, they helped to kill time, although the power of the Administration on one hand and the political machine on the other was so great that political expediency required them to get in line.

The filibuster succeeded. The bill was defeated. Practically a unanimous country condemned the filibuster. The President issued a statement a day after the adjournment, bitter in its denunciation. But let us see what followed. The next day the President issued another statement in which he said that an old law had been discovered, permitting him to arm these ships; that the defeat of the legislation in the Senate had no effect, and that under this newly discovered ancient law he would proceed at once to arm the ships. This he did, and thus carried out fully and completely his entire program. In a very short time, however, he himself discovered that the arming of these ships was of no benefit; that, as a matter of fact, it was a detriment rather, and that instead of helping to keep us out of the war it had a tendency to put us in, and to put us in with some disadvantages that we would not have had had we gone into the war in the regular way.

The Stand of the "Willful Twelve"

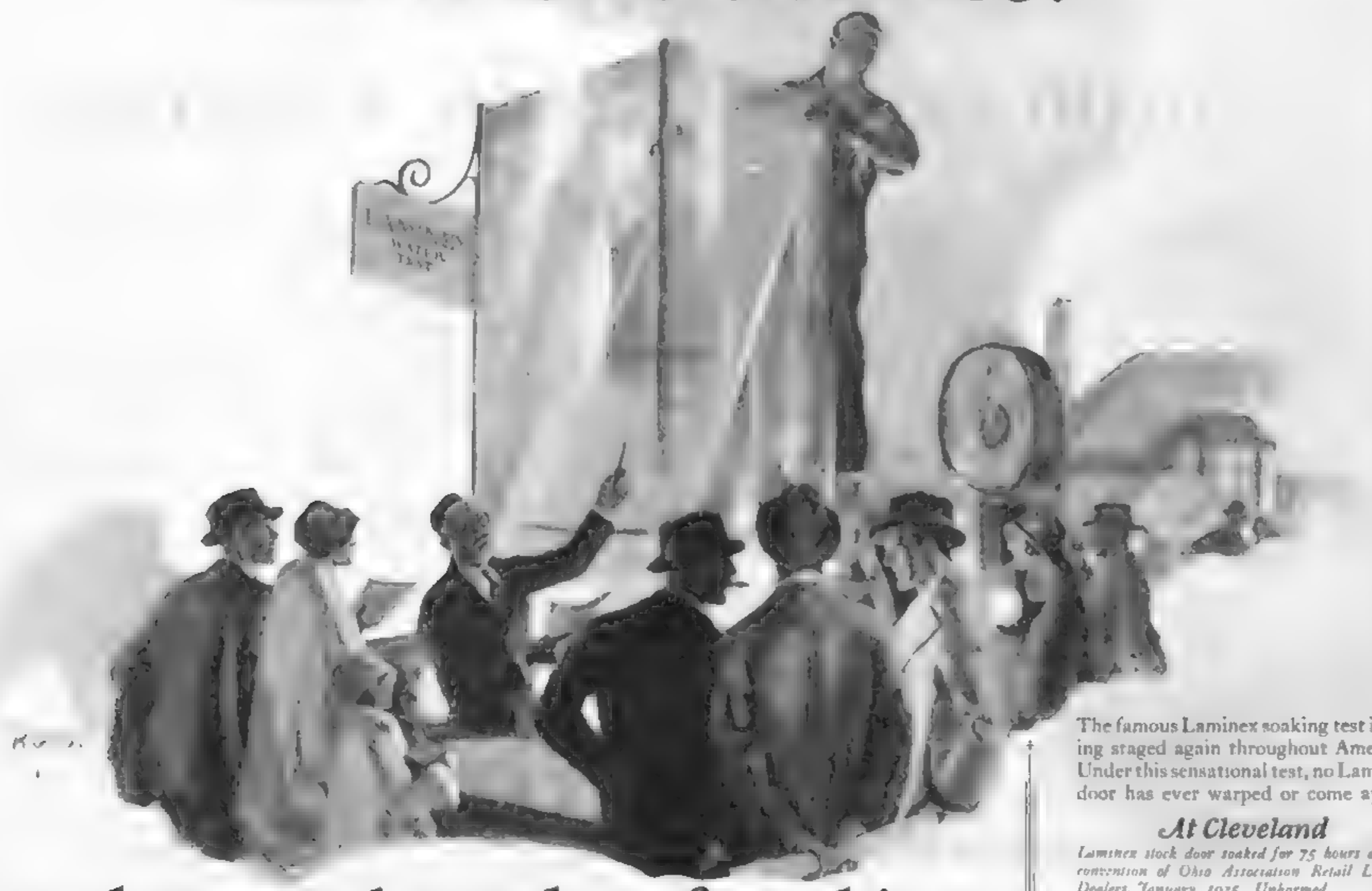
In his special message delivered at the special session of Congress which followed in April, he, in substance, made this admission, and it was then that he advocated a declaration of war, so that, as a matter of fact, this little bunch of "willful" senators had their course officially upheld by the same power that had so bitterly condemned them. The filibuster itself was justified even by the President, although he did not so state, and was not magnanimous enough to admit that this minority was right and that the majority was wrong. Had it been possible to continue this discussion for a reasonable length of time—in other words, had we not been compelled by law to adjourn on the fourth day of March, there is no doubt but that there would have been brought out in the debate the very facts President Wilson afterward found to be true, and which he afterward officially promulgated in his message. Again I ask, was this filibuster justified?—in a matter of so great importance as was the bill which in substance meant pushing us into war—and pushing us in, as President Wilson afterward admitted, handicapped—without the full advantages that would have been ours had we gone into the war in the regular way. It seems to me the filibuster was more than justified.

It is conceded that a filibuster carried on for any considerable length of time prevents the consideration of other legislation and often defeats entirely the passage of laws beneficial to the entire country. This is one of the secondary effects of the filibuster, and is one of the things that those who engage in the filibuster must consider and for which they must assume responsibility. It should be said, however, that the real responsibility for such a condition can be placed at the door of those who are using partisan power and patronage control to coerce men into doing what they believe to be wrong. Those in authority, purposely and studiously, often bring in these particular pieces of legislation, knowing that they could not be passed in an open and fair discussion before the country, but hoping and believing that because of the limited time senators would be induced to acquiesce and to submit and to surrender their convictions.

Then, too, unless senators assert the right of proper consideration of legislation, even though the remedy is severe, it must be remembered that if they took any other

(Continued on Page 173)

No door but Laminex could withstand this test



After days and weeks of soaking *Laminex* shows no tendency to *shrink, swell or warp*

NORMALLY, you never expect a door to get such contact with moisture. Yet, you know that a Laminex door will not warp on its hinges when you see it live through such abuse. You know it will not be affected by different temperatures, damp plaster and such hidden foes of common doors.

Science shows that all wood contains tiny cells, or *tracheids*. These never change in length; but with heat, cold and moisture they shrink and swell in width, causing warping. It is this inherent fault of wood that Laminex construction overcomes.

That's why a celebrated architect said of Laminex, "It is not the wood, but the way it's put together and the waterproof cement that *holds* it straight."

In Laminex doors, the upright stiles and cross rails are built on a core of interlocking blocks with the grain crossed in adjoining sections. All parts including the plywood panels, are welded with Laminex waterproof cement; then placed under tremendous hydraulic pressure for 24 hours.

Laminex doors, once hung, are set to stay; never to jam, "sag" or split. Due to huge production, they sell at practically the same price as ordinary doors.

There is only *one* door that'll give Laminex results —that's Laminex! Carried in stock by leading millwork and lumber merchants in popular designs. Look for the replacement guarantee label and brand on end of door. Mail the coupon for literature and sample of Laminex wood. Sales Offices: New York, Chicago, Memphis, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Spokane. Foreign: Woco Door Co., London; E. J. Van de Ven, Paris; Paul Solari & Co., Genoa.

THE WHEELER, OSGOOD COMPANY
Tacoma, Washington

The famous Laminex soaking test is being staged again throughout America. Under this sensational test, no Laminex door has ever warped or come apart.

At Cleveland

Laminex stock door soaked for 75 hours during convention of Ohio Association Retail Lumber Dealers, January, 1925. Unharmed.

At New York

The same door, after drying for five days, soaked again 72 hours at convention of Northeastern Retail Lumbermen's Association, January 27, 28, 29, 1925. Unharmed after double test. This Laminex door being exhibited now at New York office.

At Little Rock

From 9 a. m., April 15th, until 9 a. m., April 17th, 1925, Laminex door under water at convention of Arkansas Retail Lumbermen's Association. No harm to Laminex.

At San Francisco

Last October, at California Industrial Exposition, Laminex door submerged in water for 15 days and nights, continuously. No shrinkage, swelling or warping. No open joints.

At Toronto

Last September during the Canadian National Exhibition, Laminex door soaked continuously for 10 days, absorbing twelve pounds of water. After drying, no trace of warping or coming apart.

At Los Angeles

One-panel Laminex door soaked continuously from October 23rd to November 2nd, during "Home Beautiful Show." Emerged in same good shape as when entering water 233 hours before. No trace of winding or damage of any kind.

LAMINEX DOORS

Will not shrink, swell or warp

THE WHEELER, OSGOOD COMPANY, Tacoma, Washington
Gentlemen

Please send illustrated literature on Laminex doors and sample of Laminex built-up wood. I wish to make my own tests to prove that Laminex will not warp or come apart.

Name

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I am interested as a
(Please state whether Home-owner, Architect, Contractor, Merchant or Realtor)

Oil Burner Results Depend on Quality of Automatic Controls

The majority of the important domestic Oil Burners listed as standard by Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc., is equipped with Honeywell Controls.

You'll never know how good your oil burner can be unless it is equipped with the new Honeywell System for the automatic control of fuel, flame and room temperature.

You'll never know how much comfort, convenience and economy there can be in a heating plant—any heating plant burning any fuel—unless it is Honeywell regulated.

You will be entirely free from possible damage and danger of over-heating, fuel flooding and the like, if the new and complete Honeywell Control System regulates your plant.

Oil burners produce a quick fire—one of the many advantages that is placing this favored method of heating in tens of thousands of homes every year.

It is one of the reasons why the best automatic regulation is necessary if you are to enjoy the best results.

Makers of more than forty leading domestic oil burners, knowing this, are building Honeywell Controls into their burners as standard equipment.

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If for any reason the fire does not start, the Honeywell Control quickly shuts off the flow of oil. You can't burn out your heater or flood the basement with fuel because the new Honeywell complete system provides a check for every emergency.

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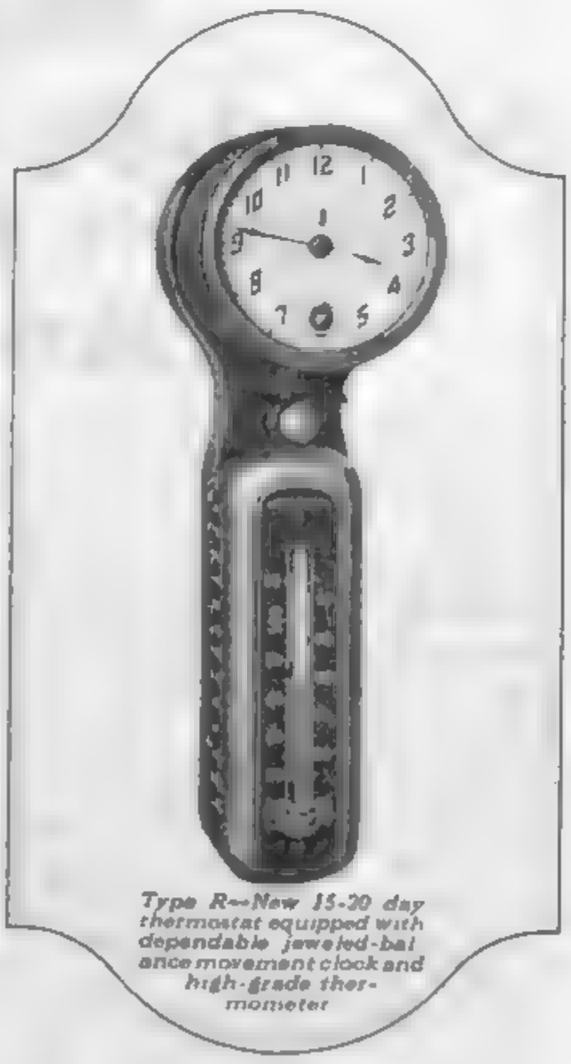

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(Continued from Page 170)

course, if they acquiesced always to the will of a few political leaders and a machine that has a temporary artificial control of the Senate membership, they would in the long run be surrendering to machine politicians and to patronage distributors the liberties and the rights of a free people. Our forefathers thought they had separated the legislative branch of our Government from the executive, and if we are to give to the executive, through the power of his patronage and through his influence with partisan political factions and machines, the power to control legislation, then we might just as well abolish our legislative branch and make the President supreme in legislative matters as well as in executive. We might as well at once change our Government into a monarchy and do away with the legislative branch of the Government entirely.

An Amendment Suggested

It is quite apparent, therefore, that the adoption of cloture will not bring a remedy. It must likewise be apparent that all these filibusters take place in the short session—that they would not be possible if it were not for this limitation. Neither would such filibusters be possible if the new congress instead of the old were legislating during the short session. However, under our Constitution the old Congress, although defeated at the polls, continues to legislate until the fourth of March, while the new Congress, anxious to perform the duties imposed upon it by the people, must stand helpless and unable to function in the performance of the duties for which it has been elected.

The remedy therefore is to abolish the short session of the Congress—to install in office the men who have been elected fresh from the people, and let them legislate in accordance with the questions settled in the preceding campaign. It is important that those who have been defeated should not be continued in office after their defeat. To bring about this remedy will require a constitutional amendment. Such an amendment has twice passed the Senate of the United States, and has been defeated by the few which majority cloture puts in actual control of the House of Representatives. This amendment provides that the terms of office of the President, the Vice President and members of the House and the Senate shall begin in January and shall end in January. It provides that the new Congress shall meet in January, after it has been elected in November, and likewise provides that the old Congress, defeated in November, shall never again have power to legislate. In other words, their defeat puts them out of office. The ability of the President to control legislation through the lame-duck method would, therefore, disappear at once.

Instead of the old Congress legislating for the people after its members had been repudiated by the people, the new Congress elected to carry out the will of the people would be functioning. Instead of the session of Congress ending on the fourth of March, it would be the same as the present long session. In other words, the effect of this amendment would be to give us one session of Congress each year, which would be unlimited as to time, except so far as the term itself might limit it—which in practical effect means no limitation whatever. Men whose official acts had been repudiated by their people would suffer the results of such defeat and repudiation, and we would not find the country in the disagreeable attitude of seeing those whom the people have defeated placed in higher positions of power and honor for the very reason that they have been unfaithful to their trusts. The filibuster would disappear as the dew fades before the morning sun. No filibuster would be possible and therefore no filibuster would be attempted. If a cloture were necessary at all, a cloture similar to the one we now have in the Senate would meet all requirements.

Eliminating the Short Session

Mr. Dawes says he does not want a cloture that would prevent debate, but, as I have shown, a cloture to be effective must prevent debate so long as the end of the session is definitely fixed. If this end were not fixed by law, then a modified cloture that would permit full and fair debate after the adoption of the cloture rule would bring no harm if it were found under the circumstances to be necessary. In my judgment, no such rule would be necessary. No cloture of any kind would be demanded, or if some sort of cloture were necessary it could easily be adopted, and would be adopted, because it would not be subject to the great objection that now exists, which is on account of the day of adjournment being definitely fixed. Cloture would mean the absolute controlling of legislation by a few dictators who are temporarily clothed with partisan political power.

Conclusion

I appeal to our worthy Vice President to use the mighty influence which is his and the power of his ability to help a progressive-thinking and a progressive-hoping-nation to secure the passage of this constitutional amendment, and thus bring about the remedy for the evil which he so well describes, but the sins of which he would vastly increase if his method of reform were agreed to.

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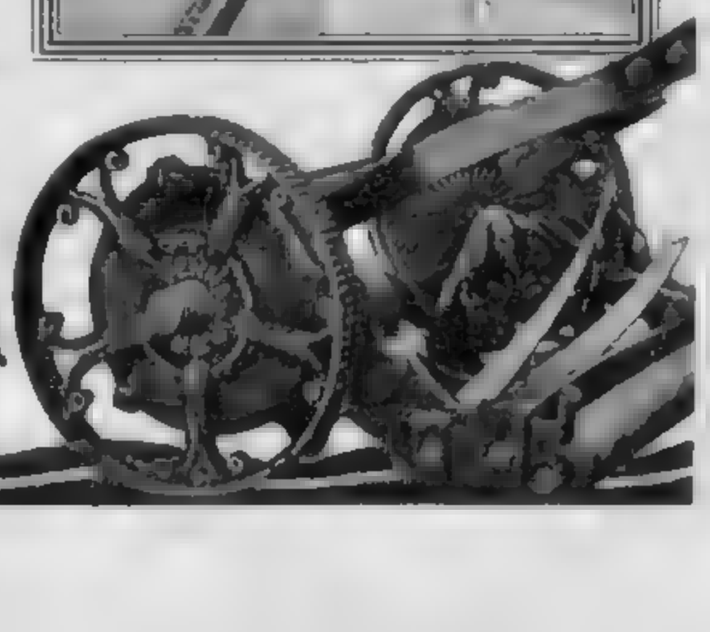

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OLD SEX AND NEW FOOTLIGHTS

(Continued from Page 4)

long in disuse because it was forbidden by fashion more effectively than by the police. True, there have been sporadic appearances, and elderly theatrical people will easily recall one such appearance that was contrary to the will of the first-nighter; for the first-nighter of twenty-five years ago characteristically did not permit the sex play to exist. This one was attempted on Broadway, and the first-nighters laughed contemptuously at it; but the newspaper reviewers, instead of pointing out its stupidities, put emphasis upon its sensuality; they called it filthy and said that it was a failure because decent people would not listen to indecencies. The critics, in all sincerity, meant to kill that play, and until they heard the news from Broadway, believed it dead after the one night. But their reviews had reached the public and the theater was already selling out for a long run.

This, however, was only a bit of commercial audacity on the part of a manager; the first-nighter himself was against what he then called indecency and what he now calls frankness. The two facts—the two things—of which we are roughly speaking when we use these two words in this connotation are much the same. But when you call a thing indecent you need an excuse if you look at it; while if you call it frankness, it seems all right to bring grandmother and the children to enjoy it with you. The old-time first-nighter called the sex play an indecency; the present first-nighter calls it an expression of honesty. Evidently there has been an alteration in vocabulary; but the alteration goes deeper than that.

In the Name of Frankness

To understand the intelligent first-nighter—for, of course, there are some first-nighters who are not intelligent—we must first have an idea of the conditions under which he thinks. To form this idea sympathetically, we might aid ourselves by eating a partridge a day for ten or twelve months. After a few weeks anybody who could cook a partridge for us in a new way, or devise a sauce that would disguise the partridge flavor, would be our true benefactor. We could not easily moderate our enthusiasm for him or call him less than a genius, and for a while we should eat our partridges only in the new manner. Of course, it would be a matter of time before the new flavor would cause our gorge to rise and we should pine for a newer genius. Now suppose that there were a flavoring matter that culinary fashion among chefs declared unwholesome for the system and held as taboo; and suppose that we had tried all other possible flavors until we could never rid ourselves of their dreary taste, and that somebody daringly cooked us a partridge with the taboo sauce upon it. We should be grateful, and, however wholesome or unwholesome in fact the forbidden sauce might be, it would seem wholesome to us—it would seem a sauce from heaven.

Thus we might obtain a hint of one reason, at least, for the first-nighter's indorsement of the sex play. His calling is horrifyingly like the partridge eater's, and as distorting to the natural functions of the palate; the wonder is that he has any capacity for taste left at all. Yet this fantasy explains the sex play only in part, and comes far from being all the story. If sex plays were the only sex in fashion, the partridge fantasy might serve completely. But simultaneously with sex plays we have sex novels, sex magazines, sex music, sex painting and sex sculpture, so that the arts and literature appear to be assaulted by squads of practitioners and apprentices bent upon indecency, or frankness as you may choose to call it, and only structural architecture seems to be a little difficult to render with sex motives; though no doubt sex architects will presently appear from Europe and be imitated here in some of our more liberal railway stations.

Moreover, science and philosophy, as well as art, have been invaded by sex. We have an already voluminous sex psychology, for instance, and the invasion is so enthusiastic and general that no doubt it is but a question of time until mathematics will be perceived to be a sex problem and algebraists in examining their students will require them to set forth not the binomial but the bisexual theorem.

This is to say, all in all, that although the American theater is the expression of the New York first-nighter, the first-nighter himself is only a mechanism, being in fact no more than the expression of a fashion. He produces nothing in the sense that artistic creation is production; he only declares what artistic creation of one kind may have an existence, and he is not responsible for sex music or sex sculpture, of course, nor for the other sex arts. Obviously, his present judgment in favor of sex plays is not a judgment at all, any more than twenty-five or thirty years ago it was a judgment in favor of the rapiers, gadzooks and Zenda kingdoms he so warmly indorsed. He is fashion's automaton, creaky with dried partridge; and the better automaton he is, the more instantly he is lubricated by the oil can of a new fashion to enact the vehement gestures of enthusiasm. If there is to be indictment then on account of the sex play, the true writ must be brought not against the first-nighter but against the general fashion of which he, in his own specialty, is but the mirror and the beau.

In other words, though the first-nighters are arbiters, they are but arbiters within the machine, being merely at the top of the fashion, not above it. They go cycling round and round with it; they do not spin it; and so are not to be blamed or praised for it. Individually, of course, they are not here considered at all; though it might well be added that individually the more significant of them are generous, witty, patient and kind—one might honestly say that they are touchingly kind. They go hopefully to the new play and their state of mind is one of entreaty; they humbly beg the play to let them like it, to give them the slightest chance to like it, or to afford them any justification for saying pleasant things of it; and if they can possibly bring themselves to like even a part of it, they will lay stress on that part of it, and when it is at all possible, minimize the rest. They are not vultures, but highly gifted and intelligent men and women whose greatest anxiety is to find something they may honestly like and befriend.

Increasing the Dose

Yet manager, actor, playwright and director dread them and speak of them as the Death Watch. For manager and actor and playwright and director know but all too guiltily well that they are about to offer the surfeited partridge eater another partridge. How anxiously then must the poor cooks study the newest flavor that has seemed least intolerable to him!

"That last sauce he liked," they say, "contained three curses, six blasphemies and nine frankneses concerning illicit love. Ours shall consist altogether of these. We will give him thirty-six curses, seventy-two blasphemies and one hundred and eight frankneses about illicit love. This is undoubtedly the surest present means to stuff a partridge into him and not get killed for it. Heaven helping us, we shall make our partridge so spicy that he may almost believe it a new dish altogether, and even remain unconscious that he is eating partridge until he has finished the meal."

Thus the cooks are compelled by the fashion that compels the partridge eater to compel them. And so we are driven to examine this fashion itself a little. But in calling it the fashion we should take note

(Continued on Page 177)

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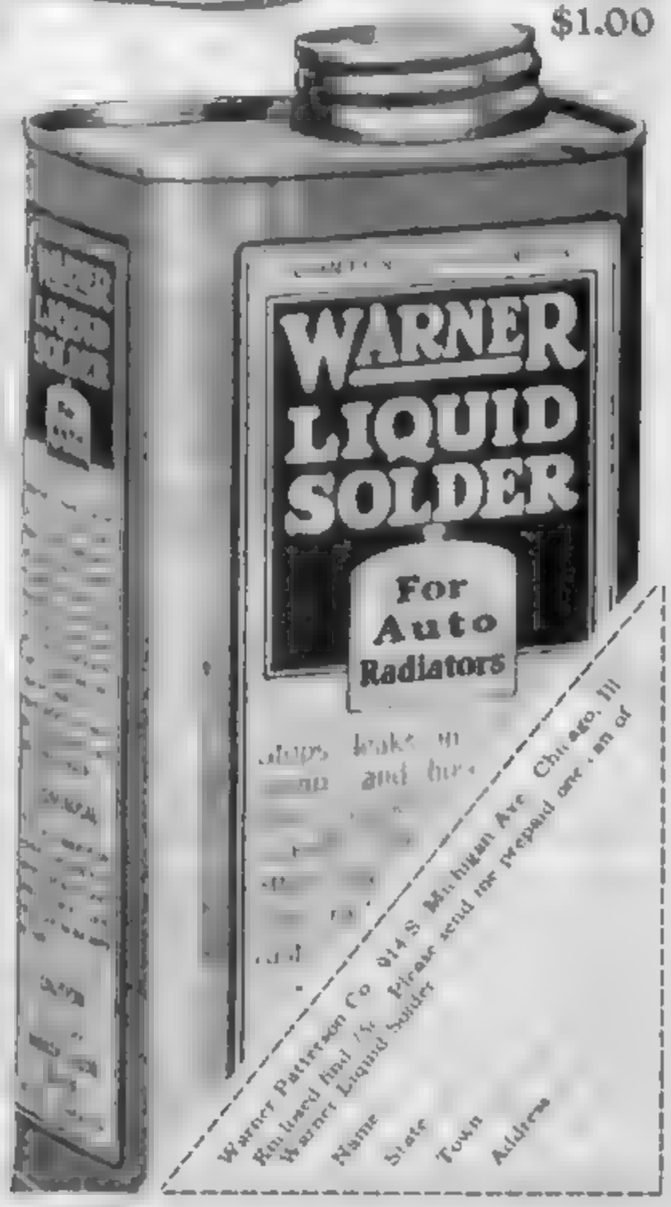

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(Continued from Page 174)

at the outset that the height of fashion is the usage of the comparatively few. The great general mass and majority of the people are never fashionable; and sometimes when a fashion annoys them they destroy it, as they recently destroyed the fashion of open public drinking. Having made this note by the way, we may take a bird's-eye view of the sex fashion now in vogue among those who follow fashions.

The causes that led to the revival of this quaintness are many, and are variously and rather vaguely attributed to the reaction against Puritanism, to the war, to the new generation, to the prosperity of low-bred peasant immigrants, to modern scientific thinking, to socialism, to Oriental sensualism, to Nietzsche, to Freud, to the influence of Zola's imitators, to Mr. Wells, and to Mr. Shaw misinterpreted. But no very useful purpose will here be served by trying to disengage the causes of the revival; yet we may not go amiss if we consider the matter historically for a moment.

Looking at our fashion, then, in the light of its previous revivals, we shall find that periods of excitement and enthusiasm over sex—with sex prevalent in art and discussion—have coincidentally been periods of what the historians unite in calling extreme license and libertinism. They name, for instance, the French Regency and the Directory, and the reign of the Merry Monarch in England; but we might turn for a moment to Pompeii, where the work of Vesuvius has at last been overtaken by Puritanism. For those stern Pilgrim Fathers, the modern Neapolitans, have thought best to put covers over many ancient expressions of frankness in fresco and to remove to a room not open to children a number of frank sculptures. However, it is true that American children are already looking under the covers and visiting the frescoes formerly shown to men only; at least, the puritanical Neapolitan guides say that American girls under age often insist upon looking at those things, and I have myself seen them doing so and thus manifesting abroad the present fashion of the old homeland across the water.

No Days for Diogenes

This, however, is but a thought by the way. The point is that research indicates Pompeii to have been not only a free-spoken frank city about sex—or a licentious and libertine one, according to one's preference in the matter of definitions—but also a rather drunken and thieving and gambling and politically corrupt little place. Now, curiously enough, the same thing is true of the sex periods named by historians as instances. Never, except in Pompeii, could sex have been much franker than under the Regent Orleans or under Citizen Barras or under the reaction against Puritanism during the rule of the second Charles Stuart; and these reigns of the sex fashion have been accompanied by what must still be defined as a general intellectual dishonesty and dishonor—extreme public dishonor and extreme private dishonor. People do not appear to have been fit for extreme sex frankness, so to speak. It seems to have made them go all to pieces in other directions. They could not be honest and enthusiastic and free-spoken about sex apparently without being, both publicly and privately, thieves, casuists and liars and drunken to boot. Diogenes would have had to do some lively scrambling during these merry times.

But New York is not yet Pompeii, nor is it fashionable London of the later seventeenth century. Nor yet do the serious followers of the sex fashion see that they are doing anything worse than help to get rid of a stultifying Puritanism, and incidentally to insist that to call a leg a lower limb is a useless precaution. We must not deny that they see many things correctly or that they have done excellent services to truth, as well as good disservice to many cumbersome conventional little hypocrisies. But they have the enthusiasm of partisans and they do not understand at all that they are ancients, not moderns; they do not even see that lower limbs were disposed of many years ago. They do not see that when sex is emphasized and dwelt upon, their enthusiasm for the emphasis and lingering is only one of the premonitory symptoms of a voluptuary period. Fashionably, indeed, such a period shows eloquent symbols of approach.

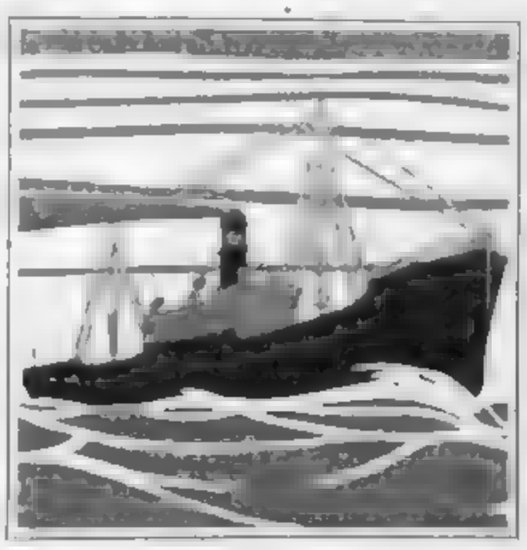
The intellectual followers of the sex fashion fail again to understand that they have become advocates, and are therefore unable to look down from Olympus upon their subject. Advocacy is inimical to judgment, and the advocate is but too likely to use his intellect merely to defend what is to his personal taste. Thus, if a licentious man convince us that his license is but virtue under another name, he may obtain our respect, and even with logic convince himself that the more licentious he is, the more virtuous he is. But the sex advocates who are intellectually honest, as of course many of them are, fail most seriously of all when they fail to comprehend the fashion's moral effect upon those not intellectually and morally equipped to be of it with a cool head.

High Flavor in High Favor

The sex fashion is here as a fact and we must deal with it if it does not die of itself. But that it will soon die of itself is doubtful. Too many people like it, and, as with illegal drinking, so many influential citizens go in for it that it has become commonplace. That is to say, it has long since lost its daring and is becoming a popular habit. No one buys it now for its shockingness, since the commonplace does not shock; its advocates can no longer reasonably take any pleasure in observing the shivering of the fastidious and of people of modern taste in art. But it is nevertheless a high flavor, a racy and gamy flavor; indeed, a flavor historically of decay grown strong; the very flavor that holds longest with the surfeited palate and unfits it for fresher and more lifelike savors. And it is insidious; for once used to such a diet, the epicure finds other food insipid. People with a taste for 1810 cognac write no odes to buttermilk.

Mr. Shaw once pointed out, I seem to remember, that the British housemaid was bored by seeing things in their appropriate places, but took the liveliest interest in seeing them in inappropriate places. She was said to be wholly indifferent to a railway engine upon its proper rails, but gladly paid six shillings to see one in a theater. Of course she will pay six shillings to hear the sex talk and to see the long-drawn-out kiss and ardent embrace of the sex play. They are manifestations appropriate to privacy, strikingly inappropriate in a public place, so Mr. Shaw's housemaid is fascinated by these private enthusiasms publicly exhibited.

But here there is a difference: She might go to see one play, or possibly two, with a railway engine in it; after that she would not stir for less than a freight yard or a live elephant; but she will go again and again to see the long kiss of the sex play. Why does she? "The ordinary member of an audience, or a reader, identifies himself with one of the lovers—either the hero or the heroine—and experiences himself something of the emotions felt by the character with whom he thus identifies himself." Mr. Shaw's housemaid buys a ticket for ardent love making by proxy and becomes a steady patron of the fashion. One doubts if this is beneficial to her.



But the sex-fashion advocates maintain with some complacency that they have done a moral service.

"We have got sex out into the open," they say. "It was too long forbidden to public and free discussion."

By this they can mean only that they are using art for an ethical purpose—which is something that artists generally protest should not be done—and that sex has heretofore been immorally suppressed in art. Yet the sex plays and sex novels have introduced no new theme, no new topic or question, into the interpretation of sex by art—not one. They have introduced nothing whatever except amorous details that had been suppressed, for a considerable length of time, by the representatives of public opinion. It is in fact the use of the amorous detail, either in dialogue or action, that is precisely the stock in trade of the sex play and of the sex novel. With an eye on the housemaid, the sex play introduces the long kiss; and then with its eye on the partridge eater, the sex play lengthens the kiss to three acts—and if so much highness of flavor presently revolts him, there is some doubt if he can induce the housemaid to follow him out of the theater.

Sex is out in the open—and making money by it. It has been very much, indeed, out in the open for many years in the burlesque theaters, and in some of the anatomical exhibits of young women and young men in the spectacular revue that has so largely taken the place of ballet and light opera. But this type of show makes no pretense of offering art to the mind. It offers an open resort to the openly sensuous; a patron goes to it as formerly he went to a saloon, to get something to stir or please his bodily senses. Art is for the mind alone; and when it reaches lower than that it is not art, though it may be craft—the craft of Pandarus.

When the Puritan Wakes Up

Art knows no limit to its subject; it has never suppressed sex. But when it touches sex, as when it touches anything, it touches with neither a hot nor a heavy hand, nor yet an itching palm. The struggle with the Puritan was won long ago. We could dance; we could sing love songs; we could write realism; and now the sex play and sex novel arrive upon the field to commit excesses after the battle. Henry James wrote of some subjects that the most audacious of the sex writers may hardly dare to hint; they are too heavy-handed and would perhaps get into jail in spite of the fashion. For they cannot do what Henry James and Alphonse Daudet and Thomas Hardy and Bernard Shaw have done; they cannot talk without grossness of anything no matter how gross. Nor is it the fashion to do so; the fashion being interested in the hints of sexual detail now offered for its inspection—and getting more and more interested and asking for stronger and stronger hints. For one of the oddest things about all this frankness is that frank is the one thing it certainly is not. The toughest and most illicit lovers on the whole sex stage speak of their sins like rather literary people playing a game of synonyms; though of course now and then one of them will use a good strong fashionable literary bad word to show how frank the author is being. However, the approach to actual frankness is increasing from one first night to another as rapidly as it is ascertained to be good box office and within the law.

Our digestions are more important to us than our sex, as we should easily discover if we had a food shortage. Our sex, historically speaking, was an incident in our existence, developing long after we had digestions. There is more realism to our digestions than to our sex. Our lives are more

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5030 *Country Gentleman* subscribers who answered a recent questionnaire reported ownership of something more than a farm apiece—to be exact they owned 5191 farms.

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All of which is worthy of serious thought on the part of any manufacturer who is seeking a medium through which to reach farm families with more than average purchasing power.

Incidentally the circulation of *The Country Gentleman* today is in excess of 1,100,000.

The Country Gentleman

The Modern Farm Paper

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Advertising Offices: Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco, Detroit, Cleveland

vitally dependent upon our digestions than upon our sex. Digestion therefore offers a more vital subject to any true realist; and can any honest and impartial person deny that true frankness requires a digestion play before it does a sex play? But on all the stage today there is not yet even a frank and open food play. It will come some day—from Russia, of course; and even now there are unfortunately parts of Russia where people would attend such a play with interest. But as yet there are no signs in either Western Europe or America of anything at all serious and frank about either nourishment or digestion in plays or novels.

The sex plays and sex novels seem to take all the details of those things—so much more important—for granted, which is so inconsistent it makes one's head swim to think about it. They leave those details absolutely to the imagination of their audiences. Pompeiian art was much deeper and more rotund; it at least went so far sometimes as to portray indigestion.

Only a little while ago the prevailing theatrical and rather literary fashion was irony. The popular prevalence of irony got to be a little dreary to the provincial realists, and yet it was pleasantly humorous to see so many earnest writers determined to be ironical about everything, or be nothing. There are as many now, even more earnestly convinced that they must get sex into everything or be ruined as true artists.

For fashion is a terrible thing; but of course it isn't permanent, since if it were, it wouldn't be fashion. Yet the sex fashion may last a long time, though the Puritan will kill it if it does, and with possibly some development out of the Ku Klux Klan as executioner. The Puritan in the American people may take his own time about waking up to what is going on, but he is always rather dazing when he does awake; for the characteristic of the Puritan in action is massacre. Because some people play cards for money, he destroys all cards. Because some people get tipsy he destroys all the liquor he can get his hands on. Because some people dance wickedly, he bans all dancing. And when art has been insulted by fleshliness, he destroys even the statue of the Madonna. He makes a painful world of it, indeed, for the innocent bystander.

Perhaps that is what we provincials who used to like to go to the theater really are innocent bystanders—and we couldn't very well keep on going to the theater and remain innocent. We are already pretty numerously of those who can see all the unpleasant love making that is bearable in the reformed movies; the stage is getting to be too much for us. Yet we still hope for it; we hope—perhaps against hope—that it may draw itself out of the coils of a fashion as repellent to us as it is false to the truth about life; and that it may not perish, as the saloon rightly perished, under the Puritan.

Even today and in New York there are unfashionably taintless plays upon the stage—some of them warmly approved by the first-nighters—and they hold their own bravely and handsomely against the fashion, proving that there does, indeed, remain an audience for those who still see beauty—and humor—in the truth.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Five Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

The Bridegroom looks at the Wedding Presents

Yesterday he thought as a bachelor, with few needs. Today he sees visions of many, many purchases he never thought he would have to make.

THE man (or woman) who marries becomes at once a new sort of consumer. Money saved for Heaven knows what is immediately diverted to new and different channels and spent in ways unthought of.

Every wedding day is a birthday of new needs.

Every peal of a wedding bell is the beginning of a response to somebody's advertising. Every marriage license issued by a bored and unromantic clerk means that two pairs of eyes will look with new interest at shop-windows, at booklets, and at catalogs.

Printing that was merely attractive to the maiden has an absorbing interest for the bride. The bachelor who wondered "why do these people mail this advertising to me," finds that as a bridegroom he is buying those advertised things. Firms that are building future business by the use of printing and direct advertising do not know who will marry whom, or when. But they do know that the ratio of marriages to population is pretty well fixed and that certain events like marriage, the birth of children, the purchase of a house, etc., have far-reaching effects on the kind of things an individual is likely to find himself buying.

The merchant or manufacturer who employs a printer to keep you supplied with information about his goods may know better than you yourself know how near you are to being in the market for his wares.

YOUR CUSTOMER IN THE MAKING

People know what they have bought and why, but who can predict their purchases of next year, or their needs five years from now? ¶From the advertising booklet or catalog or circular that they look over today, they are unconsciously taking knowledge and impressions that they will use to advantage some time, perhaps sooner than they expect.

To merchants, manufacturers, printers, and buyers of printing

A number of books dealing with different phases of the use of direct advertising and printed pieces have been prepared by S. D. Warren Company.

Any of these books which you require may be obtained without cost from any paper merchant who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers, or direct from us. Ask to be put on the mailing list, and if possible suggest the special problems of direct advertising on which you can use help. S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

WARREN'S
STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS
Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding and binding

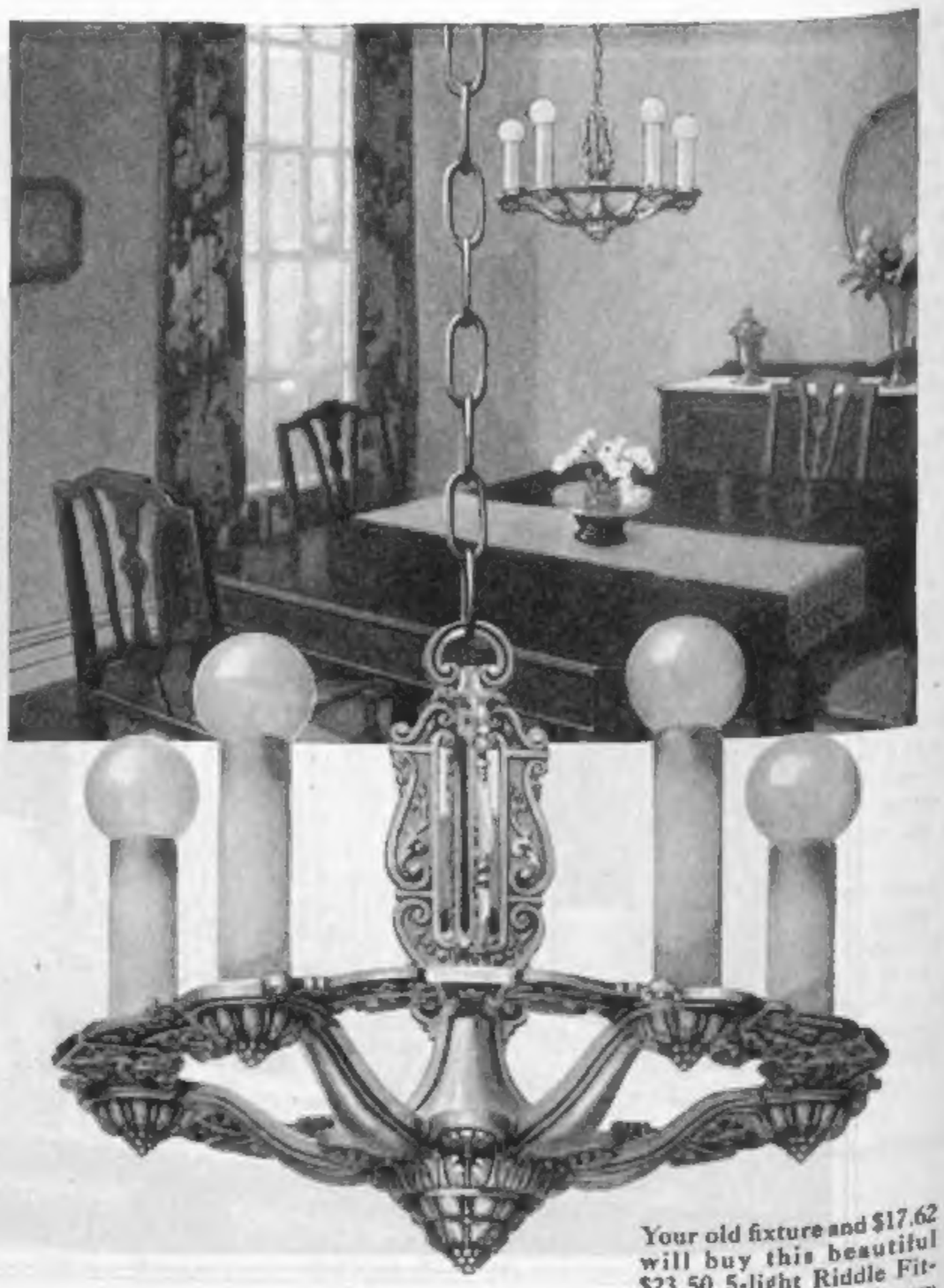
[better paper~ better printing]

Your *old* fixture
(Whatever its condition)
and $17.62
for this beautiful $23.50
Riddle Fitment

Riddle Dealers are now authorized to take your old fixture in trade and allow you 25% on any new Riddle Fitment selected in its place. And this applies to each and every old fixture traded in. You can secure an entire new Riddle installation at a saving of 25% simply by trading in your old fixtures, no matter what their style or condition.

25% Allowance by Trading In Your Old Fixtures

This makes it possible for you to beautify your home with this modern decorative lighting equipment at less cost than you have ever thought possible. You have an unrestricted selection of all Riddle styles; artistic candle and drop-light fitments for living room and dining room; ceiling and semi-ceiling types; wall fitments now so much in demand, in candle and drop-light styles—all representing the superior character that has made Riddle Fitments so widely accepted as the standard of residential lighting, in permanent color decoration of lifetime quality.



Your old fixture and $17.62 will buy this beautiful $23.50 5-light Riddle Fitment (No. 2523) with new four-way loop, richly ornamented design and permanent Riddle color decoration. Also in ceiling type (No. 2525) for $17.62 and your old fixture.

To Owners of Apartments and Hotels

Reduce vacancies; beautify the appearance of rooms by installing Riddle Fitments. Trade in old lighting fixtures and receive 25% allowance on new Riddle Fitments, including the larger pieces specially designed for lobbies, mezzanines and dining-rooms.

$7.50
and your old fixture
will buy this $10.00 Riddle wall fitment, No. 2510.

No. 2524, companion piece to No. 2523 shown above for $17.62 and your old fixture.

$4.87
and your old fixture
for this $6.50 Riddle wall fitment, No. 2509. Candle style if preferred.

The 25% Allowance is From Nationally Advertised Prices

This assures you a genuine discount. Each Riddle Fitment bears a factory tag with the nationally advertised price. The 25% allowance on trade-ins applies to the price shown on the Riddle tag. So you know that the allowance is genuine. The Riddle tag is a further guarantee of the highest standard quality of the fitment and the authenticity of the design. Look for it when buying new fitments.

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With the cost of Riddle Fitments now so greatly reduced, why have old-style fixtures in your home? Why not modernize them, and bring them into keeping with your other modern equipment and decorations, as so many are now doing?

Look for the local announcements of Authorized Riddle Dealers advertising the 25% allowance on trade-ins, or write for dealer's name and illustrations of the newest Riddle styles to The Edward N. Riddle Company, Toledo, Ohio.

Riddle Decorative Lighting Fitments are now in over 225,000 homes in all parts of the United States.

Riddle
DECORATIVE LIGHTING FITMENTS

Utilize Your Basement Space . . .

A little money spent on lining the basement with Sheetrock will bring out the finest building values in any house.

For Sheetrock—pure gypsum cast in broad, high sheets—makes *strong, insulating, fireproof* walls and ceilings that prevent loss of heat and keep out cold and damp.

With Sheetrock you can quickly and easily partition off basement space for a furnace room, laundry, fruit cellar or workshop. You may be surprised what a neat, snug extra room for work or play you can make with Sheetrock from space now going to waste.

You can do the work right now—in winter weather. Sheetrock comes all ready to nail to the joists or studding, each broad sheet made with the USG Patented Reinforced Edge for extra nailing strength and perfect union. It makes rigid, *permanent, non-warping* and *fireproof* walls and ceilings at low cost.

You can decorate Sheetrock with wallpaper, paint, panels, or *Textone.*

Your dealer in lumber or builders' supplies sells Sheetrock. Be sure to get the genuine—every board bears the USG Sheetrock label.

Sheetrock is inspected and approved as an effective barrier to fire by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY
205 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois

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SHEETROCK

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The *FIREPROOF* WALLBOARD

USG PRODUCTS

Valuable book of prize plans—"Fireproof Homes of Period Design"—sent for $1 and this coupon addressed to Fireproofing Dept. W, U.S. Gypsum Co., 205 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Illinois.

Name_____

City_____ State_____

UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY
Dept. 30, 205 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois
Check uses interested in: Sheetrock in ☐ new construction; ☐ alterations; ☐ repairs to ☐ home, ☐ garage, ☐ office, store or warehouse.

*Name*_____ *Address*_____

Old Dutch protects the home with

Healthful Cleanliness

Old Dutch safeguards your family with Healthful Cleanliness. Healthful Cleanliness demands that the wash stand and tub be cleansed after each using. The impurities from washing the hands, brushing the teeth and in the bath, are tenacious and readily cling to the wash stand and tub, and unless removed, become a menace to health. Ordinary cleaning or rinsing is not effective.

Old Dutch is your protection as it quickly, thoroughly and effectively removes all impurities; keeps the bathroom sparkling with Healthful Cleanliness.

Old Dutch efficiency is due to its individual and distinctive character. Its flat shaped particles are tiny erasers that erase dirt without scratching the surfaces. This is a strong safeguard, because scratches are catch-alls for impurities. Avoid hard gritty cleaners.

Use Old Dutch and enjoy the complete satisfaction of Healthful Cleanliness throughout your home. Economical—goes further—lasts longer.

There is nothing else like it

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